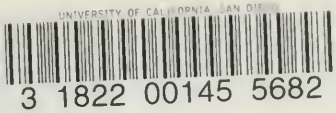
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO
3 1822 00145 5682

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA
SAN DIEGO

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO
LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA



LF
795
.R92
S7
1882
v. 2

.R515

presented to the

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
SAN DIEGO

by

Dr. and Mrs. John Galbraith

THE LIFE

AND

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

LATE HEAD-MASTER OF RUGBY SCHOOL,
AND REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

BY

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D.

LATE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

THIRTEENTH EDITION.

With Portrait.

London:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET,
1882.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

HISTORY OF THE JEWISH CHURCH. From the Earliest Times to the Christian Era. 3 vols. 8vo. 38s.

HISTORY OF THE EASTERN CHURCH. Plans. 8vo.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES TO THE CORINTHIANS, with CRITICAL NOTES and DISSERTATIONS. 8vo. 18s.

CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS. Essays on Ecclesiastical Subjects. 8vo. 12s.

SINAI AND PALESTINE, IN CONNEXION WITH THEIR HISTORY. Plans. 8vo. 14s.

THE BIBLE IN THE HOLY LAND. Extracted from the above Work for Village Schools, &c. Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

HISTORICAL MEMORIALS OF CANTERBURY. The Landing of Augustine—The Murder of Becket—Edward the Black Prince—Becket's Shrine. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

HISTORICAL MEMORIALS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY. From its Foundation to the Present Time. Illustrations. 8vo. 15s.

SERMONS PREACHED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS. 8vo.

SERMONS IN THE EAST. Preached during the Tour of the PRINCE OF WALES. 8vo. 9s.

MEMOIR OF EDWARD, CATHERINE, AND MARY STANLEY. Post 8vo. 9s.

ADDRESSES AND CHARGES OF EDWARD STANLEY, D.D., late Bishop of Norwich. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE, SEPTEMBER 1835 TO NOVEMBER 1838.

PAGE

(1) Contest with the Oxford school of theology—Change of feelings towards the High Church party—Oxford school—Hampden Controversy—Article in the Edinburgh Review—(2) Contest in London University—Endeavour to alter the Examination in Arts—Failure—Retirement from the Senate 1

LETTERS.

The names of his former Rugby pupils, where not otherwise specified, are marked with an *.
The names of his Laleham pupils are marked by a †.

112. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Acceptance of a Fellowship in the London University—Idea of a Church 12
113. To Rev. Dr. Hawkins. The same—Idea of an Establishment. 14
114. To Rev. F. C. Blackstone. Irvingism — Miraculous gifts—True development of Christianity 15
115. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Conservatism and Toryism . . 17
116. To W. Empson, Esq. Party feeling—Ireland . . . 18
117. To Chevalier Bunsen. Roman history—Niebuhr—Etruscan and Oscan languages—Pastoral Epistles 18
118. To J. C. Platt, Esq. Lieber on Education—London University—Religion and Politics—Roman History 20

PAGE

119. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Interest in school—Southey—Coleridge 21
120. *To C. J. Vaughan, Esq. Congratulation on success at Cambridge 23
121. To W. C. Lake, Esq. Failure in success at Oxford—Hampden controversy 24
122. To W. W. Hull, Esq. Hampden controversy . . . 25
123. To the same. The same 26
124. To Rev. J. Hearn. Youth and old age—Dr. Hampden and the Reformers 26
125. To W. W. Hull, Esq. Petition against the Jew Bill—Ireland . 28
126. To Archbishop Whately. Wish to circulate Church of England Tracts—Church authority—Jew Bill—Pamphlet on Roman Catholic Claims 29
127. To Sir T. S. Pasley, Bart. Reality 31
128. *To Dr. Greenhill. Medicine—Physical science . . . 31
129. To Archbishop Whately. The Jew Bill—Ireland—Pastoral Epistles—Idolatry and Unitarianism—Wish for the Chair of Theology at Oxford—Love for Rugby 33
130. *To A. P. Stanley, Esq. Fanaticism—Oxford Tracts . . 35
131. To Earl Howe. Authorship of the Edinburgh Review . . 37
132. To the same. On the same 38
133. To the same. On the same 38
134. To Mrs. Buckland. Visit to the Isle of Wight—Fox How—Winchester—Rugby 39
135. To Rev. Dr. Hawkins. Marriage Act 40
136. To Sir J. Franklin, Bart. Colonial Society—Convicts—Missionary spirit 41
137. To Rev. J. Hearn. Rest—Family circle—Conservatism . . 42
138. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Fox How—Mountains—Latin verse—Teaching Shakespeare to Greeks—Barante . . . 43
139. *To A. P. Stanley, Esq. Oxford in Autumn—Utilitarianism—Faith and Reason 45
140. To Sir T. Pasley, Bart. Administration of the Sacraments . 47
141. *To Dr. Greenhill. Supposed dangers of study of medicine . 48
142. To W. W. Hull, Esq. Coleridge's Literary Remains . . 50
143. To Archbishop Whately. Neutrality—Kest—Celtic languages. 51
144. *To W. C. Lake, Esq. Germany—Excess in division of labour—Institutes of Gaius—Edition of St. Paul's Epistles—Priesthood 51
145. To Rev. Dr. Hawkins. Illness—Death of his aunt—Church and Priesthood 53
146. To J. C. Platt, Esq. New Poor Law—Reaction . . . 54
147. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. English divines—Pilgrim's Progress 56
148. To Sir T. Pasley, Bart. Christianity and the Church—Succession 57
149. To J. C. Platt, Esq. Church rates—Impartiality in religious matters 59
150. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Fox How in Winter—Plan of Roman History—Study and practice of law—Medicine—Oxford 61

PAGE
151. To Rev. G. Cornish. Fox How—Oxford—Corpus. . . 63
152. To Rev. J. Hearn. Consent of antiquity—Eucharist . . 65
153. To W. W. Hull, Esq. Grammars 66
154. To G. Pryme, Esq., M.P. College fines—Oaths—Halls. . 67
155. To Crabb Robinson, Esq. London University—Degree in Arts—Unitarians—Examiners 69
156. To Sir T. S. Pasley, Bart. Oxford—Abbott's Way to do Good—Duke of Wellington's Despatches—Weather . . 72
157. To H. Highton, Esq. Religious duty of cultivating the intellect 73
158. To Bishop Otter. London University — Charter — Different plans 75
159. To Rev. H. Hill. Thucydides—Rome—Ordination . . 78
160. *To C. J. Vaughan, Esq. Roman History—Professions . . 79
161. To Rev. J. Hearn. Parties and individuals 79
162. *To Dr. Greenhill. Homœopathy — Magnetism — Study and practice of law and medicine 80
163. To W. Empson, Esq. London University 81
164. To Rev. T. Penrose. Peace—Contrast of parish and school . 83
165. To W. Empson, Esq. London University—Degrees in Arts . 84
166. To J. C. Platt, Esq. Newspapers—Tour in France—Security of English aristocracy 86
167. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Legends in Roman History—Charter of London University 87
168. †To Rev. T. J. Ormerod. The two Antichrists . . . 87
169. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Legends in Roman History . . 88
170. To the Rev. Dr. Hawkins. London and Oxford—Sanderson —Fox How 90
171. To Chevalier Bunsen. Archbishop of Cologne—Church and State—Rothe 91
172. *To A. H. Clough, Esq. Oxford Scenery 93
173. To Sir T. Pasley, Bart. Defeat at the London University—Herman Merivale—Eton—Railway 94
174. To the Bishop of Norwich. Difficulties in London University —Respect for bishops 95
175. To Rev. J. E. Tyler. The same—King's College . . . 96
176. To A. P. Stanley, Esq. Oxford theology 97
177. To C. J. Vaughan, Esq. Congratulations on success at Cambridge 100
178. To the Earl of Burlington. Vivâ voce examination . . . 101
179. *To Dr. Greenhill. Sermons on Prophecy—Weather . . 103
180. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. First Volume of Roman History—Aristocracy—London University—Rugby 104
181. To Bishop Stanley. Reasons for retiring from the London University 105
182. To A. P. Stanley, Esq. Athanasian Creed 105
183. To T. F. Ellis, Esq. Advice for visiting Rome . . . 107
184. To Rev. Dr. Hawkins. Oxford Examinations—Physical Science —Froude's Remains 109
185. †To Rev. W. K. Hamilton. Wordsworth's Greek Grammar—Scepticism—Bunsen 110
186. To the Earl of Burlington. Retirement from the London University 111

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE, NOVEMBER 1838 TO AUGUST 1841.

PAGE

Desire for peace and for positive truths—Lecture on the divisions of knowledge — Two Sermons on Prophecy — Second Edition of Thucydides—Attempt to form a Society for drawing attention to the state of the lower orders—Herts *Reformer* letters—Views on the Church—Subscription—Fourth volume of Sermons . . 113

LETTERS.

187. To Rev. J. Hearn. Rest of parish contrasted with anxiety of school — Bunsen — State of lower orders — Egyptian discoveries 120
188. To Chevalier Bunsen. Church and State—Eucharist . . 122
189. To Rev. Dr. Hawkins. Wish to remove suspicion of heterodoxy 124
190. To J. C. Platt, Esq. Chartism—New Poor Law . . . 126
191. To Rev. F. C. Blackstone. Gladstone on Church and State—Despondency—Roman History—Social evils—Reactions . 127
192. *To A. P. Stanley, Esq. Restoration of deacons . . . 128
193. *To J. P. Gell, Esq. Appointment to College in Van Diemen's Land 129
194. To Sir James Stephen. Advantage of uniting the office of a clergyman with that of a teacher 130
195. *To E. Wise, Esq. Private tuition 131
196. *To J. P. Gell, Esq. On the death of his Brother . . . 132
197. To Sir James Stephen. Inconvenience of local committees in educational institutions 132
198. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Legal decision on the foundationers of Rugby School 133
199. To Sir T. S. Pasley, Bart. Chartism—Reality of Politics—Confirmations 134
200. To Archdeacon Hare. Niebuhr's letters—Thucydides . . 135
201. To an old Pupil. Unitarianism—Priestley 135
202. To Rev. G. Cornish. Childishness of boys—Oxford commemoration of 1839 137
203. To Chevalier Bunsen. Birthday—South of France—Italy—Provençal language—Despondency 137
204. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. South of France—Spanish manners —Coleridge's Literary Remains—Chartism . . . 139
205. To Sir T. S. Pasley, Bart. Toulon—Pope's Palace at Avignon —Pony—British Association at Birmingham . . . 141
206. *To J. L. Hoskyns, Esq. Reading for ordination . . . 142
207. *To T. Burbidge, Esq. 147
208. To Chevalier Bunsen. On the doctrine of the Eucharist . 148
209. To J. Marshall, Esq. Society for calling attention to the state of the lower orders 149
210. *To H. Balston, Esq. Liveliness necessary for a schoolmaster 150
211. To A. P. Stanley, Esq. Ordination—Difficulties in subscription —Deacons 151

PAGE

212. On Church Endowments 153
213. To Rev. D. Hawkins. State of the poor—Westmoreland . 153
214. To James Marshall, Esq. Necessity of Union of parties . . 154
215. To Rev. J. Hearn. Westmoreland—Aurora Borealis—Taylor's Ancient Christianity—Early Church 155
216. To J. C. Platt, Esq. Lecture for Mechanics' Institutes—State of the poor—Trials of Chartists 156
217. To Thomas Carlyle, Esq. State of the poor 158
218. To J. Marshall, Esq. *Englishman's Register*—Political Creed—Economists—King's Supremacy—Christian Church—Dissent—Historical reforms—Aristocracy—Political privileges 160
219. To Sir T. S. Pasley, Bart. Difficulties of Scripture—Colonization—Daniel 163
220. To Archdeacon Hare. Niebuhr — Coleridge — Thirlwall's Greece 165
221. To W. W. Hull, Esq. Political differences 165
222. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Formation of his opinions—Prophecy 166
223. To Sir Culling E. Smith, Bart. Anonymous writing in newspapers 168
224. *To H. Fox, Esq. Call to a missionary life 170
225. *To the same. On the same 171
226. To Chevalier Bunsen. Berne—Roman History—Privilege question 172
227. To W. W. Hull, Esq. War with China 174
228. To W. Leaper Newton, Esq. Railway travelling on Sundays . 174
229. To the same 175
230. To the same 176
231. *To Howell Lloyd, Esq. On the study of Welsh 177
232. To W. W. Hull, Esq. On Subscription. 178
233. To the same 178
234. To the same 179
235. *To J. P. Gell, Esq. Van Diemen's Land—Sacred names . 180
236. †To Rev. W. K. Hamilton. Music—Flowers—Keble . . 181
237. To Rev. Herbert Hill. Importance of mathematics . . 181
238. To Rev. Dr. Hawkins. Church extension—Prophecy . . 183
239. To Chevalier Bunsen. Rugby Life—Second Volume of Roman History—Subscription—Deacons—State services . . 183
240. To the same. On the accession of the King of Prussia—Refusal of the Wardenship of Manchester College 186
241. To W. C. Lake, Esq. Danger of Oxford Society—Tour in Italy. 187
242. *To Rev. H. Balston. Consumption—Responsibility of school 188
243. To Chevalier Bunsen. Russia—War—Fox How—Want of leisure 189
244. To Sir T. S. Pasley, Bart. Dangers of war—Chartism—Cyprian—Austria 190
245. To Rev. Dr. Hawkins. Bampton Lectures—Episcopacy—Internal evidences. 192
246. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Illness—Ottery—School—Oxford—Rationalists—Second volume of Roman History . . 193
247. *To W. S. Karr, Esq. Sanscrit—Football matches. . . 195

PAGE

248. To Archdeacon Hare. Sermons on Victory of Faith—King's supremacy 196
249. *To the Rev. H. Balston. Guernsey 197
250. *To the same. The school—consumption 198
251. To C. J. Vaughan, Esq. Law and Orders—Parochial ministry and education 198
252. To the same. Dangers not to be sought 200
253. To J. Acton, Esq. Importance of good men engaged in business 201
254. †To Rev. W. K. Hamilton. Salisbury—War. 201
255. To Rev. Dr. Hawkins. Via Media—Succession—Gladstone on Church principles—Church 202
256. To C. J. Vaughan, Esq. Ordination 205
257. To the same. Oaths 205
258. To Mr. Justice Coleridge—Shooting—Education of Girls—Agreement with Pearson's definition of the Church—Fourth volume of Sermons 206
259. To W. Balston, Esq. On the death of his son, H. Balston . 208
260. To Rev. T. Penrose. On the same—Third volume of Roman History 208
261. †To Rev. T. J. Ormerod. Fox How—Southey—Wordsworth. 208
262. To W. W. Hull, Esq. Winter holidays—future prospects . 209
263. To Rev. J. Hearn—Occupation—Over caution. . . . 210
264. To Chevalier Bunsen. Third volume of Roman History—Hannibal and Nelson—War—Oxford school 211
265. *To Rev. A. P. Stanley. Modern Greece—Tour in Italy—Oxford 213
266. *To J. P. Gell, Esq. Van Diemen's Land—Rugby life—Public affairs 215
267. To Sir J. Franklin, Bart. Difficulties of education in Van Diemen's Land 217
268. To the same 219
269. To Rev. T. Penrose. Provident and Masonic Clubs. . . 220
270. †To Rev. T. J. Ormerod. True and false sacrifice . . . 221
271. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Fourth volume of Sermons—Differences of opinion—Rugby—Aristotle 222
272. To the same. Dissent 225
273. To Rev. James Randall. Dissent—The doctrine of the Trinity 225
274. To Rev. J. Hearn. Fever at Rugby—Return of Mr. Tucker . 226
275. To Rev. J. Tucker. Renewal of intercourse 227
276. To the same 229
277. To the same. Farewell on his return to India 230

CHAPTER X.

General Views during his last year 231

LETTERS.

278. To Rev. Dr. Hawkins. Acceptance of Professorship of Modern History. 235

PAGE

279. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. School difficulties—Difficulties of Hannibal's march—Notes—Professorship 236
280. To Sir T. S. Pasley, Bart. Bishopric of Jerusalem—Christian ministry 238
281. *To Rev. A. P. Stanley. Plan for lectures 239
282. To W. Empson, Esq. Professorship—Tour to Spain—Guelph and Ghibelin controversy—Lamennais 240
283. To Rev. T. Hill. Popery and Protestantism 241
284. To Rev. A. P. Stanley. Roman Catholics and Oxford School 242
285. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Oxford School—Bishop Selwyn . 243
286. To Chevalier Bunsen. Advance of life 244

Inaugural lecture—Introductory lectures—Intentions for the future—Course on English History—Terminal lectures on Biography . 245

287. To Rev. Dr. Hawkins. Influence of Jews—Church and State. 255
288. To Rev. F. C. Blackstone. Professorship 255
289. *To Rev. R. Thorpe. Oxford School 256
290. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. High and Low Church—Roman Catholics and Protestants 257
291. To Rev. Dr. Hawkins. Offer to resign the Professorship . 258
292. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Intentions for the Professorship . 259
293. To the same 260
294. To Rev. J. Hearn. Windermere in winter—Occupations . 260
295. To Rev. H. Hill. Stay in Oxford 262
296. To an old Pupil. Influences of Oxford 262
297. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Stay in Oxford 263
298. To Archdeacon Hare. Charge—Despondency . . . 263
299. To Rev. H. Fox. India—Difficulties of moral sense—Elphinstone's India 264
300. To Chevalier Bunsen. Basque Language—Carthagena . . 266
301. To Rev. Dr. Hawkins. Terminal Lecture—Carlyle's visit . 267
302. To Mr. Justice Coleridge. Colonial Bishoprics . . . 267

Last days—Diary—Occupations—Farewell sermon—Last evening—Death—Conclusion 268

APPENDIX A.

Prayers written for various occasions in Rugby School (with occasional prayers) 293

APPENDIX B.

Selection of subjects for School Exercises 303

APPENDIX C.

Epitaphs in Rugby Chapel 308

APPENDIX D.

PAGE

Travelling Journals 310

I. TOUR IN NORTH OF ITALY, 1825.

1. Contrast of English and Italian peasantry 312
2. Cliff above the Lake of Como (first visit) 313

II. TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1826.

Comparison of Scotch and English education 313

III. TOUR TO ROME THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY, 1827.

1. Prayers for Kings 315
2. French people 315
3. Approach to Rome (first visit) 316
4. View from the Capitol—Arch of Titus 317
5. Monte Mario 319
6. Roman Churches 319
7. Evils of residence abroad 320
8. Meeting with Savigny 320
9. Colosseum 321
10. Plain of the Po—Italy and Prussia 321
11. Cliff above the Lake of Como (second visit) 323

IV. TOUR IN GERMANY, 1828.

1. First View of the Rhine 324
2. The Elbe—Rivers and human life 325

V. TOUR IN SWITZERLAND AND NORTH OF ITALY, 1829.

1. The Jura 326
2. The Mediterranean 326
3. The Lake of Como—England and Italy 326
4. Chiavenna 327
5. Champagne 329

VI. TOUR IN THE SAME, 1830.

1. French Liberals at Geneva 330
2. View from S. Maria del Monte 331
3. Cliff above the Lake of Como (third visit) 332
4. Good influence of Italian clergy on wills 334
5. Imitation of Herodotus 334
6. Anniversary of his wedding-day 335
7. Visit to Niebuhr at Bonn 336
8. Germany, France, and England 338

VII. TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1831.

PAGE
1. Contrast of Scotch and English churches 339
2. Church reform 340

VIII. TOUR IN NORTH OF FRANCE, 1837.

1. Recollections of different visits to Dover 341
2. Chartres—Good and evil of Roman Catholicism . . . 344

IX. TOUR IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

1. Paris 345
2. France and England 346
3. Palace at Avignon 347
4. Plain of Craue—Salon 347
5. Geneva 349
6. Roads and Railways 349
7. France 350
8. French Society 350

X. TOUR TO ROME AND NAPLES THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY, 1840.

1. Orleans—Siege of Orleans 352
2. Use of Images 353
3. French Geology—Feudal castles 353
4. Ancient and modern times 355
5. Sunset on the Mediterranean 355
6. Italians 357
7. Campo Santa at Pisa 357
8. Approach to Rome—Tuscan population—Sienna—Scenery—Radicofani—Campagna—Rome—Athens—Jerusalem . . 358
9. Pantheon—S. Stephano Rotondo—Martyrs 366
10. Appii Forum 367
11. Mola di Gaeta—Cicero's villa 368
12. Naples 368
13. Pompeii 369
14. Aquila—Church of England at home and abroad . . . 370
15. Vale of Rieti—Moral and natural beauty 371
16. Ancient city walls—Watershed of the Apennines . . . 372
17. Banks of Metaurus 375
18. Classical inscriptions 375
19. Papal Government 376
20. Modena—Political freedom 377
21. Italian Switzerland—Swiss nation 378
22. Swiss and English scenery 380
23. Swiss lowlands 381
24. Farewell to France 382
25. Landing in England 383
26. London to Rugby 383
27. Arrival at Fox How 384

XI. TOUR IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, 1841.

PAGE

1. Prospects of Theology 385
2. French Scenery 386
3. Gascony 386
4. Contrast of S. Jean de Luz and Mola di Gaeta 387
5. Frontier of France and Spain 387
6. Birthplace of Scaliger 388
7. Translation of the Bible into French 389
8. Roman Catholicism 389
9. Prospects for England 389
10. Prospects for France—Return 390

RUGBY CHAPEL, NOVEMBER, 1857. (Matthew Arnold) . . . 391

LIST OF WORKS 397

INDEX 400

THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE, SEPTEMBER 1835 TO NOVEMBER 1838.

THERE is little to distinguish the next three years of Dr. Arnold's life from those which precede. The strong feeling against him, though with some abatement of its vehemence, still continued ; the effect of it was perhaps visible in the slight falling off in the numbers of the school in 1837-38, at the time of the very height of its reputation at the Universities ; and in his own profession it appeared so generally to prevail, that, on occasion of a proposal to him from the Bishop of Norwich (Stanley), to preach his Consecration sermon at Lambeth, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Howley) thought it his duty to withhold his permission,* solely on the ground of the unfavourable reception which he supposed it would meet among the clergy. But his letters, and some of the Sermons in the fourth volume, preached at this time, show how this period of comparative silence was yet, both in thought and action, most emphatically his period of battle ; when

* See Memoirs of Edward and Catherine Stanley, p. 80.

as if tired of acting on the defensive, he was at last roused to attack in return. The vehemence of the outcry by which he had been assailed, drove him into a more controversial atmosphere. The fact of the more positive formation of his own opinions brought him more immediately into collision with the positive opinions of others. The view with which he thus entered on his chief actual contests with what he conceived to be the two great evils of the age, is expressed in the twentieth Sermon in the fourth volume, preached September, 1836, on the opposite idols of unbelief and superstition, and on the only mode by which, in his judgment, either could be counteracted. These two contests were, on the one hand, against the school then dominant in the London University; on the other hand, against the school then dominant in Oxford.

I. First, with regard to Oxford. From the earliest formation of his opinions he had looked upon (so-called) High Church Doctrines as a great obstruction to the full development of national Christianity. But, down to the time here spoken of, these doctrines were held in a form too vague and impalpable to come into immediate collision with any of his own views. When he wrote the pamphlet on the Roman Catholic question in 1829, he could refer to a sermon of Dean Hook's on the Apostolical Succession, as a rare exception to the general tone of English clergymen. When he wrote his pamphlet on Church Reform in 1833, he could still, as if mentioning a strange phenomenon, speak of "those extraordinary persons who gravely maintain that primitive episcopacy, and episcopacy as it now exists in England, are essentially the same." (Postscript, p. 13.) No definite system seemed to stand in the way of what he conceived to be the best method of saving the English Church and nation; and if, in any instances, narrower

principles than those of the old High Church party were at work, his sense of disagreement seemed almost lost in the affectionate reverence with which he regarded the friends of his youth who held them. His foremost thought in speaking of them was of "men at once pious, high-minded, intelligent, and full of all kindly feelings; whose intense love for the forms of the Church, fostered as it has been by all the best associations of their pure and holy lives, has absolutely engrossed their whole nature, so that they have neither eyes to see of themselves any defect in the Liturgy and Articles, nor ears to hear of such, when alleged by others." His statement of his own opinions was blended with the bitter regret, as he expressed it, that "they will not be willing to believe how deeply painful it is to my mind to know that I am regarded by them as an adversary, still more to feel that I am associated in their judgment with principles and with a party which I abhor as deeply as they do." (Church Reform, p. 83.)

But in 1834, 35, 36, he found his path crossed suddenly, and for the first time, by a compact body, round which all the floating elements of High Church opinions seemed to crystallize as round a natural centre: and to him, seeing, as he did from the very first, the unexpected revival of what he conceived to be the worst evils of Roman Catholicism, the mere shock of astonishment was such as can hardly be imagined by those who did not share with him the sense either of the suddenness of the first appearance of this new Oxford school, or of the consequences contained in it. And further, this first impression was of a kind peculiarly offensive to all the tendencies of his nature, positive as well as negative. Almost the only subject insisted upon in the two first volumes of The Tracts for the Times, 1833-36 (so far as they consisted of original papers), was the importance of

"the Apostolical Succession" of the clergy, and the consequent exclusive claims of the Church of England to be regarded as the only true Church in England if not in the world. In other words, the one doctrine which was then put forward as the cure for the moral and social evils of the country which he felt so keenly, was the one point in their system, which he always regarded as morally powerless, and intellectually indefensible; as incompatible with all sound notions of law and government; and as tending above all things to substitute a ceremonial for a spiritual Christianity; whilst of the many later developments of the system,* which had been objects of his admiration and aspirations, long before or altogether independent of the Tracts in question, little was said at all, and hardly anything urged prominently.

On this new portent, as he deemed it, thus brought before his notice, the dislike which he naturally entertained towards the principles embodied in its appearance, became at once concentrated. For individual members of the party he often testified his respect; and towards those whom he had known personally, he never lost his affection, or relinquished his endeavours to maintain a friendly intercourse with them. Still he looked henceforward upon the body itself, through the medium, not, as formerly, of its constituent members, but of its principles; and the almost imploring appeal to their sympathy, which has been quoted from the close of the pamphlet of 1833, was never repeated. He no longer dwelt on the reflection that "in the Church of England even bigotry often wears a softer and a nobler aspect," and that "it could be no ordinary Church to have inspired such devoted adoration in such men, nor they ordinary men, over whom a sense of high moral beauty should have

* As one out of many instances, may be mentioned the views already quoted in p. 185, vol. i.

obtained so complete a mastery." (Ib. p. 83.) He rather felt himself called to insist on what he regarded as the dark side of the picture; "on the fanaticism which has been the peculiar disgrace of the Church of England," "a dress, a ritual, a name, a ceremony, a technical phraseology,—the superstition of a priesthood without its power,—the form of Episcopal government without its substance—a system imperfect and paralyzed, not independent, not sovereign,—afraid to cast off the subjection against which it was perpetually murmuring, —objects so pitiful, that, if gained ever so completely, they would make no man the wiser, or the better; they would lead to no good, intellectual, moral, or spiritual." (Ed. Rev. vol. lxiii. p. 235.)

And all his feelings of local and historical associations combined to aggravate the unfavourable aspect under which this school presented itself to him. Those only who knew his love for Oxford, as he thought it ought to be, can understand his indignation against it, as he thought it was; nor were the passionate sympathies and antipathies of the exiled Italian poet more sharpened by conflicting feelings towards the ideal and actual Florence, than were those of the English theologian and citizen towards Oxford, the "ancient and magnificent University" on the banks of the Thames, alike beloved as the scene of his early friendships, and longed for as the scene of his dreams of future usefulness; and Oxford, the home of the Tory and High Church clergy, the stronghold of those tendencies in England which seemed to make him their peculiar victim. And again, those only who knew how long and deeply he had dreaded the principles, which he now seemed to himself to see represented in bodily shape before him, will understand the severity with which when strongly moved, he attacked this class of opinions. "I doubt," he said, in a letter of 1838, in vindication of

the absolute repulsion which he felt at that time to any one professing admiration for them, "I doubt whether I should be a good person to deal with anybody who is inclined to Newmanism. Not living in Oxford, and seeing only the books of the Newmanites,* and considering only their system, any mind that can turn towards them, *i.e.* their books and their system, with anything less than unmixed aversion, appears to be already diseased; and do what I will I cannot make allowance enough for the peculiar circumstances of Oxford, because I cannot present them to my mind distinctly. You must remember that their doctrines are not to me like a new thing, which, never having crossed my mind before, requires now a full and impartial examination; all their notions and their arguments in defence of them (bating some surpassing extravagances which the intoxication of success has given birth to), have been familiar to my mind for years. They are the very errors which, in studying moral and religious truth, I have continually had to observe and to eschew; the very essence of one of the two great divisions of human falsehood, against which the wisdom of God and man has most earnestly combated,—in which man's folly and wickedness has ever found its favourite nourishment."

To these general feelings, which, though expressed at times more strongly than usual, he never altogether lost,

* Lest the occurrence of this phrase here and elsewhere in the correspondence, in speaking colloquially of the opinions in question, should bear a more personal allusion to living individuals than was in his mind, it is right to give from the preface to his fourth volume of Sermons, his own deliberate notice of a similar use of the name. "In naming Mr. Newman as the chief author of the system which I have been considering, I have in no degree wished to make the question personal, but Mr. Perceval's letter authorizes us to consider him as one of the authors of it; and, as I have never had any personal acquaintance with him, I could mention his name with no shock to any private feelings either in him or in myself. But I have spoken of him simply as the maintainer of certain doctrines, not as maintaining them in any particular manner, far less as actuated by any particular motives."

were added occasional bursts of indignation at particular developments of what he conceived to be the natural tendency of the school to grave moral faults.

These occasions will appear in his letters as they occur. The first and most memorable was the controversy relating to the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity, at Oxford, in the spring of 1836.

His feelings at this juncture were shared in some respects by many others. Many on the one hand who, in general opinion, widely differed from him, were yet equally with himself persuaded that there was great unfairness in the extracts then made from Dr. Hampden's writings; and on the other hand it is no less certain that the most eminent of those who made and circulated the extracts had almost as little sympathy as himself with the general conduct and feeling of those who supported them in the columns of newspapers, and in the tumultuous assemblies called together to the Oxford Convocation. But several points combined to make the agitation peculiarly exasperating to one with his views and in his position. The very fact of an opposition to an appointment, which on public grounds he had so much desired, was in itself irritating,—the accusations, which, whether just or unjust, were based on subtle distinctions, alien alike to his taste and his character, and especially calculated to offend and astonish him — the general gathering of the clergy, both of those whom he regarded as fanatics, and those whom he emphatically denounced as the party of Hophni and Phinehas, to condemn, in his judgment, on false grounds, by an irregular tribunal, an innocent individual,—provoked in equal measure his anger and his scorn, his sense of truth and justice, and his natural impetuosity in behalf of what he deemed to be right.

Whatever feelings had been long smouldering in his mind against the spirit of the Conservative and High Church party, which for the last three years had been engaged with him in such extreme hostility, took fire at last at the sight of that spirit, displaying itself in that place on such an occasion, and under such a form, with such tremendous strength and vehemence. And, as usual, the whole scene was invested in his eyes with a tenfold interest by the general principles which it seemed to involve. In the place of the Oxford Convocation there rose before him the image, which he declared that he could not put away from him, of the Nonjurors reviling Burnet —of the Council of Constance condemning Huss—of the Judaizers banded together against St. Paul.

That the object of attack was not himself, but another, and that other barely known to him, only made it the more impossible for him to keep silence; and accordingly, under the influence of these combined feelings, and with his usual rapidity of composition, he gave vent to his indignation in an article in the Edinburgh Review, of April, 1836, entitled by the Editor, "The Oxford Malignants." Though only a temporary production, it forms a feature in his life too strongly marked to be passed over without notice. On the one hand it completely represents his own deep feeling at the time, and in impassioned earnestness, force of expression, and power of narrative, is perhaps equal to anything he ever wrote; on the other hand it contains the most startling and vehement, because the most personal, language which he ever allowed himself deliberately to use. The offence caused by it, even amongst his friends, was very great; and whatever feeling, political or theological, existed against him was for the time considerably aggravated by it. It was his only published notice of the Oxford School between his third

and fourth volumes of Sermons; but though he never again expressed himself with equal vehemence, these proceedings at Oxford left an impression upon his mind which he never entirely lost, and which showed itself long afterwards in the stronger language of moral condemnation, used in speaking of the views in question.

II. The office of a Fellowship in the Senate of the new London University was offered to him by Mr. Spring Rice,* then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in September, 1835; and he resolved to accept it, with the same views with which he had some years before thought of becoming a Professor in the older institution of the same name, in the hope of giving a religious influence to its proceedings, and of realizing the visions which he had long fondly entertained, of a great institution of national education, which (to use his own words) should be Christian, yet not sectarian. He at first consented to "join it, without insisting on a Scriptural examination; on the alleged ground of fact, that such an examination was not practicable on account of the objections of different classes of Christians; and on the hope which he distinctly expressed, that the Christian character of the University might be secured without it." But "when," he adds, "on coming to think and talk more on the subject, I was more and more convinced that the Scriptural examination was both practicable and all but indispensable"—"when Whately assured me of its proved practicability in Ireland—when Yates, the Unitarian, to whom I wrote on the subject, agreed with me also,—and when I found that there was a very great necessity for avowing the Christian principle strongly, because Unbelief was evidently making a cat's paw of Dissent," he gave notice of

* Afterwards Lord Monteagle.

his intention of recommending the introduction of the Scriptures as a part of the classical examinations for every degree.

The suggestion of his view was, even to those of his colleagues who were most disposed to co-operate with him, more or less unexpected; whilst the majority of the Senate was either hostile or indifferent to them. But he pressed them with all his natural eagerness and earnestness: "I do not understand," was his characteristic answer to the argument, that, though the measure was in itself right, the times would not bear it—"I do not understand how the times can help bearing what an honest man has the resolution to do. They may hinder his views from gaining full success, but they cannot destroy the moral force of his protest against them, and at any rate they cannot make him do their work without his own co-operation." Accordingly, though debarred by his occupations at Rugby from making more than two or three short visits to London, and from communicating with his colleagues except by letter, and in spite of the want, of which he was now painfully conscious, of the art of managing bodies of men with whom he was not acquainted, he so far succeeded, as on December 2, 1837, to carry a resolution: "That, as a general rule, the candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts shall pass an examination either in one of the four Gospels, or the Acts of the Apostles in the original Greek, and also in Scripture History." This measure raised great objections, chiefly on the ground that it was supposed to infringe on the original principle of the Charter; which, whilst it spoke of intending the University to promote "religion," spoke also of its comprehension of all denominations. Partly, in consequence of remonstrances from various bodies of Dissenters, and from the Council of University College—partly, on the strong representa-

tion of the Secretary of State, through whom an appeal had been made by the remonstrants to the Law Officers of the Crown,—a larger meeting was summoned on February 7th, 1838, in which the former motion was overruled, and in its place it was resolved: "That examination in the Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, and in the Greek text of the New, and in Scripture History, shall be instituted in this University; to be followed by certificates of proficiency; and that all candidates for Degrees in Arts may, if they think proper, undergo such Examination."

Although feeling that the principle for which he contended had been abandoned, he was unwilling for a time to leave the Senate; partly from reluctance to take a step as a private individual, which might seem like a censure of those Bishops who still felt it their duty to remain on the Board; but chiefly with a hope of rendering this Biblical Examination as efficient as possible, and of making it evident that the Degree in Arts was considered incomplete without it. Failing in this, partly from the want of co-operation in the members of King's College and other institutions subordinate to the London University, partly from the active opposition in the Board itself, which succeeded in disuniting the Scriptural Examination altogether from the Degree, he finally withdrew from the Senate in November, 1838.

The only permanent result of his efforts was the establishment of the voluntary Scriptural Examination. But the whole contest, which is so fully described in the ensuing letters as not to need further comments here, was one of the most characteristic passages of his life. It was the only occasion on which he was brought into direct collision with the extreme section of the Liberal party, and with the tendency to keep the principles of the Christian Religion distinct from national literature

and education, which he had long regarded as a great and growing evil in English society. Nor was it the less interesting at this time from its connection with his longer contest with the Oxford School, as showing how his antipathy to one extreme had only made his antipathy to its opposite more intense ; how strongly he felt his isolation from both parties, when he was almost equally condemned, in London as a bigot, and in Oxford as a latitudinarian. On either side his public and private experience converged into the deep feeling expressed in one of his letters : "When I look round upon boys or men, there seems to me some one point or quality, which distinguishes really noble persons from ordinary ones ; it is not religious feeling—it is not honesty or kindness ; but it seems to be moral thoughtfulness ; which is at once strengthening and softening and elevating ; which makes a man love Christ instead of being a fanatic, and love truth without being cold or hard."

CXII. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Rugby, November 18, 1835.

You are by this time, I suppose, returned to London ; and perhaps you may wonder what induces me to write to you again so soon. My reason is, that, if I find that you have time to do it, I meditate a yet farther encroachment on your leisure, on a matter of public interest, as I think, as well as one which concerns me personally. The "*Idea*" of my life, to which I think every thought of my mind more or less tends, is the perfecting the "idea" of the Edward the Sixth Reformers,—the constructing a truly national and Christian Church, and a truly national and Christian system of education. The more immediate question now is, with regard to the latter. The Address of the House of Commons about the London University is to be answered by appointing a body of Examiners by Royal Charter, with power to confer Degrees in Arts, Law,

and Medicine, on students of the London University and of King's College, and of such other places of education as the Crown from time to time may name. I have accepted the office of one of the Examiners in Arts,—not without much hesitation, and many doubts of the success of the plan,—but desirous, if possible, to exercise some influence on a measure which seems to me full of very important consequences for good or for evil. Before I knew anything about this, I had written a pamphlet on the Admission of Dissenters into the Universities; not meaning to publish it directly, if at all; but wishing to embody my view of the whole question, in which, of course, I take the deepest interest. Now, if I act with this new Board, I am more disposed to publish my own views for my own justification, lest any man should think me an advocate for the plan of National Education without Christianity; which I utterly abhor. But I am well nigh driven beside myself, when I think that to this monstrosity we are likely to come; because the zealots of different sects (including in this term the Establishment, pace Archiepiscopi Cantuarensis) will have no Christianity without Sectarianism.

Now, if you have time to look at it, I should like to send you up my MS. for your full and free comments, including also your opinion as to the expediency of publication or no. Tell me also, particularly, what points need fuller development. I have so thought over the whole question, and believe that I see my way in it so clearly, that I may perhaps state, as self-evident propositions, things which to others may be startling. Our Church now has a strict bond in matters of opinion, and none at all in matters of practice: which seems to me a double error. The Apostles began with the most general of all bonds in point of opinion—the simple confession that Jesus was the Son of God—not that they meant to rest there; but that, if you organize and improve the Church morally, you will improve its tone theoretically; till you get an agreement in what is essential Christian principle, and a perfect tolerance of differences in unessential opinions. But now, the true and grand idea of a Church, that is, a society for the purpose of making men like Christ,—earth like heaven,—the kingdoms of the world the kingdom of Christ,—is all lost; and men look upon it as "an institution for religious instruction and religious worship," thus robbing it of its life and universality, making it an affair of clergy, not of people—of preaching and ceremonies, not of living—of Sundays and synagogues, instead of one of all days

and all places, houses, streets, towns, and country. I believe that the Government are well disposed, and I wish at any rate to try them. I know at least what I mean myself, and have a definite object before me, which, if I cannot reach, I would at least come as near to it as I can.

CXIII. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS.

Rugby, November 4, 1835.

[After stating his acceptance of the office in the London University.] I hold myself bound to influence, so far as I may be able, the working of a great experiment, which will probably in the end affect the whole education of the country. I hold myself bound to prevent, so far as in me lies, the establishment of more sectarian places of education, which will be the case if you have regular colleges for Dissenters; and yet Dissenters must and ought to have Degrees; and you shut them out from Oxford and Cambridge. No man can feel more strongly than I do the necessary imperfection of the proposed system, and its certain inferiority to what the old Universities might be made, or even to what they are, I suppose, actually. No man can more dread the co-operators with whom I may possibly have to work, or the principle which an active party are endeavouring to carry into education, that it shall or can exist independent of Christianity. But the excuse of these men, and their probable success, arises out of the Oxford sectarianism. You have identified Christianity with the Church of England, and—as there are many who will not bear the latter—indifferent men, or unbelievers, believe that it must follow that they cannot be taught the former. The question goes through the whole frame of our society. Nothing more reasonable than that national education should be in accordance with the national religion; nothing more noble or more wise in my judgment than the whole theory of the Reformers on this point. But the Established Church is only the religion of a part of the nation, and there is the whole difficulty. The Reformers, or rather their successors in Elizabeth's time, wished to root out Dissent by the strong hand. This was wicked, as I think, as well as foolish: but then, if we do not root out Dissent, and so keep the Establishment co-extensive with the nation, we must extend the Establishment, or else in the end there will and

ought to be no Establishment at all, which I consider as one of the greatest of all evils. But I see everything tending to sectarianism: and I heard a very good man speaking with complacency of this state of things in America, where the different sects, it seems, are becoming more and more separated from each other. And this is a natural and sure consequence of having no Establishment, because then the narrow-mindedness of every sect plays out its own play, and there is no great external reason for union. But on the present Oxford system or spirit, the Establishment is merely identified with a party, and makes half the nation regard it as a nuisance. I believe that that party and the party of the Dissenters are alike detestable, alike ignorant, narrow-minded, and unchristian; only the Church party are the least excusable, because they sin against far greater opportunities and means of light. My own firm belief is, that every difference of opinion amongst Christians is either remediable by time and mutual fairness, or else is indifferent; and this, I believe, would be greatly furthered, if we would get rid entirely of the false traditional standard of interpretation, and interpret Scripture solely by itself. I think that in your Sermon on Unauthoritative Tradition, you have unawares served the cause of error and schism; for I should just reverse that argument, and—instead of saying that we should bring in tradition to teach certain doctrines, which Scripture appears to recognise, but does not clearly develop—I should say, that, because Scripture does not clearly develop them, therefore they ought not to be taught as essential, nor with any greater degree of precision than is to be found in Scripture: and then I believe that we should have Christian truth exactly in its own proper proportions;—what is plain, and what is essential, being in effect convertible terms; whereas, I am satisfied that Church authority, whether early or late, is as rotten a staff as ever was Pharaoh king of Egypt's,—it will go into a man's hand to pierce him.

CXIV. TO REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE.

Rugby, November 11, 1835.

. . . . . My attention has been drawn lately, by one or two circumstances, to the spread of Henry Drummond's party, who claim to possess a renewal of the spiritual gifts of the Apostolic

age, and, as a consequence, call themselves the only true Church. I should like to know whether you have lately heard any more of the question, or have seen any reason to alter your views about it. The intolerance of their presumption in calling themselves the only true Church, would, to my mind, go very near to decide against them; but in all respects they seem to me to resemble those fanatical sects, which have from time to time arisen, and will do so to the end of the world. But with regard to the cessation of the miraculous powers in the Church, which I think at first sight is startling, I am inclined to believe that it is truly accounted for by the supposition that none but the Apostles ever conferred these gifts, and that therefore they ceased of course after one generation. I do not think that the state of the Apostolical Churches was so pure, or that of the Churches in the next century so degenerate, as to account for the withdrawal of the gifts as a sign of God's displeasure, seeing that the graces of the Spirit were then and ever have been vouchsafed abundantly,—which is inconsistent with the notion of God's abandonment. Nor do I see that the Church of Christ has at any time plainly apostatized, although it has been greatly unworthy of its privileges; nor that the doctrine of Christ crucified and Christ risen has been so forsaken, as that the very standard of Christianity should need to be planted afresh. But, if so, then the parallel with the Jewish Church fails; for the final guilt of the Jewish Church consisted in refusing to admit of the full development of its system, as wrought in Christ; and therefore, without apostatizing from the old, they fell because they refused the new. But ours being the dispensation of the fulness of times, a new system is with us not to be looked for; and, if we hold fast the principles of the Gospel, we have no other object to look to than that great one, which indeed has been enough neglected,—the working out and carrying into all earthly institutions the practical fruits of these principles.* I have always thought that the Quakers stand nobly distinguished from the multitude of fanatics, by seizing the true point of Christian advancement,—the development of the principles of the Gospel in the moral improvement of mankind. It is a grievous pity that some foolishnesses should have so marred their efficiency, or their efforts against wars and oaths would surely ere this have been more successful.

* See Appendix I. to "Fragment on the Church."

CXV. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Rugby, December 16, 1835.

It is ill answering your long and kind letter between nine and ten o'clock at night, when I am liable to be interrupted every moment by calls from my boys who are going home, and when I am going myself to start with a patriarchal party of seventeen souls at seven o'clock to-morrow for Westmoreland. I think that there runs through your letter, perhaps unconsciously, a constant assumption that the Conservative party is the orthodox one; a very natural assumption in the friends of an existing system, or, as I think, in anyone who has not satisfied himself, as I have, that Conservatism is always wrong; so thoroughly wrong in principle, that, even when the particular reform proposed may be by no means the best possible, yet it is good as a triumph over Conservatism;—the said Conservatism being the worst extreme, according to both of Aristotle's definitions; first, as most opposed to the mean in itself, since man became corrupt; and secondly, as being the evil that we are all most prone to—I myself being conservative in all my instincts, and only being otherwise by an effort of my reason or principle, as one overcomes all one's other bad propensities. I think Conservatism far worse than Toryism, if by Toryism be meant a fondness for monarchical or even despotic government; for despotism may often further the advance of a nation, and a good dictatorship may be a very excellent thing, as I believe of Louis Philippe's government at this moment, thinking Guizot to be a great and good man, who is looking steadily forwards; but Conservatism always looks backwards, and therefore, under whatever form of government, I think it the enemy of all good. And if you ask me how I can act with the present Ministers, with many of whom I am far from sympathizing, I answer, that I would act with them against the Conservatives as Cranmer and Ridley acted with Somerset and Northumberland and the Russells of that day, not as thinking them the best or wisest of men, but as men who were helping forward the cause of Reform against Conservatism, and who therefore were serving the cause of their country and of mankind; when Fisher and More and Tonstall, better men individually, would have grievously injured both. This I should say, even if I judged of the two parties as you do. . . . . But I am running on unreasonably, and time is

precious; my meaning is, that had I been a Conservative, I am quite sure that no act of mine would have ever been considered as going out of my way into politics; but on the other side, "defendit numerus;" and that is called zeal for the Church, which in me is called political violence. We are all well, and I am marvellously untired by our five weeks' examination; but still I expect to rejoice in the mountains.

CXVI. TO W. EMPSON, ESQ.

January 8, 1836.

. . . . . I find even in private life, and amongst men of the Tory party, who are most favourable specimens of it, a tone of increased virulence, interfering even with private relations, which really seems almost like the harbinger of civil war. In London, I have no doubt, all this, externally at least, is softened; but in the country, where men live more apart, their passion seems to me to be daily exasperating, and any interruption of the present commercial prosperity would find, I fear, a bitter temper already existing to receive the increased embittering of private distress. My great fear is, that the English are indifferent to justice when it is not on their own side, and that therefore in this Irish Church question the Ministers will fare as Lord Chatham did in the beginning of the American war—be outvoted, overruled, and driven from power. And then what is the "Avenir" which any Tory can image to himself within the very limits of possibility? For whether Ireland remain in its present barbarism, or grow in health and civilization, in either case the downfall of the present Establishment is certain: a savage people will not endure the insult of a hostile religion, a civilized one will reasonably insist on having their own.

CXVII. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN.

Fox How, February 1, 1836.

. . . . . Let me thank you again and again for your dedication of the Article on the Sabine cities, for it roused me to go to work in good earnest, and I can tell you that, having begun with Æneas, I have fairly brought down the history to the institution of the Tribuneship. I believe I have never

written without thinking of you, and wishing to be able to ask you questions; you must expect, therefore, presently to have a string of interrogatories, after I have first told you the plan and contents of what I have hitherto done. . . . . I need not tell you how entirely I have fed upon Niebuhr; in fact I have done little more than put his first volume into a shape more fit for general, or at least for English readers, assuming his conclusions as proved, where he was obliged to give the proof in detail. I suppose that he must have shared so much of human infirmity as to have fallen sometimes into error; but I confess that I do not yet know a single point on which I have ventured to differ from him; and my respect for him so increases the more I study him, that I am likely to grow even superstitious in my veneration, and to be afraid of expressing my dissent even if I believe him to be wrong. . . . . Though I deeply feel my own want of knowledge, yet I know of no one in England who can help me; so little are we on a level with you in Germany in our attention to such points. What would I give to recover the History of Sisenna, or any contemporary account of the war of Marius and Sylla! Once more, is anything doing about deciphering the Etruscan or Oscan languages? and what authority is there for making the Oscan and Sabellian tribes distinct? whereas I cannot but think they all belong to one stock, distinct from the Latins on one hand, and from the Etruscans on the other.

I will now release you from the Roman History. I am also engaged upon the three Pastoral Epistles, as I believe I told you. Do not all the three Epistles appear to belong to a period in Paul's life later than that recorded in the Acts; and must they not have been written nearly at the same time? In the 1st Timothy, iii. 15, do you approve of Griesbach's stopping of the passage, when he joins the words "the pillar and ground of the truth" with the following verse? I cannot well make up my mind, whether to agree with it or no; but it is certain, that if the words are to be applied to the Church, they do not describe what it is de facto, but what it ought to be. "Take care that no error through thy fault creep into that Church which was designed by God to be nothing but a pillar and basis of truth." Then "the mystery of godliness" may fitly be translated, I suppose, the "Revelation of Christianity, the secret which Christianity has to impart to its own initiated." The "mystery of godliness" is Christ, as the "mystery of iniquity" is Antichrist. Here again I must stop, though I have much more to say. I look forward

with great pleasure to your son's* joining us in June, and seeing this delicious country with us in July. But five long months of work intervene between this present time and our summer holidays. May Christ's Spirit enable me to turn them to profit, if I am permitted to live through them.

CXVIII. TO J. C. PLATT, ESQ.

Fox How, February 5, 1836.

. . . . . I was very much pleased with the pamphlet of Dr. Lieber about education, and thought him the more worthy of having had so much intercourse with Niebuhr. I entirely agree with what Dr. Lieber says, and wish that people were more aware of the truth of it in England. We are going, however, to have a very important experiment begun here, in the new London University; of which, as you may have perhaps heard, I am likely, if the present Government stands, to become one of the members. There will then probably be brought to issue this great question, whether the people of England have any value whatever for Christianity without sectarianism; for, as it seems to me, most of those who are above sectarianism are quite as indifferent to Christianity; while almost all who profess to value Christianity seem, when they are brought to the test, to care only for their own sect. Now it is manifest to me that all our education must be Christian, and not be sectarian; I would ask no questions as to what denomination of Christians any student belonged; or, if I did, I should only do it for the express purpose of avoiding in my examination all those particular points, in which I might happen to differ from him. But I should as certainly assume him to be a Christian, and both in examining him in the Scriptures, as well as in the philosophy and history of other writers, I should proceed on the supposition that his views of life were Christian, and should think it quite right to inquire what was his knowledge of the evidences and nature of the Christian scheme. I see that a Jew has just been elected a governor of Christ's Hospital; the very name shows the monstrousness of this; but what shall we say of the wisdom of those who say that a Roman

* Henry, the eldest son of the Chevalier Bunsen, was for two years an inmate of Dr. Arnold's house at Rugby, preparatory to his entering on the studies of Oxford, and taking orders in the Church of England.

Catholic or an Unitarian is as bad as a Jew, and who thus drive other men to say that, as some pretended religious distinctions are no real moral distinctions, so all religious distinctions are unimportant; and Jew, Mahometan, Hindoo, or Benthamite, may all be educated together. No doubt they may be taught physical science together; but physical science is not education; and how they can be instructed in moral science together, when their views of life are so different, is a thing that I cannot understand. . . . . I am satisfied that the real good must be done through something in the form of a Newspaper or Historical Magazine. You must begin with teaching people to understand, if you can, what they will feel an interest in and talk about; it is of no use to attempt to create an interest for indifferent things, natural history, or general literature, which every sensible man feels to be the play of life and not its business. I hold with Algernon Sidney, that there are but two things of vital importance,—those which he calls Religion and Politics, but which I would rather call our duties and affections towards God, and our duties and feelings towards men; science and literature are but a poor make up for the want of these.

I have been at work on the Roman History with very great delight, and also with a part of the New Testament. I have begun the Roman History from the beginning, and I could not have any work which I should more enjoy; if I live, I hope to carry on the History till the sixth century, and end it with the foundation of the modern kingdoms out of the wreck of the Western Empire. Pray let me hear of you when you can, and believe me that I shall always feel a very lively interest in your proceedings.

CXIX. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Rugby, March 2, 1836.

I erred in sending you my manuscript; not that I do not heartily thank you for your comments, which as to the good of the work itself were more useful than if you had more agreed with me; but I would not for the sake of an hypothetical publication have caused you to dwell on page after page of matter in which you could not sympathize, and which I fear grated harshly upon your notions and tastes. I did it in ignorance; for I really fancied—without any authority, I believe—but still

I fancied that you agreed with me as to the desirableness of opening the Universities, and would sympathize, therefore, in the general drift of what I had written. Otherwise I should not have thought it fair to trouble you with it.

But the whole thing makes me most earnest that we should soon meet, not to argue, but rather to feel the many points of true sympathy between us, and to get our notions of each other refreshed, so to speak, in all their totality. You get from me two or three letters a year; in these I cannot represent what is really my life's business and state of mind, for school affairs would not interest you, nor will the quiet scenes of mere family life bear description. I therefore write naturally of public matters, of questions of general interest, and I write upon them as I feel, that is, decidedly and deeply. But this produces a false impression upon your mind, as if these feelings occupied me predominantly, and you express a wish that I would concentrate my energies upon the school, my own business. Why, you cannot surely think that Hawtrey or your brother Edward, or any man in England does so more than I do? I should feel it the greatest possible reproach, if I were conscious of doing otherwise. But although a school, like a parish, or any other occupation in which our business is to act morally upon our neighbours, affords in fact infinite employment, and no man can ever say that he has done all that he might do,—still in the common sense of the term, I can truly say, that I live for the school; that very pamphlet which I sent you was written almost entirely at Fox How, and my own employment here has been all of a kind to bear directly upon the school work; first Thucydides, and now the Roman History, and subjects more or less connected with the Scriptures, or else my Sermons. Undoubtedly, I do not wish my mind to feel less or to think less upon public matters; ere it does so, its powers must be paralyzed; and I am sure that the more active my own mind is, and the more it works upon great moral and political points, the better for the school; not, of course, for the folly of proselytizing the boys, but because education is a dynamical, not a mechanical process, and the more powerful and vigorous the mind of the teacher, the more clearly and readily he can grasp things, the better fitted he is to cultivate the mind of another. And to this I find myself coming more and more: I care less and less for information, more and more for the pure exercise of the mind; for answering a question concisely and comprehensively, for showing a command of

language, a delicacy of taste, and a comprehensiveness of thought and power of combination.

We had a most delightful winter at Fox How. . . . . I went over to Keswick for one day, and called on Southey and saw him and his daughters Kate and Bertha. Southey is much altered, from his heavy domestic trial, and perhaps from his constant occupations. He reads as he walks, which I told him I would not venture to do, though so much younger than he was; it is so constant a strain, that I do not wonder that his hair is gray. . . . . What a great man your uncle was, that is, intellectually! for something I suppose must have been wanting to hinder us from calling him a great man ἁπλῶς. But where has he left his equal?

CXX. *TO C. J. VAUGHAN, ESQ.

(On his success at Cambridge.)

Rugby, March 7, 1836.

I gave myself the pleasure of writing to your mother a few lines on Friday evening, which I thought you would prefer to my writing to yourself. But you know how heartily I should rejoice at your success, and I thank you very much for your kind letter to inform me of it.

I am truly glad indeed and thankful that you have done so well, and I thank you for the credit which you have conferred upon Rugby. I am very glad that you are coming to us in June, a time when I hope to enjoy your company far more than in the Babel at Easter. It will be a great pleasure to me to have some conversation with you again after the lapse of a year, a period which brings such changes in all our minds, and, till our faculties decay, changes surely for the better, unless we wilfully let the ground lie fallow, or plant it with weeds. And it is to me a matter of intense interest to observe the ripening manhood of those minds, in whose earlier opening I felt so deep and affectionate a sympathy. My wife and all the children rejoice in your success, and unite in kindest regards.

CXXI. TO W. C. LAKE, ESQ.

Rugby, March 9, 1836.

I am far more pleased than disappointed about the scholarship; I am very much pleased that both you and —— have done so well. I am not disappointed, because I always think that in every election the chances must be against any one candidate. I wish you would impress this on Stanley, from me; for I am a little afraid that Vaughan's success at Cambridge will make him over anxious, and that he will fancy that he is the more expected to get it, in order to complete the triumph of Rugby. This is not my feeling, and I cannot bear that he should be oppressed with the weight of our unreasonable expectations when I know how much anxiety he has of his own. Come to us whenever you can, and find it most convenient: we shall be equally glad to see you at any time.

And now for your Oxford agitators. If I were really as anxious to make proselytes as some fancy, I should be much grieved at what I should then call your defection; but as it is I am well content that you should so love Oxford at present, as to feel sympathy even for her extravagances: it is such a symptom as I hail with very great satisfaction, and I exhibited it myself when I was in your situation. I should therefore be well enough inclined to let this right itself by-and-by; only in such turbulent times you must be aware lest you are tempted, not only *συμφιλεῖν τοῖς Ὀξωνιάνοις ἀλλὰ καὶ συμμισεῖν*,* and that I think would be an injustice. I think also that the habit of making a man an offender for a word is most injurious to ourselves,—remember the calumnies and insinuations against Niebuhr. Again, no man's mind can be fairly judged of by such a specimen as Newman has given of Hampden's. He has in several places omitted sentences in his quotations, which give exactly the soft and Christian effect to what, without them, sounds hard and cold. . . . . Again, it will never do to judge a man, not for the opinions which he holds, but for the degree of condemnation which he passes on the opposite opinions, *ὁ μὲν χαλεπαίνων πίστος ἀεὶ, ὁ δ' ἀντιλέγων αὐτῷ ὑποπτός*.† But to whom are they objects of "trust" and "suspicion"? Not to the wise and good, but to the unprincipled or fanatical partisan, who knows not what truth and goodness are. Poor Jeremy Taylor understood

* "To share not only the loves but the hatreds of Oxford."

† Thucyd. III. 82. "He who attacks is always trusted, he who opposes the attack is always suspected."

well this intolerance of toleration, when he thought it necessary to append to his Liberty of Prophesying a long argument against the truth of the Baptist opinions, because he had been earnestly arguing that, although untrue, they were neither punishable nor damnable. You have always heard me, and I hope I shall always be heard, to insist upon the Divinity of Christ as the great point of Christianity; but it is because I think that the Scholastic Theology has obscured and excited a prejudice against it, that I am rather thankful myself for having been enabled to receive Scripture truth in spite of the wrapping which has been put round it, than I can condemn those who throw away the wrapping, and cannot conceive that beneath a shell so worthless there can lurk so divine a kernel. Then as to "dangerousness." There is an immense danger in folly, or in the careless tone of a man who never seemed in earnest; or in the trash of a fanatic. Hampden is a good man, and an able one; a lover of truth and fairness; and I should think that the wholesome air of such a man's lectures would tend to freshen men's faith, and assure them that it had a foundation to rest upon, when the infinite dishonesty and foolery of such divinity as I remember in the lecture-rooms and pulpits in times past, would be enough to drive a man of sound mind into any extravagances of unbelief. . . . . Hampden's Bampton Lectures are a great work, entirely true in their main points, and I think most useful. . . . . But it is merely like the cry of Oxford a hundred and twenty years ago, when the lower House of Convocation condemned Burnet's Exposition of the Articles. So always in the course of human things, the tail labours to sting the head.

CXXII. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ.

Rugby, March 17, 1836.

The question about Hampden seems to me simple. If he has preached or published heresy, let him be tried by the proper judge or judges, either the Bishop or, as Hawkins says, the Vice-Chancellor, assisted by six Doctors of Divinity. What they are now doing is merely Lynch law; and they might just as well run down any other man who is unpopular with the dominant party in Oxford, and say that they have no confidence in him, and therefore pass a privilegium against him without giving him any trial. It is making the legislative power encroach on the judicial with a vengeance, and therefore I would

go up to vote for Pusey, Newman,* Vaughan Thomas, or any other whom I deem the most unfit man in Oxford, if a Tory ministry had appointed them, and a Whig majority in Convocation were to press for a similar stigma against them on a charge which has never been tried, and which Convocation is not competent to try. I will add, however, that I agree for the most part with Hampden's views. . . . . Hawkins has stood the storm nobly by Hampden's side.

CXXIII. TO THE SAME.

Rugby, June 11, 1836.

No man can object more than I do to the quoting Scripture language irreverently or lightly; but I see no impropriety in referring to Scripture examples, whether of sets of men or of individuals. Hophni and Phinehas are recorded as specimens of the worst class of ministers of an established religion. The Judaizers of the New Testament exhibit in the germ all the evils which have since most corrupted the Christian Church. I cannot but think it legitimate and right to refer to these examples, when the same evils are flaming in the face of day before our eyes. I do not say or think that —— and —— are bad men. I do not think that John Gerson was a bad man; yet he was a principal party in the foul treachery and murder committed against John Huss at the Council of Constance.

CXXIV. TO THE REV. J. HEARN.

(In congratulation on his appointment to a living.)

Rugby, April 12, 1836.

. . . . . I covet rest neither for my friends nor yet for myself, so long as we are able to work; but, when age or weakness comes on, and hard labour becomes an unendurable burthen, then the necessity of work is deeply painful, and it seems to me to imply an evil state of society wherever such a necessity generally exists. One's age should be tranquil as one's childhood should be playful: hard work at either ex-

* In 1841, he expressed his intention of fulfilling this resolution, had a condemnation of Tract 90 been proposed to Convocation.

tremity of human existence seems to me out of place; the morning and evening should be alike cool and peaceful; at midday the sun may burn and men may labour under it. . . . .

The Hampden controversy is a curious case, and is completely, to my mind, a repetition of the scenes of the Reformation. When Peter Martyr went down as Divinity Professor to Oxford in Edward the Sixth's time, he was received by the Catholics with precisely the same outcry with which Hampden has been received by the High Churchmen, and on the same grounds. I think that the Evangelicals have in some instances been led to join in the clamour against him from their foolish fondness for their particular phraseology, and from their want of ability to recognise the real features of any movement of opinion.*

About fifty or sixty years ago, when there was really a leaven of Socinianism in the Church, it showed itself in petitions to be relieved from the Articles, and in the absence of a strongly-marked Christian character in the writings of the petitioning party. But Hampden is doing what real Christian reformers have ever done; what the Protestants did with Catholicism, and the apostles with Judaism. He upholds the articles as true in substance, he maintains their usefulness, and the truth and importance of their doctrines; but he sees that the time is come when their phraseology requires to be protested against, as having, in fact, obstructed and embarrassed the reception of the very truths which they intend to inculcate. He is engaged in that same battle against technical theological language, to which you and I have, I believe, an equal dislike; while he would join us thoroughly in condemning the errors against which the Articles were directed, and holds exactly the language and sentiments which Cranmer and Ridley, I believe, would hold if they were alive now.

* "They urge," he said, "that Hampden has a tendency to Socinianism. Of course he may have an *element* of Socinianism. Every great mind must of necessity have the germ of that which, *carried to excess*, becomes Socinianism; but to enter into the question of how it is to be combined with other qualities of the opposite kind, and where it ceases to be sound, and begins to be mischievous, is to enter on the great question of the two great philosophical divisions of the human race; and then conceive the Oxford Convocation deciding on the principles of Idealism and Sensualism!"

CXXV. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ.

Rugby, April 27, 1836.

. . . . . Objections to my statements do not bring us to the point; my view stands on four legs, and I think meets all the difficulties of the case. If you say otherwise, I want to see another view that shall also stand on four legs, and those legs good ones. I think the Roman Catholic system has the legs right in number, the system is consistent, but it is based on one or two great falsehoods. The English High Church system I think both false and inconsistent. . . . . But I turn more gladly to a point in which I think we heartily agree. I want to petition against the Jew Bill, but I believe I must petition alone; for you would not sign my preamble, nor would many others who will petition doubtless against the measure. I want to take my stand on my favourite principle, that the world is made up of Christians and non-Christians; with all the former we should be one, with none of the latter. I would thank the Parliament for having done away with distinctions between Christian and Christian; I would pray that distinctions be kept up between Christians and non-Christians. Then I think that the Jews have no claim whatever of political right. If I thought of Roman Catholicism as you do, I would petition for the repeal of the Union to-morrow, because I think Ireland ought to have its own Church established in it; and if I thought that Church anti-Christian, I should object to living in political union with a people belonging to it. But the Jews are strangers in England, and have no more claim to legislate for it than a lodger has to share with the landlord in the management of his house. If we had brought them here by violence, and then kept them in an inferior condition, they would have just cause to complain; though even then, I think, we might lawfully deal with them on the Liberia system, and remove them to a land where they might live by themselves independent; for England is the land of Englishmen, not of Jews. And in this my German friends agree with me as fully as they do in my dislike to the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, which is the land of Irishmen; and from which we ought to go, and not the Irish, if our consciences clamour against living with them according to justice. So now here is agreement with you and disagreement.

CXXVI. TO ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

Rugby, May 4, 1836.

Your opinion of the Edinburgh Review gave me, as you may believe, very great pleasure; but I did not think that it would be worth while to print it in a separate shape, because the more I saw of the temper of the Judaizers, the less did it seem likely to persuade any of them from their evil deeds before to-morrow's Convocation: and because having written once agonistically, I wish next to write in another manner, and to go deeper to work with the root of error, from which all this Judaizing springs. And here I feel sadly my distance from all who might advise and co-operate in such a work. I want to get out a series of "Church of England Tracts," which, after establishing again the supreme authority of Scripture and reason, against Tradition, Councils, and Fathers, and showing that reason is not rationalism, should then take two lines, the one negative, the other positive; the negative one, showing that the pretended unity, which has always been the idol of Judaizers, is worthless, impracticable—and the pursuit of it has split Christ's Church into a thousand sects, and will keep it so split for ever: the other positive, showing that the true unity is most precious, practicable, and has in fact been never lost; that at all times and in all countries there has been a succession of men, enjoying the blessings and showing forth the fruits of Christ's spirit; that in their lives and in what is truly their religion—*i.e.* in their prayers and hymns—there has been a wonderful unity; that all sects have had amongst them the marks of Christ's Catholic Church, in the graces of His Spirit, and the confession of His name; for which purpose it might be useful to give, side by side, the martyrdoms, missionary labours, &c., of Catholics and Arians, Romanists and Protestants, Churchmen and Dissenters. Here is a grand field, giving room for learning, for eloquence, for acuteness, for judgment, and for a true love of Christ, in those who took part in it—and capable, I think, of doing much good. And the good is wanted; because it is plain that the Judaizers have infected even those who still profess to disclaim them. . . . . I shall talk this matter over with Hawkins, who has behaved nobly in this matter, but who still, I think, contributed to the mischief by his unhappy sermon on Tradition. I am well satisfied, that if you let in

but one little finger of Tradition, you will have in the whole monster—horns, and tail, and all. I teach my children the Catechism and the Creed, not for any tradition's sake, but because the Church of England has adopted them. Each particular Church is an authority to members of that Church; but as for any general tradition having authority from universality or antiquity, I do not believe that there is any such; and what are called such, are, I think, only corruptions, more or less ancient, and more or less mischievous, of the true Christianity of the Scriptures.

I have received your volume of Charges, &c., for which I am very much obliged to you. I have read your additional remarks on the Jew Bill, and grieve that there should be so much difference between us. In my Catholic Pamphlet, or rather in one place in the Postscript, there is one paragraph which I should now cancel—that which applies St. Paul's rule about husbands and wives of different religions to men of different religions in a commonwealth. The general argument of the Pamphlet I should perfectly maintain now—that the Irish being a Catholic people, they have a right to perfect independence, or to a perfectly equal union: if our conscience objects to the latter, it is bound to concede the former. But for the Jews I see no plea of justice whatever; they are voluntary strangers here, and have no claim to become citizens, but by conforming to our moral law, which is the Gospel. Had we brought them here as captives, I should think that we ought to take them back again; and I should think myself bound to subscribe for that purpose. I would give the Jews the honorary citizenship which was so often given by the Romans—*i.e.* the private rights of citizens, jus commercii et jus connubii—but not the public rights, jus suffragii and jus honorum. But then, according to our barbarian feudal notions, the jus commercii involves the jus suffragii; because land, forsooth, is to be represented in Parliament, just as it used to confer jurisdiction. Then, again, I cannot but think that you over-estimate the difference between Christian and Christian. Every member of Christ's Catholic Church is one with whom I may lawfully join in legislation, and whose ministry I may lawfully use, as a judge or a magistrate; but a Jew or heathen I cannot apply to voluntarily, but only obey him passively if he has the rule over me. A Jew judge ought to drive all Christians from pleading before him, according to St. Paul, 1 Cor. vi. 1.

CXXVII. TO SIR THOMAS S. PASLEY, BART.

Rugby, May 11, 1836.

I have been waiting week after week in the hope of being able to tell you something about the new University; but I begin to think that if I wait till the Government plans are decided, I shall not write to you at all before we meet; and I would rather send you a letter with nothing in it, than appear indifferent to the pleasure of keeping up some communication with you—a privilege which, I can truly say, I value more and more after every fresh meeting with you. I meet with a great many persons in the course of the year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more and more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things; and I think that literature, science, politics—many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather—are yet, as they are generally talked about, still on the surface; they do not touch the real depths of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation; —but I want a sign, which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life—whither tending, and in what cause engaged; and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly, and with as fresh a sympathy, as when I was twenty years younger. I feel this in talking to you, and in writing to you; and I feel that you will neither laugh at me, nor be offended with me for saying it. . . . .

CXXVIII. *TO W. A. GREENHILL, ESQ. (THEN A MEDICAL STUDENT).

Rugby, May 9, 1836.

At last I hope to redeem my credit with you, though indeed it may well be almost irretrievable. I must go back over our hurried meeting of Thursday last, to your two kind letters, and the report which they give of your medical studies, in which I rejoice. As in everything else—and even more than in most things that I am acquainted with, what our fathers have done still leaves an enormous deal for us to do. The

philosophy of medicine, I imagine, is almost at zero: our practice is empirical, and seems hardly more than a course of guessing, more or less happy. The theory of life itself lies probably beyond our knowledge; so, probably, is that of the origin of thought and perception. We talk of nerves, and we perceive their connection with operations of the mind; but we cannot understand a thinking, or a seeing, or a hearing nerve, nor do electricity or galvanic action bring us nearer to the point. But coming down to a far lower point, how ignorant are we of the causes of disorder, of the real influence of air, and of its component parts as affecting health, of infection, and of that strange phenomenon of diseases incident generally to the human frame, but for the most part incident once only, such as measles, small-pox, and the old Athenian plague, or incident only after a certain period, as the vaccine infection. Here, and in a thousand other points, there is room for infinite discoveries;—to say nothing of the wonderful phenomena of animal magnetism, which only Englishmen, with their accustomed ignorance, venture to laugh at, but which no one yet has either thoroughly ascertained or explained.

. . . . . If one might wish for impossibilities, I might then wish that my children might be well versed in physical science, but in due subordination to the fulness and freshness of their knowledge on moral subjects. This, however, I believe cannot be; and physical science, if studied at all, seems too great to be studied *ἐν παρέργῳ*: wherefore, rather than have it the principal thing in my son's mind, I would gladly have him think that the sun went round the earth, and that the stars were so many spangles set in the bright blue firmament. Surely the one thing needful for a Christian and an Englishman to study is Christian and moral and political philosophy, and then we should see our way a little more clearly without falling into Judaism, or Toryism, or Jacobinism, or any other *ism* whatever. All here is going on comfortably, with much actually good, and much in promise; with much also to make one anxious, according to the unavoidable course of human things. My mind expatiates sometimes upon Fox How, when I see the utter dulness of the country about Rugby, which certainly is beyond the reach of railways to spoil. On Saturday we went, a party of *twenty*, to Nuneham Wood:—Mrs. Arnold and myself, with eight children, and ten persons besides.

CXXIX. TO ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

Rugby, May 16, 1836.

. . . . . I have no thought of writing anything about the Jew Bill or Church Reform at present. If the Jew Bill comes forward, I shall perhaps petition against it, either in common with the clergy of the neighbourhood, whom I could on that question join, though not probably in my reasons for opposing it; or else singly, to state my own views as a Liberal in being unfavourable to any measure of the present Government. Undoubtedly, I think that up to 1795 or '6, whenever the elective franchise was granted to the Catholics, the Protestants were de facto the only citizens of Ireland; and that the Catholic claims could not then be urged on the same ground that they are now. Till that time one must have appealed to a higher law, and asked by what right the Protestants had become the only citizens of Ireland; it was then a question of the Jus Gentium, now it is merely one of Jus Civile. I never have justified the practice of one race in wresting another's country from it; I only say that every people, in that country which is rightfully theirs, may establish their own institutions and their own *ideas*; and that no stranger has any title whatever to become a member of that nation, unless he adopts their institutions and ideas. It is not what a Government may impose upon its subjects, but what a people may agree upon for themselves; and, though England does not belong to the king, yet it belongs to the English; and the English may most justly say that they will admit no stranger to be one of their society. If they say that they will admit him, that is, if Parliament pass the Jew Bill, I do not at all dispute their right as Englishmen to do so, and as an Englishman I owe obedience to their decision; but I think they make England cease to be the πόλις* of a Christian, and we, like the old Christians, shall then become in our turn πάροικοι.† Politically, if we are the minority, I see no injustice in this, but I think that we may wonder a little at those of the majority, who are Christians: seeing that we as Englishmen have a nearer claim to English citizenship than the Jews can have; and Christians, being the majority, ought, I think, to establish their own ideas in their own land.

Meanwhile, I think that I shall fulfil my intention of publishing the three Pastoral Epistles (Timothy and Titus), with

* "State." † "Sojourners."

Notes and Dissertations. I should print in parallel columns—the Greek text, as correctly as I could give it; the Latin Vulgate; and the English authorised version *corrected*, noticing every correction by printing it in a smaller type, and marking with obeli such words or expressions in our translation as I think require amendment, but which I cannot amend to my satisfaction. The Dissertations would embrace naturally every point on which the Oxford Judaizers have set up their heresy—the priesthood, sacraments, apostolical succession, tradition, the church; and above all would contain the positive opposite to all their idolatries, the doctrine of the Person of Christ; not His Church, nor His sacraments, not His teaching, not even the truths about Him, nor the virtues which He most enforces, but Himself—that only object which bars fanaticism and idolatry on the one hand, and gives life and power to all morality on the other. And this is what St. Paul constantly opposes to the several idolatries of the Judaizers (see Colossians ii. and 1 Timothy iv., connecting with it the last verse of chapter iii., which has been so strangely severed from its context).

I never yet in my life made any application for preferment, nor have I desired it; but I confess, if Hampden is to be made a bishop, I wish that they would put me in his place at Oxford. I should be a very great loser in point of income by the change, and, till lately, I have never fancied that I could be more useful anywhere else than at Rugby. But I think, under present circumstances, that I could do more good at Oxford. I could not supply your place, but I could supply it better than it is supplied now. I should have a large body of very promising young men disposed to listen to me for old affection's sake, and my fondness for young men's society would soon bring others about me whom I might influence. I should be of weight from my classical knowledge, and I am old enough now to set down many of the men who are foremost in spreading their mischief, and to give some sanction of authority to those who think as I do, but who at present want a man to lean upon. And, though the Judaizers hate me, I believe, worse than they hate Hampden, yet they could not get up the same clamour against me, for the bugbear of Apostolical Succession would not do, and it would puzzle even Newman to get up a charge of Socinianism against me out of my Sermons. Furthermore, my spirit of pugnaciousness would rejoice in fighting out the battle with the Judaizers, as it were in a saw-

pit; and, as my skin is tough, my wife's tougher, and the children's toughest of all, I am satisfied that we should live in Oxford amidst any quantity of abuse unhurt in health or spirits, and I should expatiate, as heretofore, in Bagley Wood and on Shotover. Do not understand this as implying any weariness with Rugby; far from it. I have got a very effective position here, which I would only quit for one which seems even more effective; but I keep one great place of education sound and free, and unavoidably gain an influence with many young men, and endeavour to make them see that they ought to think on and understand a subject before they take up a party view about it. I hunger sometimes for more time for writing, but I do not indulge the feeling; and, on the other hand, I think my love of tuition rather grows upon me.

CXXX. *TO A. P. STANLEY, ESQ.

Rugby, May 24, 1836.

. . . . . Now with regard to the Newmanites. I do not call them bad men, nor would I deny their many good qualities. . . . . I judge of them as I do commonly of mixed characters, where the noble and the base, the good and the bad, are strangely mixed up together. There is an ascending scale, from the grossest personal selfishness, such as that of Cæsar or Napoleon, to party selfishness, such as that of Sylla, or fanatical selfishness—that is the idolatry of an idea or a principle—such as that of Robespierre* and Dominic, and some of the Covenanters. In all these, except perhaps the first, we feel a sympathy more or less, because there is something of personal self-devotion and sincerity; but fanaticism is idolatry, and it has the moral evil of idolatry in it—that is, a fanatic worships something which is the creature of his own devices, and

* Robespierre he used to distinguish from Danton, and others of the revolutionary leaders, as being a sincere fanatic in the cause of Republicanism. "The life and character of Robespierre has to me a most important lesson," he said once to a former pupil, with the emphasis of one who had studied it for his own profit; "it shows the frightful consequences of making everything give way to a favourite notion. The man was a just man, and humane naturally, but he would narrow everything to meet his own views, and nothing could check him at last. It is a most solemn warning to us of what fanaticism may lead to in God's world." To Dominic, in allusion to his supposed share in the Albigensian crusade, and the foundation of the Inquisition, he used to apply St. Paul's words, 1 Cor. iii. 15.

thus even his self-devotion in support of it is only an apparent self-sacrifice, for it is in fact making the parts of his nature or his mind which he least values, offer sacrifice to that which he most values. The moral fault, as it appears to me, is in the idolatry—the setting up some idea which is most kindred to our own minds, and then putting it in the place of Christ, who alone cannot be made an idol, and cannot inspire fanaticism, because He combines all ideas of perfection, and exhibits them in their just harmony and combination. Now to my own mind, by its natural tendency—that is, taking my mind at its best—truth and justice would be the idols that I should follow; and they would be idols, for they would not supply *all* the food that the mind wants, and, whilst worshipping them, reverence and humility and tenderness might very likely be forgotten. But Christ Himself includes at once truth and justice, and all these other qualities too. In other men I cannot trace exactly the origin of the idolatry, except by accident in some particular cases. But it is clear to me that Newman and his party are idolators; they put Christ's Church and Christ's Sacraments, and Christ's ministers, in the place of Christ Himself; and these being only imperfect ideas, the unreserved worship of them unavoidably tends to the neglect of other ideas no less important; and thence some passion or other loses its proper and intended check, and the moral evil follows. Thus it is that narrow-mindedness tends to wickedness, because it does not extend its watchfulness to every part of our moral nature, for then it would not be *narrow*-mindedness; and this neglect fosters the growth of evil in the parts that are so neglected. Thus a man may "give all his goods to feed the poor, and yet be nothing;" where I do not understand it of giving out of mere ostentation, or with a view to gain influence, but that a man may have one or more virtues, such as are according to his favourite ideas, in very great perfection, and still be nothing; because these ideas are his idols, and worshipping them with all his heart, there is a portion of his heart, more or less considerable, left without its proper object, guide, and nourishment, and so this portion is left to the dominion of evil. Other men, and these the mass of mankind, go wrong either from having no favourite ideas at all, and living wholly at random, or πρὸς ἡδονὴν,—or else from having ideas but indistinctly, and paying them but little worship, so that here too the common world about them gives the impression to their minds, and thus they are evil. But the

best men, I think, are those who, worshipping Christ and no idol, and thus having got hold of the true idea, yet from want of faith cannot always realize it, and so have parts of their lives more or less out of that influence which should keep them right—and thus they also fall into evil; but they are the best, because they have set before them Christ and no idol, and thus having nothing to cast away, but need only to impress themselves with their ideas more constantly; "they need not save to wash the feet, and are then clean every whit." . . . . I have been looking through the Tracts,* which are to me a memorable proof of their idolatry; some of the idols are better than others, some being indeed as very a "Truncus ficulnus" as ever the most degraded superstition worshipped; but as to Christianity, there is more of it in any one of Mrs. Sherwood's or Mrs. Cameron's, or indeed of any of the Tract Society's than in all the two Oxford octavos. And these men would exclude John Bunyan, and Mrs. Fry, and John Howard, from Christ's Church, while they exalt the Non-jurors into Confessors, and Laud into a martyr!

CXXXI. TO THE EARL HOWE.

(In reply to a letter, requesting, as one of the Trustees of Rugby School, that Dr. Arnold would declare if he was the author of the article on Dr. Hampden in the Edinburgh Review attributed to him, and stating that his conduct would be guided by Dr. Arnold's answer.)†

Rugby, June 22, 1836.

MY LORD,

The answer which your lordship has asked for, I have given several times to many of my friends; and I am well known to be very little apt to disavow or conceal my authorship of anything, that I may at any time have written.

Still, as I conceive your lordship's question to be one which none but a personal friend has the slightest right to put to me or to any man, I feel it due to myself to decline giving any answer to it.

* From a letter to Dr. Hawkins.—"I have been reading the Pusey and Newman tracts, with no small astonishment; they surpass all my expectations in point of extravagance, and in their complete opposition to the Christianity of the New Testament. But there are some beautiful things in Pusey's Tracts on Baptism, much that is holy and pure, and truly Christian; till, like Don Quixote's good sense in ordinary matters, it all gets upset by some outbreak of his particular superstition."

† This correspondence ended in a resolution of censure moved at the Board of Trustees, which would probably have occasioned Dr. Arnold's resignation, had it not been lost. See Letter cxxxv.

CXXXII. TO THE SAME.

(In reply to a second letter, urging compliance with his request, on the grounds that he might feel constrained by official duty to take some step in the matter in case the report were true.)

June 27, 1836.

MY LORD,

I am extremely sorry that you should have considered my letter as uncourteous; it was certainly not intended to be so; but I did not feel that I could answer your lordship's letter at greater length without going into greater details by way of explanation than its own shortness appeared to me to warrant. Your lordship addressed me in a tone purely formal and official, and at the same time asked a question which the common usage of society regards as one of delicacy—justified, I do not say, only by personal friendship, but at least by some familiarity of acquaintance. It was because no such ground could exist in the present case, and because I cannot and do not acknowledge your right officially, as a trustee of Rugby School, to question me on the subject of my real or supposed writings on matters wholly unconnected with the school, that I felt it my duty to decline answering your lordship's question.

It is very painful to be placed in a situation where I must either appear to seek concealment wholly foreign to my wishes, or else must acknowledge a right which I owe it, not only to myself, but to the master of every endowed school in England, absolutely to deny. But in the present case, I think I can hardly be suspected of seeking concealment. I have spoken on the subject of the article in the Edinburgh Review freely in the hearing of many, with no request for secrecy on their part expressed or implied. Officially, however, I cannot return an answer—not from the slightest feeling of disrespect to your lordship, but because my answering would allow a principle which I can on no account admit to be just or reasonable.

CXXXIII. TO THE SAME.

(In reply to a letter of thanks for the last.)

June 30, 1836.

MY LORD,

I trust that you will not think me intrusive, if I trouble you once again with these few lines, to express to you my sincere thanks for the last letter which I have had the honour of

receiving from you. It is a matter of sincere regret to me, that any part of my conduct should fail to meet your lordship's approbation. If I feel it the less on the present subject than on any other, it is because I have been long compelled to differ from many of my friends whom I esteem most highly; and I fear, considering the vehemence of party feeling at present, to incur their disapprobation also. In such cases, one is obliged to bear the pain without repining—when a man is thoroughly convinced, as I am, that the opinions which he holds, and the manner in which he upholds them, are in the highest degree agreeable to truth, and in conformity with the highest principles of Christian duty.

CXXXIV. TO HIS SISTER MRS. BUCKLAND.

(After a visit to the Isle of Wight.)

Fox How, July 28, 1836.

. . . . . I certainly was agreeably surprised rather than disappointed by all the scenery. I admired the interior of the island, which people affect to sneer at, but which I think is very superior to most of the scenery of common countries. As for the Sandrock Hotel, it was most beautiful, and Bonchurch is the most beautiful thing I ever saw on the sea coast on this side of Genoa. Slatwoods was deeply interesting; I thought of what Fox How might be to my children forty years hence, and of the growth of the trees in that interval; but Fox How cannot be to them what Slatwoods is to me—the only home of my childhood—while with them Laleham and Rugby will divide their affections. I had also a great interest in going over the college at Winchester, but I certainly did not desire to change houses with Moberly; no, nor situation, although I envy him the downs and the clear streams, and the southern instead of the midland country, and the associations of Alfred's capital with the tombs of Kings and Prelates, as compared with Rugby and its thirteen horse and cattle fairs. . . . . But when I look at the last number of the Rugby Magazine, or at Vaughan or Simpkinson at Thorney How, I envy neither him nor any man, thinking that there is a good in Rugby which no place can surpass in its quality, be the quantity of it much or little.

CXXXV. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS.

Fox How, Ambleside, July 31, 1836.

It is nearly a month since you left Rugby, and yet I have not written to you nor given you any account of the result of the Trustees' meeting. The result, however, was nothing. Lord Howe brought forward some motion, and they divided on it, four and four; but as there is no casting vote, an equal division causes the failure of any proposal, and accordingly I should have known nothing about it, had it not been for private information. In all that passed publicly, they were all as civil as usual, and did all that I wanted about the school. So that the meeting went off peaceably, and the exhibitions also went to those whom I could most have wished to have them.

[After describing his journeys and plans in the holidays.] It gave me the greatest pleasure to hear you say, when you left Rugby, that you hoped to repeat your visit, and bring Mrs. Hawkins with you. It is indeed a long time since I have seen you in so much quiet, and life is not long enough to afford such long interruptions of intercourse. And I have also had great pleasure in thinking that the result of your visit confirmed what I had hoped, and has shown that, if we differ on some points, we agree in many more, and that the amount of difference was not so great as both, perhaps, during a long absence had been led to fancy. . . . . I was amused to see the names of Pusey and some other strong High Churchmen attached to a petition against one of the Bills drawn on the Church Commissioners' Report. It will be difficult to legislate where the most opposite extremes of parties seem united against the Government. There are few men with whom I differ more than the Bishop of Exeter; but I cordially approve of his Amendment on the Marriage Act so far as it goes, only I wish that he had added to the words "in the presence of God," the true sign and mark of a Christian act, "and in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." I do not believe that any Unitarian would have objected to it, nor any one else except those who seem to me to be utterly puzzled with the notions of a "civil act," and a "religious act."

CXXXVI. TO SIR J. FRANKLIN, K.C.B.

(Then appointed Governor of Van Diemen's Land.)

Fox How, July 20, 1836.

. . . . . I sometimes think that if the Government would make me a Bishop, or principal of a college or school,—or both together,—in such a place as Van Diemen's Land, and during your government, I could be tempted to emigrate with all my family for good and all. There can be, I think, no more useful or more sacred task, than assisting in forming the moral and intellectual character of a new society; it is the surest and best kind of missionary labour. But our colonial society has been in general so Jacobinical in the truest sense of the word; every man has lived so much to and for himself, and the bonds of law and religion have been so little acknowledged as the great sanctions and securities of society—that one shrinks from bringing up one's children where they must in all human probability become lowered, not in rank or fortune, but in what is infinitely more important, in the intellectual and moral and religious standard by which their lives would be guided.

Feeling this, and holding our West Indian colonies to be one of the worst stains in the moral history of mankind, a convict colony seems to me to be even more shocking and more monstrous in its very conception. I do not know to what extent Van Diemen's Land is so; but I am sure that no such evil can be done to mankind as by thus sowing with rotten seed, and raising up a nation morally tainted in its very origin. Compared with this, the bloodiest exterminations ever effected by conquest were useful and good actions. If they will colonize with convicts, I am satisfied that the stain should last, not only for one whole life, but for more than one generation; that no convict or convict's child should ever be a free citizen; and that, even in the third generation, the offspring should be excluded from all offices of honour or authority in the colony. This would be complained of as unjust or invidious, but I am sure that distinctions of moral breed are as natural and as just as those of skin or of arbitrary caste are wrong and mischievous; it is a law of God's Providence which we cannot alter, that the sins of the father are really visited upon the child in the corruption of his breed, and in the rendering impossible

many of the feelings which are the greatest security to a child against evil.

Forgive me for all this; but it really is a happiness to me to think of you in Van Diemen's Land, where you will be I know, not in name nor in form, but in deed and in spirit, the best and chief missionary.

CXXXVII. TO THE REV. JAMES HEARN.

Rugby, September 14, 1836.

I know not when I have been more delighted by any letter, than by that which I lately received from you. It contains a picture of your present state which is truly a cause for thankfulness, and, speaking after the manner of men, it is an intense gratification to my sense of justice, as well as to my personal regard for you, to see a life of hard and insufficiently paid labour well performed. now, before its decline, rewarded with comparative rest and with comfort. I rejoiced in the picture which you gave of your house, and fields, and neighbourhood; there was a freshness and a quietness about it which always goes very much to my heart, and which at times, if I indulged the feeling, could half make me discontented with the perpetual turmoil of my own life. For Westmoreland itself has not to me the perfect peacefulness of the idea of a country parsonage; the house is too new, the trees too young and small, the neighbourhood too numerous, and our stay is too short and too busily engaged, to allow of anything like repose at it. It is a most delightful tonic to brace me for the coming half year; but it does not admit of a full abandonment to its enjoyments, and it is well that it does not. I sometimes look at the mountains which bound our valley, and think how content I could be never to wander beyond them any more, and to take rest in a place which I love so dearly. But whilst my health is so entire, and I feel my spirits still so youthful, I feel ashamed of the wish, and I trust that I can sincerely rejoice in being engaged in so active a life, and in having such constant intercourse with others. Still I can heartily and lawfully rejoice that you are permitted to rest whilst your age and spirits are also yet unbroken, and that the hurry of your journey is somewhat abating, and allows you more steadily to contemplate its close.

. . . . . Our own two boys are gone to Winchester, and

have taken a very good place in the school, and seem very comfortable there; I am sure you will give them your prayers, that they may be defended amidst the manifold temptations of their change of life. I feel as if I could draw the remaining children yet closer around me, and as if I could not enough prize the short period which passes before they go out into life, never again to feel their father's house their abiding home. I turn from public affairs almost in despair, as I think that it will be a long time before what I most long for will be accomplished. Yet I still wish entirely well to the Government, and regard with unabated horror the Conservatives both in Church and State. They are, however, I believe, growing in influence, and so they will do, until there comes a check to our present commercial prosperity, for vulgar minds never can understand the duty of reform till it is impressed on them by the argumentum ad ventrem; and the mass of mankind, whether in good coats or in bad, will always be vulgar-minded.

CXXXVIII. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

(Then at Fox How with his family.)

Rugby, September 23, 1836.

If you have the same soft air that is now breathing round us, and the same bright sun playing on the trees, which are full charged with the freshness of last night's rain, you must, I think be in a condition to judge well of the beauty of Fox How. It is a real delight to think of you as at last arrived there, and to feel that the place which we so love is enjoyed by such dear friends, who can enjoy it fully. I congratulate you on your deliverance from Lancaster Castle, and by what you said in your last letter, you are satisfied I imagine, with the propriety of the verdict. Now you can not only see the mountains afar off, but feel them in eyes, lungs, and mind; and a mighty influence I think it is. I often used to think of the solemn comparison in the Psalm, "the hills stand about Jerusalem; even so standeth the Lord round about his people." The girdling in of the mountains round the valley of our home is as apt an image as any earthly thing can be of the encircling of the everlasting arms, keeping off evil and showering all good.

But my great delight in thinking of you at Fox How is mixed with no repining that I cannot be there myself. We

have had our holiday, and it was a long and most agreeable one; and Nemesis might well be angry, if I was not now ready and glad to be at work again. Besides, I think that the school is again in a very hopeful state; the set, which rather weighed us down during the last year, is now broken and dispersed; and the tide is again, I trust, at flood, and will, I hope, go on so. You would smile to see the zeal with which I am trying to improve the Latin verse, and the difficulty which I find in doing it. But I stand in amaze at the utter want of poetical feeling in the minds of the majority of boys. They cannot in the least understand either Homer or Virgil; they cannot follow out the strong graphic touches which, to an active mind, suggest such infinitely-varied pictures, and yet leave it to the reader to draw them for himself on the hint given. But my delight in going over Homer and Virgil with the boys makes me think what a treat it must be to teach Shakespeare to a good class of young Greeks in regenerate Athens; to dwell upon him line by line, and word by word, in the way that nothing but a translation lesson ever will enable one to do; and so to get all his pictures and thoughts leisurely into one's mind, till I verily think one would after a time almost give out light in the dark, after having been steeped as it were in such an atmosphere of brilliance. And how could this ever be done without having the process of construing, as the grosser medium through which alone all the beauty can be transmitted, because else we travel too fast, and more than half of it escapes us? Shakespeare, with English boys, would be but a poor substitute for Homer; but I confess that I should be glad to get Dante and Goethe now and then in the room of some of the Greek tragedians and of Horace; or rather not in their room, but mixed up along with them. I have been trying something of this in French, as I am now going through, with the Sixth Form, Barante's beautiful Tableau de la Littérature Française pendant le Dix-huitième Siècle. I thought of you the other day, when one of my fellows translated to me that splendid paragraph, comparing Voltaire to the Babouc of one of his own romances, for I think you first showed me the passage many years ago. Now by going through Barante in this way, one gets it thoroughly, and with a really good book, I think it is a great gain. . . . .

CXXXIX. *TO A. P. STANLEY, ESQ.

Rugby, October 21, 1836.

. . . . . As long as you read moderately, and not voraciously, I can consent that your reading should even prevent your coming to Rugby; and I am glad that, by beginning in time, you will escape all excessive pressure at last. You will be rejoicing at the meeting of the scattered members of your society after the Long Vacation. I can well recall the same feeling, deeply associated in my mind with the October tints of the Nettlebed beech woods, through which my road to Oxford, from Kensington and Hampton, always lay. The separation had been long enough to make the meeting more than joyous, and some of my most delightful remembrances of Oxford and its neighbourhood are connected with the scenery of the later autumn; Bagley Wood in its golden decline, and the green of the meadows, reviving for a while under the influence of a Martinmas summer, and then fading finally off into its winter brown. Here our society is too busy, as well as too old, to enjoy in common, though we can work in common; but work after all is but half the man, and they who only work together do not truly live together. . . . . I agree with —— in a great deal, and so Newman might ask as he does about Hampden and the Socinians, where I begin to disagree with him. Politically, I do not know that I do disagree as to any principle, and in sympathy with a man's mind in argument, it makes no difference whether he believes the exemplification of your common principles to be found in this party, or in that party; that is a mere question of fact, which we need not impanel a jury to try; meanwhile we are agreed as to the law of the case. . . . . But to supply the place of Conscience, with the ἄρχαι of Fanaticism on one hand and of Utilitarianism on the other,—on one side is the mere sign from Heaven, craved by those who heeded not heaven's first sign written within them; on the other, it is the idea which, hardly hovering on the remotest outskirts of Christianity, readily flies off to the camp of Materialism and Atheism—the mere pared and plucked notion of "good" exhibited by the word "useful;" which seems to me the idea of "good" robbed of its nobleness,—the sediment from which the filtered water has been assiduously separated. It were a strange world, if there were indeed in it no one ἀρχιτεκτονικὸν ἔιδος (ruling idea) but that of

the *ξύμφερον* (useful); if *κάλον* (beauty) were only *κάλον, ὅτι ξύμφερον* (beauty, because useful). But this is one of the peculiarities of the English mind; the Puritan and the Benthamite have an immense part of their nature in common; and thus the Christianity of the Puritan is coarse and fanatical;—he cannot relish what there is in it of beautiful or delicate or ideal. Men get embarrassed by the common cases of a misguided conscience; but a compass may be out of order as well as a conscience, and the needle may point due south if you hold a powerful magnet in that direction. Still the compass, generally speaking, is a true and sure guide, and so is the conscience; and you can trace the deranging influence on the latter quite as surely as on the former. Again, there is confusion in some men's minds, who say that, if we so exalt conscience, we make ourselves the paramount judges of all things, and so do not live by faith and obedience. But he who believes his conscience to be God's law, by obeying it obeys God. It is as much obedience, as it is obedience to follow the dictates of God's Spirit; and in every case of obedience to any law or guide whatsoever, there always must be one independent act of the mind pronouncing this one determining proposition: "I ought to obey;" so that in obedience, as in every moral act, we are and must be the paramount judges, because we must ourselves decide on that very principle, "that we ought to obey."

And as for faith, there is again a confusion in the use of the term. It is not scriptural, but fanatical to oppose faith to reason. Faith is properly opposed to sense, and is the listening to the dictates of the higher part of our mind, to which alone God speaks, rather than to the lower part of us, to which the world speaks. There is no end to the mischiefs done by that one very common and perfectly unscriptural mistake of opposing faith and reason, or whatever you choose to call the highest part of man's nature. And this you will find that the Scripture never does; and observing this, cuts down at once all Pusey's nonsense about Rationalism; which, in order to be contrasted scripturally with faith, must mean the following some lower part of our nature, whether sensual or merely intellectual;—that is, some part which does not acknowledge God. But what he abuses as Rationalism is just what the Scripture commends as knowledge, judgment, understanding, and the like; that is, not the following a merely intellectual part of our nature, but the sovereign part;—that is, the moral reason acting under God, and using, so to speak, the telescope of faith, for objects

too distant for its naked eye to discover. And to this is opposed, in Scriptural language, folly and idolatry and blindness, and other such terms of reproof. According to Pusey, the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah is Rationalism, and the man who bowed down to the stock of a tree was a humble man, who did not inquire but believe. But if Isaiah be right, and speaks the words of God, then Pusey, and the man who bowed down to the stock of a tree, should learn that God is not served by folly.

CXL. TO SIR THOMAS S. PASLEY, BART.

Rugby, October 29, 1836.

. . . . . The authority for the statement which you quote is to be found in Hallam's Constitutional History, vol. i. chap. iv., which says that "it was a common practice for several years to appoint laymen, usually mechanics, to read the service in vacant churches." This does not touch the question of the sacraments, nor do I imagine that any layman was ever authorized in the Church of England to administer the Lord's Supper; but lay baptism was allowed by Hooker to be valid, and no distinction can be drawn between one sacrament and the other. Language more to the purpose is to be found in Tertullian—I think in the Treatise De Corona Militis—but at any rate he states first of all that the mode of administering rather than communicating in the Sacrament was a departure from the original practice; and then he explains the origin of the practice by using the word "Præsidentes," not "Sacerdotes" or "Presbyteri;"—that is, the person who presided at the table for order's sake would distribute the bread and wine; and in almost every case he would be an elder, or one invested with a share of the government of the Church, but he did it not as priest but as president of the assembly; which makes just the whole difference. But, after all, the whole question as to the matter of right, and the priestly power, must be answered out of the New Testament; no one disputes the propriety of the general practice as it now stands; but the Church of England has not said that it adopts this practice because it is essential to the validity of the sacraments and is of divine institution, but leaves the question of principle open; and this of course can only be decided out of the Scriptures. That the Scriptures are clear enough against the priestcraft notion, is to me

certain ; the more so that nothing is quoted *for it*, but the words of St. Paul, "The bread which we break, the cup which we bless," &c. ; words which, quoted as a text, look something to the quoter's purpose, because the ignorant reader may think that "*we*" means St. Paul and his brother apostles ; but if any from the *text* looks to the *passage*, he will find that the "*we*" is the whole Christian congregation, inasmuch as the words immediately following are, "for we being many are one bread and one body, for we are all partakers of that one bread." 1 Corinth. x. Yet this *text* I have both seen in books and heard in conversation quoted as a Scripture authority for the exclusive right of the clergy to administer the Communion. Wherefore I conclude, independently of my own knowledge of the New Testament, that such an argument as this would not have been used, if anything tolerable were to be had.

CXLI. *TO W. A. GREENHILL, ESQ.

Rugby, October 31, 1836.

I was very much obliged to you for your letter, and much gratified by it. It is a real pleasure to me to find that you are taking steadily to a profession, without which I scarcely see how a man can live honestly. That is, I use the term "profession" in rather a large sense, not as simply denoting certain callings which a man follows for his maintenance, but rather a definite field of duty, which the nobleman has as much as the tailor, but which he has not who, having an income large enough to keep him from starving, hangs about upon life, merely following his own caprices and fancies : quod factu pessimum est. I can well enough understand how medicine, like every other profession, has its moral and spiritual dangers ; but I do not see why it should have more than others. The tendency to Atheism, I imagine, exists in every study followed up vigorously, without a foundation of faith, and that foundation carefully strengthened and built upon. The student in history is as much busied with secondary causes as the student in medicine ; the rule "nec Deus intersit," true as it is up to a certain point, that we may not annihilate man's agency and make him a puppet, is ever apt to be followed too far when we are become familiar with man or with nature, and understand the laws which direct both. Then these laws seem enough to account for everything, and the laws themselves we ascribe

either to chance, or the mystifications called "nature," or the "anima mundi," the "spiritus intus alit" of Pantheism. If there is anything special in the atheistic tendency of medicine, it arises, I suppose, from certain vague notions about the soul, its independence of matter, &c., and from the habit of considering these notions as an essential part of religion. Now I think that the Christian doctrine of the Resurrection meets the Materialists so far as this, that it does imply that a body, or an organisation of some sort, is necessary to the full development of man's nature. Beyond this we cannot go; for, granting that the brain is essential to thought, still no man can say that the white pulp which you can see and touch and anatomise can itself *think*; and by whatever names we endeavour to avoid acknowledging the existence of mind—whether we talk of a subtle fluid, or a wonderful arrangement of nerves, or anything else—still we do but disguise our ignorance; for the act of thinking is one sui generis, and the thinking power must in like manner be different from all that we commonly mean by matter. The question of Free Will is, and ever must be, imperfectly understood. If a man denies that he has a will either to sit or not to sit, to write a note or no, I cannot prove to him that he has one. If, again, he maintains that the choosing power in him cannot but choose what seems to it to be good, then this is a great tribute to the importance of good habits, and to the duty of impressing right notions of good on the young mind, all which is perfectly true. And, in the last case, if a man maintains that his nature irresistibly teaches him that what we call good is evil, and vice versâ, then I find at once the value of those passages in Scripture which have been so grievously misused, and I see before me a vessel of wrath fitted for destruction—fitted, as I believe, through its own fault; but if it denies this, then, at any rate, fitted for destruction, and on the sure way to do it.

But no doubt every study requires to be tempered and balanced with something out of itself, if it be only to prevent the mind from becoming "einseitig" or pedantic; and ascending higher still, all intellectual study, however comprehensive, requires spiritual study to be joined with it, lest our nature itself become "einseitig;" the intellect growing, the higher reason—the moral and spiritual wisdom—stunted and decaying. You will be thinking that I have been writing a sermon by mistake, instead of a letter, but your letter led me into it. I believe that any man can make himself an Atheist speedily by

breaking off his own personal communion with God in Christ; but, if he keep this unimpaired, I believe that no intellectual study, whether of nature or of man, will force him into Atheism; but, on the contrary, the new creations of our knowledge, so to speak, gather themselves into a fair and harmonious system, ever revolving in their brightness around their proper centre, the throne of God. Prayer, and kindly intercourse with the poor, are the two great safeguards of spiritual life—its more than food and raiment.

CXLII. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ.

Rugby, November 16, 1836.

I have begun the Thessalonians, and like the work much; but I dread the difficulty of the second chapter of the Second Epistle. You will not care to hear that I have got into the fourth book of Gaius. But you will not, I hope, find it against your conscience, so far to aid my studies of law, as to get for me a good copy, if you can, of Littleton's work upon which Coke commented. Coleridge recommended it to me as illustrating the early state of our law of real property, with the iniquities of feudality and the Conquest, as yet in all their freshness. I am fully persuaded that he who were to get the law of real property of any country in all its fulness would have one of the most important indications of its political and social state. We have got Coleridge's Literary Remains, in which I do rejoice greatly. I think, with all his faults, old Sam was more of a great man than any one who has lived within the four seas in my memory. It is refreshing to see such a union of the highest philosophy and poetry, with so full a knowledge, on so many points at least, of particular facts. But yet there are marks enough that his mind was a little diseased by the want of a profession, and the consequent unsteadiness of his mind and purposes; it always seems to me that the very power of contemplation becomes impaired or perverted when it is made the main employment of life. Yet I would fain have more time for contemplation than I have at present; so hard is it τυχεῖν τοῦ μέσου.

CXLIII. TO ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

Rugby, November 25, 1836.

. . . . . Thank you very much for your enclosure against neutrality, which I suspect would be repelled by the state of mind of those for whom it is designed, like a cannon-ball by a woolpack. Neutrality seems to me a natural state for men of fair honesty, moderate wit, and much indolence; they cannot get strong impressions of what is true and right, and the weak impression, which is all that they can take, cannot overcome indolence and fear. I crave a strong mind for my children, for this reason, that they then have a chance at least of appreciating truth keenly; and when a man does that, honesty becomes comparatively easy—as, for instance, Peel has an idea about currency, and a distinct impression about it, and therefore on that point I would trust him for not yielding to clamour; but about most matters, the Church especially, he seems to have no idea, and therefore I would not trust him for not giving it all up to-morrow, if the clamour were loud enough . . . . . We look forward with some yearning to Fox How, and we much wish to know when you will all be coming over. It is but an ostrich-like feeling, but it seems as if I could fancy things to be more peaceful when I am out of the turmoil, down in Westmoreland, and I find that I crave after peace more and more. But it is *οὔπω, οὔπω*. . . . . I shall have occasion soon to set to work at the Celtic languages. Can you get for me, and send me a good Erse grammar; and that book you were mentioning about the Welsh being Picts, and not the Aborigines of Wales? I shall want all this for the Gallic invasion of Rome; so beautifully does History branch out into all varieties of questions, and continually lead one into fresh fields of knowledge. I have all but finished my abstract of Gaius' Institutes of the Roman Law, and delight in it.

CXLIV. *TO W. C. LAKE, ESQ.

Rugby, November 18, 1836.

. . . . . I am well satisfied with your impressions of Germany. I never have wished to exchange my own country for it, but I feel indignant that, with all our enormous advantages,

we continually let the Germans do what ought to be done by us. But I have no temptation, even for one summer, to resign Fairfield for Drachenfels. I daresay that gossiping flourishes among the German women, as smoking does among the men, and I like neither the one nor the other; and their scholars are perhaps instances of the division of labour carried into excess;* they are not enough universal, not enough of men, of citizens, and of Christians. But then I turn and look round, and where can I find what we should most desire on this side of the water either? Where is the knowledge, where the wisdom, and where the goodness, which combine to form a great man? I know of no man who approaches to this character except Whately, and he is taken away from the place where he was wanted, and sent where the highest greatness would struggle in vain against the overpowering disadvantages of his position.

We, in our little world, are going on much as usual, but of this you will hear from Clough more than I could tell you. For myself, I have nearly finished my abstract, or almost translation of Gaius' Institutes, which I thought it necessary to finish before I began to write about the Twelve Tables. It has answered to me, I think, very well; for, by the mere result of having had my mind so long engaged about the Roman Law, so left, as it were, to soak in it, I have gained a much greater familiarity with it than I could have done by a short and voracious cram of the same number of pages. It has greatly served to increase that sense of reality about the Romans—that living in a manner amongst them, and having them and their life distinctly before our eyes—which appears to me so indispensable to one who would write their history. This is quiet and interesting, but not exciting reading; other points press me more nearly, and seem to have a higher claim upon me. I have translated nearly half of the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, and am disposed to prefer the plan of bringing out these two Epistles first, rather than the Pastoral

* Extract from a letter of Chevalier Bunsen, in October, 1836:—"What a strange work Strauss' Leben Jesu appears to me, judging of it from the notices in the Studien und Kritiken. It seems to me to show the ill effects of that division of labour which prevails so much amongst the learned men of Germany. Strauss writes about history and myths, without appearing to have studied the question, but having heard that some pretended histories are mythical, he borrows this notion as an engine to help him out of Christianity. But the idea of men writing mythic histories between the time of Livy and Tacitus, and of St. Paul mistaking such for realities!"

Epistles. The chronological order of the Epistles is undoubtedly the natural one, and luckily the Epistles to the Thessalonians offer no very suspicious topics; they will not be thought to have been chosen for purposes of controversy, and yet they may really be made to serve my purposes quite as well; for every part of the new Testament gives a picture of Christianity or of some one great feature in it, and every part negatively confutes the Priestcraft heresy, because that is to be found nowhere, insomuch that no man yet ever fell or could fall into that heresy by studying the Scriptures: they are a bar to it altogether, and it is only when they are undermined by traditions and the rudiments of men that the heresy begins to make its way. And it is making its way fearfully, but it will not take the form that Newman wishes, but its far more natural and consistent form of pure Popery. . . . .

CXLV. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS.

Rugby, November 23, 1836.

. . . . . I am quite well again, and indeed my attack was short and slight; only so far remarkable to me that I kept my bed one whole day for the first time since 1807, which was as gentle a reminder as could have been given me, that my health cannot be always what it has been. We are all well, and are very glad to hear good accounts of your party. . . . . I was in Laleham for five hours on Monday morning, to attend the funeral of my aunt, the last survivor of my mother's household. She was in her eightieth year, and after having been an invalid all her life, yet outlived all her own family, and reached the full age of man. I cannot tell you how solemn a thought it is to have now lost all my relations of the generation preceding our own, and to be thus visibly brought into that generation whose time for departure comes the next.

. . . . . I am very desirous of going fully into my views about the Church, because there is no subject which I have more studied, and none where I seem to see my way so clearly, or to sympathize more entirely with the Scriptures and with the notions of all great writers on government. I hold the Church to be a most divine institution, and eminently characteristic of Christianity, and my abhorrence of the Priestcraft and Succession doctrines (I do not mean that they are synonymous) is

grounded on my firm conviction that they are and ever have been in theory and in practice a most formidable device of the great Enemy to destroy the real living Church, and even to drive it out of men's minds, by the false and superstitious idea of a Church which never has and never can overthrow his kingdom. And in this sense,—so far as Popery is priestcraft,—I do believe it to be the very mystery of iniquity; but then it began in the first century, and had no more to do with Rome in the outset, than with Alexandria, Antioch, or Carthage. The whole confusion of the ideas of priesthood and government,—the taking half a notion from one, and half a notion from the other,—the disclaiming a priesthood and yet clinging to conclusions which are only deducible from the notion of a priesthood,—and the want of familiarity with all political questions which characterize all that I have ever seen written on English High Church grounds, may be exposed piece by piece with the utmost ease and certainty. . . . . I am for the Church, and against the Priesthood; not for individual licence against the Church.

CXLVI. TO J. C. PLATT, ESQ.

Rugby, November 28, 1836.

. . . . . The state of the country interests me as much as ever, but since my correspondence with the Sheffield *Courant*, I have written nothing on the subject. I do not like the aspect of things at all. An extraordinary period of commercial enterprise threw into the shade for the time all those evils in the state of the labouring population, which I have ever dreaded as the rock fatal to our greatness; but, meanwhile, those evils were not removed, nor in fact attempted to be lessened, except by the Poor Law Act,—a measure in itself wise and just, but which, standing alone, and unaccompanied by others of a milder and more positively improving tendency, wears an air of harshness, and will, I fear, embitter the feelings of the poorer classes still more. Now we are threatened by a most unprincipled system of agitation,—the Tories actually doing their best to Jacobinize the poor in the hope of turning an outbreak against the Whig government to their own advantage. Then there is the Currency question, full of immense difficulties, which no man can clearly see his way through. And withal, the threatened schism between the Whigs and Radicals

about the reform of the House of Lords. Surely there never was such folly as talking about a reform in the House of Lords, when it is very doubtful whether, if Parliament were dissolved, the Tories would not gain a majority even in the House of Commons. It is nonsense to talk of its being a struggle between the aristocracy and the people; if it were so, it would be over in a week, provided they mean by the aristocracy the House of Lords. It is really a great contest between the adherents of two great principles, that of preserving, and that of improving; and he must have studied history to very little purpose, who does not know that in common circumstances the former party is always the most numerous and the strongest. It gets occasionally overpowered, when it has had rope enough given it to hang itself; that is, when it has carried its favourite Conservatism to such a height, that the mass of unreformed evil becomes unendurable, and then there comes a grand reform. But that grand reform once effected, the Conservative instinct again regains its ascendancy, and goes on upon another lease; and so it will ever do, unless some rare circumstance enabled a thoroughly-enlightened government to remain long in power; and as such a government cannot rely on being popular,—for reform of evil in the abstract is gall and wormwood alike to men's indolence, and love of what they are used to, as to their propensities for jobbing,—so it is only accident or despotism that can keep it on its legs. This is the secret of the Tory reaction; because men are all Tories by nature, when they are tolerably well off, and it is only some monstrous injustice or insult to themselves, or some atrocious cruelty, or some great reverses of fortune, that ever make them otherwise. Now I cannot foresee any question likely to arise on which the Government can strongly interest the public mind in England in their favour. Certainly it will not be in the Irish Church or Corporation questions, because the English people do not care about Ireland, nor, to say truth, about any people's rights except their own; and then there is the whole fanatical feeling against the Government, and fanaticism is a far stronger feeling than the love of justice, when the wrong is done not to ourselves, but to our neighbour. Therefore, I think that, as it always has been, the Reformers will be beaten by the Conservatives, and then the Conservatives will again go on coiling the rope round their own necks, till in twenty years' time there will be another, not reform I fear, but convulsion. For, though the

Reformers are a weak party, the Destructives are not so, and all evils, whether arising from accident or folly, or misgovernment, serve their purpose. A great man in the Whig Government might yet save them perhaps; that is, might keep them in till the king's death, and then they would have a chance, I suppose, of being really supported by the court in a new reign. But a great man I cannot see. . . . . What I have said about Tory reaction, you will find strongly confirmed in the history of the French Revolution. After the Terror was over, the Revolution was twice saved only by the army; in Vendémiaire, 1795, and in Fructidor, 1797. Twice the counter-revolutionists had gained the ascendancy in the nation.*

CXLVII. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Rugby, November 30, 1836.

. . . . . I wish I could sympathize with you in what you say of our old Divines.† I quite agree as to their language; it is delightful to my taste; but I cannot find in any of them a really great man. I admire Taylor's genius, but yet how little was he capable of handling worthily any great question! And, as to interpreters of Scripture, I never yet found one of them who was above mediocrity. I cannot call it a learning worth anything, to be very familiar with writers of this stamp, when they have no facts to communicate: for of course, even

* "I should like," he said, "to write a book on 'the Theory of Tides,' the flood and ebb of parties. The English nation are like a man in a lethargy; they are never roused from their Conservatism, till mustard poultices are put to their feet. Had it not been for the fires in Smithfield, they would have remained hostile to the Reformation. Had it not been for the butcheries of Jefferies, they would have opposed the Revolution."

† Of the English Divines in general, this was his deliberate opinion:— "Why is it," he said, "that there are so few great works in Theology, compared with any other subject? Is it that all other books on the subject appear insignificant by the side of the Scriptures? There appears to me in all the English Divines a want of believing, or disbelieving anything, because it is true or false. It is a question which does not seem to occur to them. Butler is indeed a noble exception." As he excepted Butler among the Divines of a later period, so amongst those of the earlier period he excepted Hooker, whose Ecclesiastical Polity, as a whole, he regarded with great admiration, though with great dislike of parts of it. "I long to see something which should solve what is to me the great problem of Hooker's mind. He is the only man that I know, who, holding with his whole mind and soul the idea of the eternal distinction between moral and positive laws, holds with it the love for a priestly and ceremonial religion, such as appears in the Fifth Book."

an ordinary man may then be worth reading. I have left off reading our Divines, because, as Pascal said of the Jesuits, if I had spent my time in reading them fully, I should have read a great many very indifferent books. But if I could find a great man amongst them, I would read him thankfully and earnestly. As it is, I hold John Bunyan* to have been a man of incomparably greater genius than any of them, and to have given a far truer and more edifying picture of Christianity. His Pilgrim's Progress seems to be a complete reflection of Scripture, with none of the rubbish of the theologians mixed up with it. I think that Milton—in his Reformation in England, or in one of his Tracts, I forget which—treats the Church writers of his time, and their show of learning, utterly uncritical as it was, with the feeling which they deserved.

CXLVIII. TO SIR THOMAS S. PASLEY, BART.

Rugby, December 14, 1836.

. . . . . The view which you mention, is one into which I suppose no one ever fell, who became a Christian in earnest through the workings of his own mind and heart, and through the Scriptures. That is, suppose a young man, when he begins to think seriously upon life, resolving to turn to God, and studying the Scriptures to learn the way,—it is clear that all this stuff about the true Church would never so much as come into his head. He would feel and see that the matter of his soul's salvation lay between God and Christ on the one hand, and himself on the other; and that his belonging to this or that Church had really no more to do with the matter, than his being born in France or England, in Westmoreland or in Warwickshire. The Scripture notion of the Church is, that religious society should help a man to become himself better and holier, just as civil society helps us in civilisation. But in this great end of a Church, all Churches are now greatly defective, while all fill it up to a certain degree, some less, others more. In proportion as they fulfil it less perfectly, so all

* His admiration of the Pilgrim's Progress was very great :—"I cannot trust myself," he used to say, "to read the account of Christian going up to the Celestial gate, after his passage through the river of death." And when, in one of the foreign tours of his later years, he had read it through again, after a long interval, "I have always," said he, "been struck by its piety: I am now struck equally, or even more, by its profound wisdom."

that is said in Scripture of divisions, sects, &c., becomes less applicable. It is a great fault to introduce division into an unanimous and efficient society; but when the social bond is all but dissolved, and the society is no more than nominal, there is no such thing, properly speaking, as creating a division in it. In this simple and Scriptural view of the matter, all is plain; we were not to derive our salvation through or from the Church, but to be kept or strengthened in the way of salvation by the aid and example of our fellow Christians, who were to be formed into societies for this very reason, that they might help one another, and not leave each man to fight his own fight alone. But the life of these societies has been long since gone; they do not help the individual in holiness, and this is in itself evil enough; but it is monstrous that they should pretend to fetter, when they do not assist. This view arises simply from my old enemy, the priestcraft, in this way. The Popish and Oxford view of Christianity is, that the Church is the mediator between God and the individual: that the Church (*i.e.* in their sense, the Clergy) is a sort of chartered corporation, and that by belonging to this corporation, or by being attached to it, any given individual acquires such and such privileges. This is a priestcraft, because it lays the stress, not on the relations of a man's heart towards God and Christ, as the Gospel does, but on something wholly artificial and formal,—his belonging to a certain so-called society; and thus,—whether the society be alive or dead,—whether it really help the man in goodness or not,—still it claims to step in and interpose itself, as the channel of grace and salvation, when it is certainly not the channel of salvation, because it is visibly and notoriously no sure channel of grace. Whereas, all who go straight to Christ, without thinking of the Church, do manifestly and visibly receive grace, and have the seal of His Spirit, and therefore are certainly heirs of salvation. This, I think, applies to any and every Church, it being always true that the salvation of a man's soul is effected by the change in his heart and life, wrought by Christ's spirit; and that his relation to any Church is quite a thing subordinate and secondary: although, where the Church is what it should be, it is so great a means of grace, that its benefits are of the highest value. But the heraldic or Succession view of the question I can hardly treat gravely; there is something so monstrously profane in making our heavenly inheritance like an earthly estate, to which our pedigree is our title. And really, what is called Succession, is exactly a

pedigree, and nothing better; like natural descent, it conveys no moral nobleness,—nay, far less than natural descent, for I am a believer in some transmitted virtue in a good breed, but the Succession notoriously conveys none. So that to lay a stress upon it, is to make the Christian Church worse, I think, than the Jewish: but "the sons of God are not to be born of bloods" (*i.e.* of particular races), "nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man" (*i.e.* after any human desire to make out an outward and formal title of inheritance), "but of God," (*i.e.* of Him who can alone give the only true title to His inheritance,—the being conformed unto the image of His Son). I have written all this in haste as to the expression, but not at all in haste as to the matter of it. The simple point is this: Does our Lord, or do His Apostles, encourage the notion of salvation through the Church? or would any human being ever collect such a notion from the Scriptures? Once begin with tradition, and the so-called Fathers, and you get, no doubt, a very different view. This the Romanists and the Oxfordists say is a view required to modify and add to that of Scripture. I believe that because it does modify, add to, and wholly alter the view of the Scripture, therefore it is altogether false and antichristian.

CXLIX. TO J. C. PLATT, ESQ.

Fox How, February 4, 1837.

I have to thank you for your letter, as well as for the papers which you have from time to time been kind enough to send me. . . . . I do not think that I am less zealous than formerly; but I feel that, if I write briefly and without giving all the grounds of my opinions, I am constantly misunderstood: and to give the grounds, requires a volume, rather than half a column in the newspaper. For instance, on this very question of Church Rates, how much really is involved in it? If the Churches are public buildings for a national object, then how can a minority object to maintaining them? If they are only to be maintained by those who belong to one religious denomination, it strikes, of course, at the very root of any Establishment, because the same principle must apply equally to tithes. I am sure that, sooner or later, what I said in the Church Reform Pamphlet will be verified; either the Church must be more comprehensive, or, if this be impracticable, then an

Establishment cannot be maintained: and the next best thing will be, to take care that all the Church property is applied to strictly public purposes—to schools, hospitals, almshouses, or something of the sort, and that it is not stolen by the landlords. For the only possible way in which there can be a robbery of public property, is to transfer it to private uses; this is a direct robbery, committed against ourselves and our posterity; but in varying the particular public object to which it is applied, there may be great folly, great wickedness in the sight of God, but not the especial crime of robbery or spoliation.

Your mention of the Article on the Life of Christ encourages me to allude to it. I heard it spoken of before I had the least idea of its author, and spoken of with regret, not as unorthodox, but as painful to a Christian reader from its purely historical tone. Now I think that this is a reasonable source of pain, supposing the fact to be as stated; because, in such a case, neutrality is almost the same as hostility. To read an account of Christ, written as by an indifferent person, is to read an unchristian account of Him; because no one who acknowledges Him can be indifferent to Him, but stands in such relations to Him, that the highest reverence must ever be predominant in his mind when thinking or writing of Him. And again, what is the impartiality that is required? Is it that a man shall neither be a Christian, nor yet not a Christian? The fact is, that religious veneration is inconsistent with what is called impartiality; which means, that as you see some good and some evil on both sides, you identify yourself with neither, and are able to judge of both. And this holds good with all human parties and characters, but not with what is divine, and consequently perfect; for then we should identify ourselves with it, and are perfectly incapable of passing judgment upon it.* If I think that Christ was no more than Socrates (I do not mean in

* On similar grounds he had a strong feeling against Goethe. "That one word at the end of Faust does indeed make it to my mind a great work instead of a piece of Devilry." "Still," he said, "I cannot get over the introduction. If it had been by one without any relation to God or His fellow-creatures, it would be different—but in a human being it is not to be forgiven. To give entirely without reverence a representation of God is in itself blasphemous." "It is in speaking of God that what we call the Bible, taking it altogether, through and through, has such a manifest superiority to everything else. When the Almighty condescends to make Himself known, it is by an angel, or in some manner that keeps all safe. What can be more magnificent than what is said of the conversation of Abraham before the destruction of Sodom!"

degree but in kind), I can of course speak of him impartially; that is, I assume at once, that there are faults and imperfections in his character, and on these I pass my judgment: but, if I believe in Him, I am not His judge, but His servant and creature; and He claims the devotion of my whole nature, because He is identical with goodness, wisdom, and holiness. Nor can I for the sake of strangers assume another feeling, and another language, because this is compromising the highest duty,—it is like denying Him, instead of confessing Him. This all passed through my mind when I heard that the Article was written in a purely historical tone, and yet stated the Resurrection as a matter of fact. Now, if the Resurrection be true, Christianity surely is true; and then how can one think of Christ except religiously? A very able and good friend of mine made the same objection to Victor Cousin's tone: "It was," he said, "a patronizing of Christianity;" that is, he spoke of it as one who could judge it, as it were, de loco superiori,—a condition inconsistent altogether with the relation of man to God, when once acknowledged. Will you forgive me for all this,—but there seems to me rather a vague notion prevalent about impartiality and fair judgment in some matters of religion, which is really running into scepticism as to all. There is abundant room for impartiality in judging of religious men, and of men's opinions about religion, just as of their opinions about anything else; but with regard to God and His truth, impartiality is a mere contradiction; and, if we profess to be impartial about all things, it can only be that we acknowledge in none that mark of divinity which claims devout adherence, and with regard to which impartiality is profaneness.

CL. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Fox How, February 5, 1837.

I must write to you from Fox How, though it is our last evening; and to-morrow we set out to return to Rugby. We have been here just six weeks; and six weeks of greater peace and happiness it would scarcely be possible, I suppose, for any one to pass. In this neighbourhood there has been as yet no influenza; no snow at any time to obstruct communication; no rains to keep us within doors, nothing more than the ordinary varieties of winter, containing among them days of

such surpassing beauty, that at no time of the year could the country have been more enjoyable. You know the view from the dining-room; it was only a few mornings since that the clouds broke away from the summit of Fairfield, while we were at breakfast, a little after eight o'clock, and the sun just threw his light upon the crest of the mountain all covered with snow, and gave it the rose colour which you have seen on the Alps; while all the lower points of the hills, and all the side of Loughrigg, wore the infinite variety of their winter colouring of green and gray and gold. . . . . We have had two of our Sixth Form boys down here, who I thought wanted the refreshment of a mountain country, as they had been working rather too hard. Meanwhile my History has been flourishing; I have been turning to account all my Roman law reading, in a chapter on the Twelve Tables, and I have carried on the story to the year of Rome 350. I am inclined to publish one volume, when I have got to the end of the year 365, the Gaulish invasion; and I shall have plenty of matter for a volume: but whether I am not yielding to a movement of impatience I can hardly say. The natural divisions of the subject appear to me to be—the Gaulish Invasion; the Conquest of Italy, after the repulse of Pyrrhus; the Conquest of the World, or of all that could offer any effectual resistance, in the Punic and Macedonian Wars; the Civil Wars from the Gracchi to Actium; the Maturity of the Empire from Augustus to M. Aurelius; the Decline of the Empire and of Paganism from Commodus to Honorius; the chaos out of which the new creation of modern society has come, from Alaric to Charlemagne. How grand a subject, if it could be written worthily! And how vast a variety of knowledge is required to do it worthily! I constantly feel how overpowering the labour is, and how many advantages I want; yet I feel, too, that I have the love of history so strong in me, and that it has been working in me so many years, that I can write something which will be read, and which I trust will encourage the love of all things noble and just, and wise and holy.

. . . . . The study of the law is quite to my heart's content, as is the practice of it in your situation. I think if I were asked what station within possibility I would choose as the prize of my son's well-doing in life, I should say the place of an English judge. But then, in proportion to my reverence for the office of a judge, is, to speak plainly, my abhorrence of the business of an advocate. . . . . I have been thinking, in

much ignorance, whether there is any path to the Bench except by the Bar, that is, whether in conveyancing, or in any other branch of the profession, a man may make his real knowledge available, like the *juris consulti* of ancient Rome, without that painful necessity of being retained by an attorney to maintain a certain cause, and of knowingly suppressing truth, for so it must sometimes happen, in order to advance your own argument. I am well aware of the common arguments in defence of the practice; still it is not what I can myself like. On the other hand, Medicine, in all its branches, I honour as the most beneficent of all professions; but there I dread an incidental evil—the intense moral and religious degradation of so many medical students, who are, if you may trust report, materialist atheists of the greatest personal profligacy; and then if the profligacy wear out with age, the evil principle will not; and Satan will be but cast out by Satan. . . . .

We are going to Oxford, I believe, before we finally settle at Rugby. I do love the place after all, though I sometimes think of the fox's exclamation over the vizor mask—*κάλον προσωπον κ. τ. λ.* Forgive my profaneness to Alma Mater, and do not ascribe it to any academical jealousy in behalf of my new University of London, of which I am a most poor Fellow.

CLI. TO THE REV. G. CORNISH.

Fox How, February 5, 1837.

Even the bustle at Fox How is calmer than the quiet of Rugby. We are going away to-morrow morning, and it is now past ten o'clock; yet I know not when I can sit down to write so peacefully, as I can in this last hour of our last day's sojourn at this most dear and most beautiful home. Thank you very much for your letter. I will not revive matters of dispute; what, if spoken, would be known at once to be half in joke, seems in writing to be all meant in sober earnest; and therefore our discussions shall wait till that day, which, I trust, will yet arrive, when we may again meet, and introduce some of our children to each other. A life of peace is one of the things which I vainly sigh after. If you can live out of the reach of controversy and party, it is a great gain. So a quiet, country parish is a far more attractive thing than the care of a great manufacturing town; but my lot, and, I believe, my duty have thrown me, as it were, into the manufacturing town; and

I must contend for what I earnestly believe to be truth. Do you suppose that I could not resign myself with delight to the quiet of this valley, and the peace of these mountains, if so it might be? And we have been enjoying it for the last six weeks thoroughly. The climate has been better than in almost any part of England. We had no snow here to stop communication for half an hour; and since the snow went away from all but the mountain-tops, the colouring of the country has been delicious. We have had our full share of walking; whilst all the morning, till one o'clock, I used to sit in one corner of the drawing-room, not looking towards Fairfield lest I should be constantly tempted from my work, and there I worked on at the Roman History and the Twelve Tables, and Appius Claudius, and Cincinnatus, and all the rest of them.

My wife, thank God, has been wonderfully well and strong, and climbs the mountains with the rest of us. And Little Fan, who was three years old in October, went over Loughrigg with us to Rydal the other day—though her little feet looked quite absurd upon the rough mountain-side, and the fern-stalks annoyed her, as Gulliver was puzzled by the Brobdingnag cornfield. . . . .

We were, in the course of the summer, in the Isle of Man, and in Ireland. I admired Dublin and its bay, and the Wicklow Sugar Loaf, and the blue sea of Killiney Bay. But, to my astonishment, the "Emerald Isle" was a very parched and dusty isle in comparison with Westmoreland; and the Three Rock Mountain, though beautiful with its granite rocks and heath, had none of the thousand springs of our Loughrigg. Of the people I saw little or nothing.

We expect to be in Oxford one day this week, before we settle at Rugby for our long half-year. I wonder whether I could find your tree in Bagley Wood, on which you once sat exalted. Do you ever see or hear of old Dyson, or of Ellison? or do you hear from Tucker? Coleridge, as you perhaps know, was a month at this house in the summer with all his family—then, on their way to town, they came to us at Rugby, and there met Professor Buckland; so that, after an interval of many years, I was again one of an old Corpus trio. It is eleven o'clock, and we are off at eight to-morrow, so good-night.

CLII. TO THE REV. J. HEARN.

Yarrow Bridge, Chorley, Feb. 6, 1837.

. . . . . I call all this Judaizing a direct idolatry—it is exalting the Church and the Sacraments into the place of Christ, as others have exalted His mother, and others in the same spirit exalted circumcision. There is something almost ludicrous, if the matter were not too serious, in the way in which —— speaks of Calvin and the best and ablest of his followers. and some of the great living writers of Germany, whom he must know, as of men labouring under a judicial blindness. "This people who knoweth not the law," *i.e.* as interpreted by the tradition and doctors of the Church, "are accursed." It is vain to argue with such men, only when they ascribe a judicial blindness to Calvin and Zuingle, or to Tholuck, Nitzch, and Bunsen, one cannot but be reminded of those who, "with lies made the heart of the righteous sad, whom God had not made sad," or of those who denied St. Paul's apostleship and spirituality, because he was not one of the original twelve Apostles, and because he would not preach circumcision.

No man doubts that a strictly universal consent would be a very strong argument indeed; but then by the very fact of its being disputed, it ceases to be universal; and general consent is a very different thing from universal. It becomes then, the consent of the majority; and we must examine the nature of the minority, and also the peculiar nature of the opinions or practices agreed in, before we can decide whether general consent be really an argument for or against the truth of an opinion. For it has been said, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you;" and then it would be equally true of such a generation or generations, that it was "Woe to that opinion in which all men agree."

Now I believe that the Apostles' Creed may be taken as a specimen of truth held by the general consent of Christians; for everything there (except the Descent into Hell, which was a later insertion) is in almost the very words of Scripture. It is just like St. Paul's short creed in 1 Corinthians xv.: "I delivered unto you that which I received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and was buried," &c. But this Creed will no more suit ——'s turn than the Scriptures themselves will. It says not a word of priesthood or succession —it does not even say a word of either Sacrament. The

points for which —— needs the consent of the Church, are points on which the principal ecclesiastical writers, from whom he gleans this consent, had all a manifest bias; partly from their own position as ministers, partly from the superstitious tendencies of their age. And after all how few are those writers! Who would think of making out the universal consent of the Christian world from the language of ten or a dozen bishops or clergy who happened to be writers? Who will bear witness to the opinions of the Bithynian Church, of whose practice Pliny has left so beautiful a picture? Or who would value for any Church, or for any opinion, the testimony of such a man as Tertullian? But, after all, consent would go for nothing where it is so clearly against Scripture. All in Asia were turned away from Paul, even in his lifetime. No wonder, then, if after his death they could not bear his doctrines, and undermined them while they were obliged outwardly to honour them. The operation of material agency to produce a spiritual effect is not more opposed to reason than it is directly denied by our Lord, on grounds which Pusey would call rationalistic, if I were to use them. I refer to what He says of the impossibility of meat defiling a man, or water purifying him; and the reason assigned to show that meat cannot morally defile, is of course equally valid to show that it cannot morally strengthen or cleanse. I believe it might be shown that the efficacy of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper has been weakened directly by the superstitions about it; that in proportion as a value was attached to the *elements*, as they were called, so the real Christian Sacramentum—each man pledging himself to Christ and to his brethren, upon the symbols of his redemption and sanctification—became less and less regarded; whilst superstitions made the Sacrament less frequent, and thus have inflicted a grievous injury on the spiritual state of every Church.

CLIII. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ.

Rugby, March 3, 1837.

. . . . . About the grammars, I am inclined to think that the common Eton grammars, purged of their manifest faults, would answer better than anything else. I am more and more in favour of a Latin rather than an English grammar, and I think that the simpler and more dogmatical the rules are, the

better. That is best in a boy's grammar which can be easiest remembered, and understood enough to be applied practically; the explanation of the principles of grammar belongs to a more advanced age.

By "manifest faults," I mean such as calling "hic, hæc, hoc," an article; or teaching boys to believe that there is such a word as τυπον, or such an Aorist to λέγω as ἔλεγον, and other monstrosities. And I think such corrections might be made easily. But let us save "Verba dandi et reddendi," &c., and, if I dared, I would put in a word for "As in præsenti," perhaps even for "Propria quæ maribus." Is not this a laudable specimen of Toryism? Or is it that we are Reformers in our neighbours' trade and Conservatives in our own?

CLIV. TO GEORGE PRYME, ESQ., M.P.

Rugby, March 8, 1837.

I thank you much for your letter. I had regarded your intended motion respecting the Universities with the deepest interest, and feel therefore extremely obliged to you for allowing me to express some of my views on the matter to you. As to the great question of all, the admission of Dissenters, it is so mixed up with the still greater question of the Church, that I hardly know how to separate them; and besides, I imagine that nothing on this point could be carried now. But there are three points at Oxford, which, though of very different importance, might all, I think, be noticed with advantage.

1st. The system of fines—I do not mean as regards the tenant, but as regards those members of the College Foundations who do not belong to the governing body. It is the practice, I believe, to divide the Corn Rents either equally or in certain fixed proportions, fixed by the Founder, among all the members of the Foundation;—but the fines, which form always a large proportion of the gross income of the College, are divided exclusively by the governing body amongst themselves; where this governing body includes all the Fellows, as at Oriel, Corpus, and New College, then those who do not share the fines are only the Scholars and Probationer Fellows; but where it consists of what is called a seniority, seven, or whatever number it be, of the senior Fellows, then all

the Fellows not on the seniority are excluded; and this is the case at Brasenose. Now the question is, whether this is according to the Founder's intentions, or whether it has been legalized by any subsequent statute—of the realm, I mean, not of the University. The fines originally were a direct bribe paid by the tenant to the Bursar or Treasurer of the college, for letting him renew on favourable terms; subsequently the bursars were not allowed to keep it all to themselves, but it was shared by all those with whom lay the power of either granting or refusing the renewal. But still, if the college property be notoriously underlet, because a great part of the rent is paid in the shape of fines, those who are entitled to a certain share in the proceeds, are manifestly defrauded if they are not allowed their proportion of the fines also. This question only affects the members of the several foundations as individuals; —still it has always struck me as a great unfitness, that a system should go on with such a primâ facie look of direct fraud about it.

2nd. All members of foundations are required to take an oath to maintain the rights of the college, &c., and amongst other things they swear that if expelled by the college, they will not appeal to any court of law. This oath is imposed at Winchester College, or was in my time, on every boy as soon as he was fifteen. I object utterly, on principle, to any private society administering an oath to its members at all—still more so to boys. But even if it were a promise or engagement, the promise of not appealing to the King's Courts is monstrous, and savours completely of the spirit of secret societies, who regard the law as their worst enemy. The University has lately repealed some of its oaths—but it still retains far too many.

3rd. The University should be restored—that is, the monopoly of the colleges should be taken away—by allowing any Master of Arts, according to the old practice of Oxford, to open a hall for the reception of students. The present practice dates, I think, from the age of Elizabeth—when the old halls had fallen into decay; and then the gift of the headship of the existing halls was placed in the Chancellor's hands, and every member of the University was required to be a member of some college, or of one of these recognised halls. The evils of the present system, combined with a statute passed, I believe, within the present century, obliging every undergraduate under three years' standing to sleep in college, are very great. The

number of members at a college is regulated, therefore, by the size of its buildings, and thus some of the very worst colleges have the greatest number of votes in Convocation, and consequently the greatest influence in the decisions of the University. I am obliged to be brief—but this point is, I am sure, of the greatest importance, and might open the door to much good. I am not at all able to answer for all the details of the matters which I have mentioned, and you know how readily the enemy would exult if he can detect the slightest inaccuracy in detail, and how gladly he will avail himself of such a triumph to lead away men's minds from the real question. But I think all the three points which I have named are of importance. I am delighted that you should take up this question. No man ought to meddle with the Universities who does not know them well and love them well; they are great and noble places—and I am sure that no man in England has a deeper affection for Oxford than I have, or more appreciates its inimitable advantages. And therefore I wish it improved and reformed—though this is a *therefore* which men are exceedingly slow to understand.*

CLV. TO H. CRABB ROBINSON, ESQ.

(Who had written to him fearing he would not continue in the new University unless more were done in the examinations as to Theology, than could or would be effected.)

March 15, 1837.

. . . . . First, be assured that I will do nothing hastily, that I wish most earnestly well to the London University, and look upon it as so great a possible means of good that nothing but what will appear to me imperious duty shall tempt me to leave it. Neither have I the least thought or wish of conciliating the Tories; on the contrary, I regret nothing so much as the possibility of appearing to agree with them in anything; neither, in fact, can I believe that I ever shall be so far mistaken.

Secondly, I have no wish to have Degrees in Divinity conferred by the London University, or to have a Theological Faculty; I am quite content with Degrees in Art. But then, let us understand what Arts are.

If *Arts* mean merely logic, or grammar, or arithmetic, or

* All these proposals were carried into effect by the Legislature of 1853.

natural science, then, of course, a degree in Arts implies nothing whatever as to a man's moral judgment or principles. But open the definition a little farther—include poetry, or history, or moral philosophy—and you encroach unavoidably on the domain of moral education; and moral education cannot be separated from religious education, unless people have the old superstitious notion of religion, either that it relates to rites and ceremonies, or to certain abstract and unpractical truths. But, meaning by Religion what the Gospel teaches one to mean by it, it is nothing more nor less than a system directing and influencing our conduct, principles and feelings, and professing to do this with sovereign authority and most efficacious influence. If, then, I enter on the domain of moral knowledge, I am thereby on the domain of religious knowledge; and the only question is, what religion am I to follow? If I take no notice of the authority and influences of Christianity, I unavoidably take a view of man's life and principles from which they are excluded, that is, a view which acknowledges some other authority and influence—it may be of some other religion, or of some philosophy, or of mere common opinion or instinct—but, in any case, I have one of the many views of life and conduct which it was the very purpose of Christ's coming into the world to exclude. And how can any Christian man lend himself to the propagating or sanctioning a system of moral knowledge which assumes that Christ's law is not our rule, nor His promises our motive of action? This, then, is my principle, that moral studies not based on Christianity must be unchristian, and therefore are such as I can take no part in.

On the other hand, I allow, as fully as you can do, that the University should include Christians of every denomination without the slightest distinction. The differences between Christian and Christian are not moral differences, except accidentally; and that is what I meant in that passage in the Church Reform Pamphlet which you, in common with many others, have taken in a sense which I should wholly disclaim. An Unitarian, as such, is a Christian—that is, if a man follows Christ's law, and believes His words according to his conscientious sense of their meaning, he is a Christian—and, though I may think he understands Christ's words amiss, yet that is a question of interpretation and no more; the purpose of his heart and mind is to obey and be guided by Christ, and therefore he is a Christian. But I believe—if I err as to the

matter of fact I shall greatly rejoice—that Unitarianism happens to contain many persons who are only Unitarians negatively, as not being Trinitarians; and I question whether these follow Christ with enough of sincerity and obedience to entitle them to be called Christians.

Then comes the question of the impracticability. Here, undoubtedly, I am met at a disadvantage, because the whole tendency of the last century, and of men's minds now, is to shun all notions of comprehension; and as the knot was once cut by persecution, so it is to be cut now by toleration and omission.

But it is an experiment undoubtedly worth trying, whether, for the sake of upholding the Christian character of our University, we ought not to venture on ground, new indeed in England just at present, but which is of the very essence of true Christianity. With all Christians except Roman Catholics the course is plain, namely, to examine every candidate for a degree in one of the Gospels and one of the Epistles out of the Greek Testament. I would ask of every man the previous question, "To what denomination of Christians do you belong?" and according to his answer I would specially avoid touching on those points on which I, as a Churchman, differed from him. I should probably say to him aloud, if the examination were public, "Now I know that you and I differ on such and such points, and therefore I shall not touch on them; but we have a great deal more on which we agree, and therefore I may ask you so and so." With the Roman Catholics there might be a difficulty, because they might possibly object to being examined by heretics, or in the Scriptures; but if so, where would be the difficulty of adding a Catholic to the number of Fellows on purpose for this object? or where would be the difficulty of requiring from the candidate, being a Catholic, a certificate of proficiency in religious knowledge from his own priest or bishop? What you state about doctrines might be a very good argument against examining in any Articles or Creeds, but would not affect the examination in a book or books of the Scripture. And so again with Evidences, I should not care about this—though neither do I see that your reference to Chalmers makes a valid objection—because you will and must have Examiners who differ on fifty points of taste, of politics, and of philosophy; but this signifies nothing as long as they are sensible men, and if they are not, the whole thing must break down any way. But the comparative value

of external and internal Evidence is not a point which forms the characteristic difference between any one sect and another; it may therefore be noticed without any delicacy, just like any moot point in history, and an examiner may express his judgment on it, though of course with such reserve and moderation as he may think fit. If you say that all points which have ever been disputed are to be avoided, you reduce your Examiners to such mere cyphers as would deprive them of all weight and dignity. Certainly I shall feel myself as in a certain degree appointed to moderate and form the minds of those who come to me for academical honours. I ought to express my judgment on many matters as that of a man qualified to instruct them, and as entitled to an authority with them. You will not suppose I mean an infallible authority. If our office be not intended to be this, it will be a great mistake, and indeed a total solecism, as far as regards education. I am perfectly aware of the delicacy of our task as well as of its importance, and I think I would undertake to manage it discreetly; but much must be left to us. Let them choose the best men they can find, and then let them trust them fully, and turn them out if they do not like them.

CLVI. TO SIR THOMAS S. PASLEY, BART.

Rugby, April 21, 1837.

. . . . . Our one day's visit to Oxford was very delightful; it was full of kindlinesses without anything of a contrary sort; and it made me wish that I could see the place and its residents oftener. I am so thoroughly fond of it that I can quite trust myself in my earnest desire to see it reformed; indeed, I should care about its reform much less if I did not value it so highly. From Oxford we came back to our work as usual. . . From that time forward we have never been quite alone, and we are expecting other friends in May and June, so that our half-year will, as usual, I suppose, end in a crowd; and then I trust we may meet in something like summer in Westmoreland, and find you established in your house, and enjoying the magnificence of the view and the snugness of that delicious glady field behind, which lives most vividly in my memory. . . .

I have read nothing but books connected with my own business, so I am sadly ignorant of what is doing in the publishing world. Jacob Abbott's last work, The Way to do

Good, will, I think, please you very much—with some Americanisms, not of language but of mind, it is yet delightful to read a book so good and so sensible; so zealous for what is valuable, so fair about what is indifferent. I have also looked through some of the Duke of Wellington's Despatches. He is different enough certainly from Abbott, but the work gives one a favourable impression of him morally, I think, as well as intellectually.* There is a frankness and kindliness about his letters generally which is very attractive, and one admires the activity and comprehensiveness of view which could take in so much and so execute it. You would be interested in Sir E. Codrington's strange attack upon Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and gratified by the strong feeling generally expressed in Sir Pulteney's favour, and in admiration of his character. . . . .

I shall like to hear your remarks on the weather. I never remember anything to equal it; but I find from the Gentleman's Magazine that 1799 was very nearly as bad, and from Evelyn's Memoirs that 1658 was rather worse. The wind was northerly for nearly six months, and on the second of June (old style) the season was as cold as winter. It is certainly so at present; and what is remarkable is, that the wind blows equally cold from all points of the compass. I connect the constant north-west winds with the Magnetic Pole, and as all phenomena of weather have to do with electricity and volcanic action, I should not be surprised to hear of something extraordinary in the way of earthquakes or eruptions before the end of the year. This is a sad dull letter, but my life affords but little variety.

CLVII. TO H. HIGHTON, ESQ.

Rugby, April 5, 1837.

I take this opportunity to answer your kind and interesting letter, for which I beg you to accept my best thanks. I can hardly answer it as I could wish, but I did not like to delay writing to you any longer. Your account of yourself and of that unhealthy state of body and mind under which you have been labouring, was very touching to me. I rejoice that you were recovering from it, but still you must not be surprised if

* His impression of the Duke of Wellington's character was in fact considerably raised by this work, and a volume of the Despatches was one of the books which most frequently accompanied him when travelling.

God should be pleased to continue your trials for some time longer. It is to me a matter of the deepest thankfulness, that the fears, which I at one time had expressed to you about yourself, have been so entirely groundless: we have the comfort of thinking that, with the heart once turned to God, and going on in His faith and fear, nothing can go very wrong with us, although we may have much to suffer and many trials to undergo. I rejoice too that your mind seems to be in a healthier state about the prosecution of your studies. I am quite sure that it is a most solemn duty to cultivate our understandings to the uttermost, for I have seen the evil moral consequences of fanaticism to a greater degree than I ever expected to see them realized; and I am satisfied that a neglected intellect is far oftener the cause of mischief to a man, than a perverted or over-valued one. Men retain their natural quickness and cleverness, while their reason and judgment are allowed to go to ruin, and thus they do work their minds and gain influence, and are pleased at gaining it; but it is the undisciplined mind which they are exercising, instead of one wisely disciplined. I trust that you will gain a good foundation of wisdom in Oxford; which may minister in after years to God's glory and the good of souls; and I call by the name of wisdom—knowledge, rich and varied, digested and combined, and pervaded through and through by the light of the Spirit of God. Remember the words, "Every scribe instructed to the kingdom of God is like unto a householder who bringeth out of his treasure things *new and old*;" that is, who does not think that either the first four centuries on the one hand, nor the nineteenth century on the other, have a monopoly of truth; but who combines a knowledge of one with that of the other, and judges all according to the judgment which he has gained from the teaching of the Scriptures. I am obliged to write more shortly than I could wish; let me hear from you when you can, and see you when you can, and be sure that, whether my judgments be right or wrong, you have no friend who more earnestly would wish to assist you in that only narrow road to life eternal, which I feel sure that you by God's grace are now treading.

CLVIII. TO BISHOP OTTER.

Rugby, April 30, 1837.

I venture to address you, and I trust to your forgiveness for so doing, on a subject on which we have a common interest, the new University of London; and I am the more induced to address you particularly, as I understand that you are disposed to take an active part in the arrangements to be made; as you have had practical experience in education, and as you are one of the few members of our profession who happen to belong to the University. I imagine, also, that the particular department with which I am likely to be concerned, will be that in which you will be most interested, the Examination for Degrees in Arts. And I find that a committee was to be appointed yesterday, to draw up something of a plan on this subject. I hope to be in town very shortly, but my visit must necessarily be very brief, and I feel that I should much further my views, if I could explain them to your Lordship beforehand, and above all, if, as I hope, I shall be so happy as to find that you agree with them.

I need not say that I cordially agree with the principle of the University that it recognises no sectarian distinctions. But while I fully allow this, I also find it expressly declared in our charter, that we are founded for the advancement of "Religion and Morality." And this seems to lead to the exact conclusion which I most earnestly approve of, that we are to be a Christian University, but not a Romanist one, nor a Protestant, neither exclusively Church of England, nor exclusively Dissenting. "Religion," in the king's mouth, can mean only Christianity; in fact, no Christian can use it in any other sense without manifest inconsistency.—Again, must it not follow that if we enter at all upon moral science, whether it be Moral Philosophy or History, we must be supposed to have some definite notions of moral truth? Now those notions are not, I suppose, to be the notions of each individual Examiner; we must refer to some standard. I suppose that a man could hardly get a degree in physical science if he made Aristotle's Physics his standard of truth in those matters. Now there are many views of moral truth, quite as false as those of Aristotle on physical science; but what are we to take for our standard of truth? We must, it seems to me, have some standard, in whatever we profess to examine, and what can that standard be to any

Christian, except what he believes to be God's revealed will? It seems to me that we cannot recognise any other standard of moral truth without directly renouncing Christ as our Master. —Further, Mr. Lieber, who wrote a little book of his Reminiscences of Niebuhr, who is now engaged in one of the American colleges in Carolina, and has published some exceedingly good papers on the system there pursued, lays it down as a matter of common sense, that—without entering into the religious question—a knowledge of the Christian Scriptures must form a part of the merely intellectual education of all persons in Christian countries. He says, I think most truly, that Christianity has so coloured all our institutions, and all our literature, and has in so many points modified or even dictated our laws, that no one can be considered as an educated man who is not acquainted with its authoritative documents. He considers that a liberal education without the Scriptures must be, in any Christian country, a contradiction in terms.

My conclusion is, that we are bound in some way or other to recognise this truth. We may, indeed, give Degrees in Law and in Medicine, without acknowledging it; so we may also in physical science; so we may also in pure science and philology. None of these things, nor all of them together, constitute education. But if we profess to give Degrees in Arts, we are understood, I think, as giving our testimony that a man has received a liberal education. And the same result follows from our examining on any moral subject, such as History or Moral Philosophy; because it is precisely moral knowledge, and moral knowledge only, which properly constitutes education.

The University of Bonn—the only one of the Prussian universities with the system of which I happen to be acquainted—is open, as you know, to Catholics and Protestants equally. But both have their Professors and their regular courses of religious instruction. Now as we do not teach at present, but only examine, and as we confer no Degrees in Theology, our difficulty will be of a far simpler kind. It may be met, I think, perfectly easily in two or three different manners. I suppose that, for any of the reasons stated above, our Bachelor of Arts' Degree must imply a knowledge of the Christian Scriptures. But then, as we are not to be sectarian, neither you and I on the one hand, nor any of our Dissenting colleagues on the other, have any right to put their own construction on this term, "knowledge of the Scriptures." I think that an Unitarian knows them very ill, and he would

think the same of us. But we agree in attaching an equal value to a "knowledge of the Scriptures," each of us interpreting the phrase in his own way.

I would propose, then, two or three modes of ascertaining every candidate's knowledge of the Scriptures, in his own meaning of the term. First, in imitation of the University of Bonn, there might be members of the Senate of different denominations of Christians to examine the members of their own communions. Practically, this would involve no great multitude; I doubt if it would require more than three divisions—our own Church, Roman Catholics, and Unitarians. I doubt if the orthodox Dissenters, as they are called, would have any objection to be examined by you or me in such books of the New Testament as they themselves chose to bring up, when they were required to subscribe to no Articles or Liturgy, and were examined as persons whose opinions on their own peculiar points of difference were not tolerated merely, but solemnly recognised; so that there would be neither any suspicion of compromise on their part, nor of attempts at proselytism on ours.

Secondly, we might even do less than this, and merely require from every candidate for a Degree in Arts, a certificate signed by two ministers of his own persuasion, that he was competently instructed in Christian knowledge as understood by the members of their communion. This is no more than every young person in our own Church now gets, previously to his Confirmation. I think this would be a very inferior plan to the former, inasmuch as the certificates might in some cases be worth very little; but still it completely saves the principle recognised in our Charter, and indispensable, I think, to every plan of education, or for the ascertaining of the sufficiency of any one's education in a Christian country,—that Christian knowledge is a necessary part of the formation and cultivation of the mind of every one.

Thirdly, we might, I am sure, do what were best of all, and which might produce benefits in the course of time, more than could be told. All Protestants acknowledge the Scriptures as their common authority, and all desire their children to study them. Let every candidate for a Degree bring up at his own choice some one Gospel, and some one Epistle in the Greek Testament. Let him declare, on coming before us, to what communion he belongs. We know what are the peculiar views entertained by him as such, and we would respect them most

religiously. But on all common ground we might examine him thoroughly, and how infinite would be the good of thus proving, by actual experience, how much more our common ground is than our peculiar ground. I am perfectly ready to examine to-morrow in any Unitarian school in England, in presence of parents and masters. I will not put a question that should offend, and yet I will give such an examination as should bring out, or prove the absence of what you and I should agree in considering to be Christian knowledge of the highest value. I speak as one who has been used to examine young men in the Scriptures for twenty years nearly, and I pledge myself to the perfect easiness of doing this. Our examinations, in fact, will carry their own security with them, if our characters would not; they will be public, and we should not and could not venture to proselytize, even if we wished it. But the very circumstance of our having joined the London University at the risk of much odium from a large part of our profession, would be a warrant for our entering into the spirit of the Charter with perfect sincerity. I have no sufficient apology to offer for this long intrusion upon your patience, but my overwhelming sense of the importance of the subject. It depends wholly, as I think, on our decision on this point, whether our success will be a blessing or a curse to the country. A Christian, and yet not sectarian University, would be a blessing of no common magnitude. An University that conceived of education as not involving in it the principles of moral truth, would be an evil, I think, no less enormous.

CLIX. TO THE REV. H. HILL.

(In answer to questions about Thucydides.)

Rugby, May 25, 1837.

. . . . . My experience about Thucydides has told me that the knowledge required to illustrate him may be taken at anything you please, from Mitford up to *omne scibile*. I suppose that the most direct illustrations are to be found in Aristophanes, the Acharnians, the Peace, the Birds, and the Clouds; as also in the speech of Andocides de Mysteriis. For the Greek, Bekker's text, in his smaller edition of 1832, and a good Index Verborum—though bad is the best—are, I think, the staple. You may add, instead of a Lexicon,

Reiske's Index Verborum to Demosthenes, and Mitchell's to Plato and Isocrates, with Schweighäuser's Lexicon Herodoteum. Buttman's larger Greek Grammar is the best thing for the forms of the Verbs; as for Syntax, Thucydides, in many places, is his own law.

We talk about going to Rome, which will be a virtuous effort, if I do go, for my heart is at Fox How. Yet I should love to talk once again with Bunsen on the Capitol, and to expatiate with him on the green upland plain of Algidus.

I congratulate you—and I do not mean it as a mere *façon de parler*—on your Ordination.

CLX. *TO C. J. VAUGHAN, ESQ.

Rugby, September 13, 1837.

. . . . . The first sheet of the History is actually printed, and I hope it will be out before the winter. But I am sure that it will disappoint no one so much as it will myself; for I see a standard of excellence before me in my mind, which I cannot realize; and I mourn over the deficient knowledge of my book, seeing how much requires to be known in order to write History well, and how soon in so many places the soil of my own knowledge is bored through, and there is the barren rock or gravel, which yields nothing.

I could write on much, but my time presses. I am anxious to know your final decision as to profession; but I do not like to attempt to influence you. Whatever be your choice, it does not much matter, if you follow steadily our great common profession, Christ's service. Alas! when will the Church ever exist more than in name, so that this profession might have that zeal infused into it which is communicated by an "Esprit de Corps;" and, if the "Body" were the real Church, instead of our abominable sects, with their half priestcraft, half profaneness, its "Spirit" would be one that we might desire to receive into all our hearts and all our minds.

CLXI. TO THE REV. J. HEARN.

Rugby, September 25, 1837.

. . . . . I have to thank you for two very kind letters, as also for a volume of C——'s Sermons. . . . . Do you know

that C—— was an old Oxford pupil of mine in 1815? and a man for whom I have a great regard, though I am afraid he thinks me a heretic, and though he has joined that party which, as a party, I think certainly to be a very bad one. But, if you ever see C——, I should be much obliged to you if you would give him my kind remembrances. It grieves me to be so parted as I am from so many men with whom I was once intimate. I feel and speak very strongly against their party, but I always consider the party as a mere abstraction of its peculiar character as a party, and as such I think it detestable; but take any individual member of it, and his character is made up of many other elements than the mere peculiarities of his party. He may be kind-hearted, sensible on many subjects, sincere, and a good Christian, and therefore I may love and respect him, though his party as such,—that is, the peculiar views which constitute the bond of union amongst its members —I think to be most utterly at variance with Christianity. But I dare say many people, hearing and reading my strong condemnation of Tories and Newmanites, think that I feel very bitterly against all who belong to those parties; whereas, unless they are merely Tories and Newmanites, I feel no dislike to them, and in many instances love and value them exceedingly. Hampden's business seemed to me different, as there was in that something more than theoretical opinions; there was downright evil acting, and the more I consider it, the more does my sense of its evil rise. Certainly my opinion of the principal actors in that affair has been altered by it towards them personally; I do not say that it should make me forget all their good qualities, but I consider it as a very serious blot in their moral character. . . . . But I did not mean to fill my letter with this; only the thought of C—— made me remember how much I was alienated from many old friends, and then I wished to explain how I really did feel about them, for I believe that many people think me to be very hard and very bitter; thinking so, I hope and believe, unjustly.

CLXII. * TO W. A. GREENHILL, ESQ.

Rugby, September 18, 1838.

. . . . . I shall be anxious to hear what you think of Homœopathy, which my wife has tried twice with wonderful success, and I once with quite success enough to encourage

me to try it again. Also I shall like to hear anything fresh about Animal Magnetism, which has always excited my curiosity. But more than all I would fain learn something of malaria, and about the cause of pestilential disease, particularly of Cholera. It is remarkable, that while all ordinary disease seems to yield more and more to our increased knowledge, pestilences seem still to be reserved by God for his own purposes, and to baffle as completely our knowledge of their causes, and our power to meet them, as in the earliest ages of the world. Indeed, the Cholera kills more quickly than any of the recorded plagues of antiquity; and yet a poison so malignant can be introduced into the air, and neither its causes nor its existence understood; we see only its effects. Influenza and Cholera, I observe, just attack the opposite parts of the system; the former fastening especially on the chest and sensorium, which are perfectly unaffected, I believe, in Cholera. As to connecting the causes of either with any of the obvious phenomena of weather or locality, it seem to me a pure folly to attempt it; as great as the folly of ascribing malaria to the miasmata of aquatic plants. I shall be very much interested in hearing your reports of the latest discoveries in these branches of science; Medicine, like Law, having always attracted me as much in its study as it has repelled me in practice; not that I feel alike towards the practice of both; on the contrary, I honour the one, as much as I abhor the other; the physician meddles with physical evil in order to relieve and abate it; the lawyer meddles with moral evil rather to aggravate it than to mend. . . . . Yet the study of Law is, I think, glorious, transcending that of any earthly thing.

CLXIII. TO W. EMPSON, ESQ.

Rugby, November 18, 1837.

I trust that I need not assure you that I feel as deeply interested as any man can do in the welfare of our University, and most deeply should I grieve if any act of mine were to impair it. But then I am interested in the University, so far as it may be a means towards effecting certain great ends; if it does not promote these, it is valueless; if it obstruct them, it is actually pernicious. So far I know we are agreed; but then to my mind the whole good that the University can do towards the cause of general education depends on its holding

manifestly a Christian character; if it does not hold this, it seems to me to be at once so mischievous, from giving its sanction to a most mischievous principle, that its evil will far outweigh its good. Now the education system in Ireland, which has yet been violently condemned by many good men, is Christian, though it is not Protestant or Catholic; their Scripture lessons give it the Christian character clearly and decisively. Now, are we really for the sake of a few Jews, who may like to have a Degree in Arts—or for the sake of one or two Mahommedans, who may possibly have the same wish, or for the sake of English unbelievers, who dare not openly avow themselves—are we to destroy our only chance of our being even either useful or respected as an institution of national education? There is no difficulty with Dissenters of any denomination; what we have proposed has been so carefully considered, that it is impossible to pretend that it bears a sectarian character; it is objected to merely as being Christian, as excluding Jews, Turks, and misbelievers.

Now—considering the small number of the two first of these divisions, and that the last have as yet no ostensible and recognised existence, and that our Charter declares in the very opening that the end of our institution is the promotion of religion and morality—I hold myself abundantly justified in interpreting the subsequent expressions as relating only to all denominations of Her Majesty's Christian subjects, and in that sense I cordially accede to them. Beyond that I cannot go, as I have not the smallest doubt that it is better to go on with our present system, with all its narrowness and deficiencies, than to begin a pretended system of national education on any other than a Christian basis. As to myself, therefore, my course is perfectly clear. If our report be rejected on Wednesday—I mean as to its Christian clauses—I certainly will not allow my name to be affixed to it without them; nor can I assist any farther in preparing a scheme of Examination which I should regard as a mere evil. It would be the first time that education in England was avowedly unchristianized for the sake of accommodating Jews or unbelievers; and as on the one hand, I do not believe that either of these are so numerous as to be entitled to consideration even on points far less vital, so, if they were ever so numerous, it might be a very good reason why the national property should be given to their establishments and taken from ours, but nothing could ever justify a compromise between us and them in such a matter as education. . . . .

I am quite sure that no earnest Christian would wish the Gospels and Acts, and the Scripture History to be excluded, because they were in some instances understood differently. It was a sure mark of the false mother when she said: "Let the child be neither mine nor thine, but divide it;" the real mother valued the child very differently. I can see, therefore, in this question, no persons opposed to us whom I should wish to conciliate,—no benefits in the University, if it bears no mark of Christianity, which I should think worth preserving. It will grieve me very much if we in the last result take a different view of this matter.

CLXIV. TO THE REV. TREVENEN PENROSE.

(His brother-in-law.)

Rugby, November 20, 1837.

I have long since purposed to write to you, and at last I hope I shall be able to do it. I always read your additions to the Journal with great interest, and they never fail to awaken in me many thoughts of various kinds, but principally I think, a strong sense of the blessing which seems to follow your father's house, and of the true peace, which, for seventeen years, I can testify, and I believe for many more, has continually abided with it. And this peace I am inclined to value above every other blessing in the world; for it is very far from the "Otium" of the Epicurean, and might indeed be enjoyed anywhere; but in your case outward circumstances seem happily to have combined with inward, and other people have rarely, I believe, so large a portion of the one or of the other. I am not disposed to quarrel with my own lot; nevertheless, it is not altogether peaceful, and this great concern oppresses me more as I grow older, and as I feel more deeply the evils I am powerless to quell. *You* see much hardness, perhaps, and much ignorance, but then you see also much softness, if nowhere else, yet amongst the sick; and you see much affection and self-denial amongst the poor, which are things to refresh the heart; but I have always to deal with health and youth, and lively spirits, which are rarely soft or self-denying. And where there is little intellectual power, as generally there *is* very little, it is very hard to find any points of sympathy. And the effect of this prevalent mediocrity of character is very grievous. Good does not grow, and the fallow ground lies ready for all evil.

CLXV. TO W. EMPSON, ESQ.

Rugby, November 28, 1837.

. . . . . The whole question turns upon this—whether the country understood, and was meant to understand, that the University of London was to be open to all Christians without distinction, or to all men without distinction. The question which had been discussed with regard to Oxford and Cambridge, was the admissibility of Dissenters; which in common speech does not mean, I think, Dissenters from Christianity: no one argued, so far as I know, for the admission of avowed unbelievers. I thought that the University of London was intended to solve this question, and I therefore readily joined it. I thought that whatever difficulties were supposed to exist with respect to the introduction of the Greek Testament, relative to Dissenters only, and, as such, I respected them; and our plan, therefore, waiving the Epistles, requires only some one Gospel and the Acts; that is, anyone who is afraid of the Gospel of St. John, may take up St. Luke, or St. Mark; and St. Luke and the Acts have been translated by the Irish Board of Education, and are used in the Irish schools with the full consent of Catholics and Protestants; nor do I imagine that any Protestant Dissenters could consistently object to either. I do not see the force of the argument about the College in Gower Street; because we admit their students to be examined for degrees, we do not sanction their system any more than we sanction the very opposite system of King's College. Nor does it follow, so far as I see, that University College must have a Professor of Theology, because we expect its members to have a knowledge of the elements of Christianity. University College hopes—or has not yet ventured to say it does not hope—that its students are provided with this knowledge before they join it. But I should protest, in the strongest terms, against its being supposed that our University is to be merely an University College with a Charter: if so, undoubtedly I would not belong to it for an hour. You say that we are bringing in the Greek Testament by a side wind, in putting it in amongst the Classical writers; but, if by Classics we mean anything more than Greek and Latin Grammar, they are just the one part of our Examination which embraces points of general education: for instance, we have put in some recommendations about Modern History, which, if Classics be taken

to the letter, are just as much of a departure from our province, as what we have done about the Greek Testament. On the whole, I am quite clear as to my original position, namely, that if you once get off from the purely natural ground of physical science, Philology, and pure Logic—the moment, in short, on which you enter upon any moral subjects—whether Moral Philosophy or History—you must either be Christian or Anti-christian, for you touch upon the ground of Christianity, and you must either take it as your standard of moral judgment, or you must renounce it, and either follow another standard, or have no standard at all. In other words, again, the moment you touch on what alone is education—the forming of the moral principles and habits of man—neutrality is impossible; it would be very possible, if Christianity consisted really in a set of theoretical truths, as many seem to fancy; but it is not possible, inasmuch as it claims to be the paramount arbiter of all our moral judgments; and he who judges of good and evil, right and wrong, without reference to its authority, virtually denies it. The Gower Street College I therefore hold to be Anti-christian, inasmuch as it meddles with moral subjects—having lectures in History—and yet does not require its Professors to be Christians. And so long as the Scriptures were held to contain divine truth on physical science, it was then impossible to give even physical instruction neutrally;—you must either teach it according to God's principles (it being assumed that God's Word had pronounced concerning it) or in defiance of them. I hope we may meet on Saturday: I know that you are perfectly sincere, and that L—— is so; nevertheless, I am persuaded that your argument goes on an over-estimate of the theological and abstract character of Christianity, and an under-estimate of it as a moral law; else how can L—— talk of a clergyman being in a false position in belonging to the University, if he does not think that the position is equally false for every Christian: if it be false for me, it is false for you, except on the priestcraft notion, which is as unchristian, in my opinion, as the system in Gower Street. Indeed, the two help one another well.

CLXVI. TO J. C. PLATT, ESQ.

Rugby, December 6, 1837.

. . . . . I am afraid that I did no service to the Hertford *Reformer*; for what I sent them was, I knew, too general and discursive for a newspaper; but they would insert all my articles, and I felt that they would not thank me for any more such, and I thought that I could not manage to write what really would be to their purpose. You must not misunderstand me, as if I thought that my writings were too good for a newspaper; it is very much the contrary, for I think that a newspaper requires a more condensed and practical style than I am equal to—such, perhaps, as only habit and mixing more in the actual shock of opinions can give a man. My writing partakes of the character of my way of life, which is very much retired from the highway of politics, and of all great discussions, though it is engaged enough with a busy little world of its own. . . . .

I was much gratified in the summer by going over to France for about ten days, at the end of the holidays, with my wife and three eldest children. Seven years had elapsed since I had been in France last, so that many things had quite an appearance of novelty, and I fancied that I could trace the steady growth of everything from the continuance of peace, and the absence of most of those evils which in times past so interfered with national prosperity. We went to Rouen, Evreux, and Chartres, and then came back through Versailles and Paris. I admired Paris as I always had done, and we had very fine weather; but I had no time to call on anybody, even if all the world had not been in the country. This little tour I owed to the election, which brought me up from Westmoreland to Warwickshire to vote, and it was so near the end of the holidays, that it did not seem worth while to go back again. I watched the elections with great interest, but not with much surprise. In 1831, when I wrote for the Sheffield *Courant*, I shared the common opinion as to the danger which threatened all our institutions from the force of an ultra-popular party. But the last six years have taught me—what the Roman History ought indeed to have shown me before—that when an aristocracy is not thoroughly corrupted, its strength is incalculable; and it acts through the relations of private life, which are permanent, whereas the political excitement which opposes

it, must always be short-lived. In fact, the great amount of liberty and good government enjoyed in England is the security of the aristocracy; there are no such pressing and flagrant evils existing, as to force men's attention from their own domestic concerns, and make them cast off their natural ties of respect or of fear for their richer or nobler neighbours; and as for Ireland, the English care not for it one groat.

CLXVII. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Rugby, December 8, 1837.

I have asked Hull to send you the two first printed sheets of my History. You had promised to look at the manuscript, and, if you agree with me, you will find it pleasanter to read print than writing. Specially will you notice any expressions in the Legends which may seem to you to approach too near to the language of our translation of the Bible. I have tried to avoid this, but in trying to write in an antiquated and simple language that model with which we are most familiar will sometimes be followed too closely; and no one can deprecate more than I do anything like a trivial use of that language which should be confined to one subject only. I hope and believe that I have kept clear of this; still I would rather have your judgment on it; I think you will at the same time agree with me that the Legends ought to be told as Legends, and not in the style of real history. We had a four hours' debate at the University, and a division in our favour with a majority of one. But the adversary will oppose us still step by step; and they are going to ask the Attorney-General's opinion, whether we can examine in the Greek Testament without a breach of our Charter!!! A strange Charter surely for the Defender of the Faith to grant, if it forbids the use of the Christian Scriptures.

CLXVIII. †TO REV. T. J. ORMEROD.

(After speaking of the affair of the Archbishop of Cologne.)

Fox How, December 18, 1837.

. . . . . Certainly there is no battle in which I so entirely sympathize as in this of the Christian Church, against the Priestcraft-Antichrist. And yet this is not quite true, for I

sympathize as cordially in its battle against the other Antichrist —the Antichrist of Utilitarian unbelief, against which I am fighting at the London University. If —— persuades the Government to sanction his views, it will be a wrench to me to separate from the only party that hitherto I have been able to go along with; and to be obliged to turn an absolute political Ishmaelite, condemning all parties, knowing full well what to shun, but finding nothing to approve or sympathize with. But so I suppose it ought to be with us, till Christ's kingdom come, and both the Antichrists be put down before Him.

CLXIX. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Fox How, December 20, 1837.

We have been here since Saturday afternoon, and I think it has rained almost ever since; at this moment Wansfell and Kirkstone and Fairfield are dimly looming through a medium which consists, I suppose, as much of water as of air; the Rotha is racing at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, and the meadows are becoming rather lake-like. Notwithstanding, I believe that every one of us, old and young, would rather be here than anywhere else in the world.

I thank you very heartily for your letter, and, in this precious leisure time of the holidays, I can answer it at once and without hurry. Your judgment as to the Legends determines me at once to recast that whole first chapter. I wish, however, if it is not giving you too much trouble, that you would get the manuscript, and read also the chapter about the banishment of the Tarquins and the battle by the Lake Regillus. I think that you would not find it open to the same objections; at least Wordsworth read it through with a reference merely to the language, and he approved of it; and I think that it is easier and more natural than the first chapter. But I have not, and I trust I shall not, shrink from any labour of alteration, in order to make the work as complete as I can; it will, after all, fall infinitely short of that model which I fancy keenly, but vainly strive to carry out into execution. With regard to the first chapter, you have convinced me that it is faulty, because it is not what I meant it to be. But as to the principle, I am still of opinion, that the Legends cannot be omitted without great injury, and that they must not be told in my natural style

of narrative. The reason of this appears to me to be, the impossibility of any man's telling such stories in a civilized age in his own proper person, with that sincerity of belief, nay even with that gravity, which is requisite to give them their proper charm. If I thought that they contained really an historical skeleton, disguised under fabulous additions, it would of course be easy to give the historical outline as history in my own natural language, and to omit, or to notice with a grave remark as to their fabulousness, the peculiar marvels of the stories. This was done by Goldsmith, Rollin, &c. But I wish to give, not the supposed facts of the stories, but the stories themselves in their oldest traceable form; I regard them as poetry, in which the form is quite as essential as the substance of the story. It is a similar question, and fraught with similar difficulties to that which regards the translation of Homer and Herodotus. If I were to translate Herodotus, it were absurd to do it in my common English, because he and I do not belong to analogous periods of Greek and English literature; I should try to translate him in the style of the old translation of Comines rather than of Froissart; in the English of that period of our national cultivation which corresponds to the period of Greek cultivation at which he wrote. I might and probably should do this ill: still I should try to mend the execution without altering my plan; and so I should do with these Roman stories. For instance, the dramatic form appears to me quite essential; I mean the making the actors express their thoughts in the first person, instead of saying what they thought or felt as narrative. This, no doubt, is the style of the Bible: but it is not peculiar to it; you have it in Herodotus just the same, because it is characteristic of a particular state of cultivation, which all people pass through at a certain stage in their progress. If I could do it well, I would give all the Legends at once in verse, in the style and measure of Chapman's Homer; and that would be the best and liveliest way of giving them, and liable to no possible charge of parodying the Bible. The next best way is that which I have tried and failed in executing; but I will try again; and, if it is not too much trouble, I will ask you to look at the new attempt. I feel sure, and I really have thought a great deal upon this point—that to give the story of the white sow, of the wolf suckling the twins, of Romulus being carried up to Heaven, &c., in my own language, would be either merely flat and absurd, or else would contain so palpable an irony as

to destroy the whole effect which one would wish to create by telling the stories at all.

For the other and greater matter of the University, I think it is very probable that I shall have to leave it; but I cannot believe that it is otherwise than a solemn duty to stand by it as long as I can hope to turn it to good. Undoubtedly we must not do evil that good may come; but we may and must bear much that is painful, and associate with those whom we disapprove of, in order to do good. What is the evil of belonging to the University à priori? There is no *avowed* principle in its foundation which I think wrong; the comprehension of all *Christians*, you know, I think most right; if more be meant, I think it most wrong; but this is the very point which I am trying to bring to issue; and, though my fears of the issue outweigh my hopes, yet while there is any hope I ought not to give up the battle.

CLXX. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS.

Fox How, January 23, 1838.

I had intended to answer your kind letter of the 21st of November long before this time; I reserved it for the leisure of Fox How, and I have found, as is often the case, that the less I have to do, the less I do of anything. Now our holidays are fast wearing away, and in little more than a week we shall leave this most delightful home; a home indeed so peaceful and so delightful, that it would not be right to make it one's constant portion; but after the half-years at Rugby, which now begin to be quite as much as I can well bear, the rest seems to be allowed; and I drink it in with intense enjoyment, and I hope with something of the thankfulness which it claims. . . .

To London I must go, on account of our meeting of the London University on the 7th, when the question of Scriptural Examination will again be discussed. It was curious to me, knowing my character at Oxford, to hear myself charged, at our last meeting in December, with wishing to engross the University of London for the Established Church, as the other Universities were engrossed by it already. The opposition is very fierce. . . . . I could not examine a Jew in a history of which he would not admit a single important fact, nor could I bear to abstain systematically from calling our Lord by any other name than Jesus, because I must not shock the Jew

by implying that He was the Christ. . . . . The prevailing evils in the University of Oxford are, to be sure, rather of a different character from those of the University of London. . . . But you have done much good with the statutes, and I delight to hear about the prospect of the six scholarships.

I have been engaged in tiresome disputes about my History with the booksellers, and they are only just settled. The first volume will now, I suppose, go to press speedily, and I have begun the second. It is delightful work, when I can get on with it without interruption, as is the case here. Besides this, I have done little except reading Newman's book about Romanism and Protestantism, and Bishop Sanderson's work on the Origin of Government, which Pusey refers to in the Preface to his Sermons. The latter work does not raise my opinion of its author; it contains divers startling assertions, admirably suited to the purposes of text quoters, which appear to advocate pure despotism; but then they are so qualified, that at last one finds nothing surprising in them, except the foolishness or the unfairness of putting them out at first in so paradoxical a form.* . . . . . I think, by what I hear, the cold in Oxford must have been more severe than with us. I have not seen our thermometer lower than 14, at which it stood at 9 A.M. last Saturday, in a northern aspect. But we have had no snow in the valleys till Sunday, and the water in the house has never frozen. . . . . The hills have been very hard to walk on, all the streams being hard frozen, and the water which generally is steeping all the surface of the slopes being now sheets of ice. But the waterfalls and the snowy mountain summits, backed by the clear blue sky, have been most beautiful.

CLXXI. TO THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN.

(On the affair of the Archbishop of Cologne.)

Fox How, January 27, 1838.

. . . . . When I consider the question I am more and more at a loss to guess how it can be satisfactorily solved. How can truth and error be brought into harmony? This marriage question is admirably fitted for showing the absurdity

* Of Mr. Newman's book he says, in another letter: "Parts of it I think very good"—[the allusion here was especially to Lecture xii., Scripture the record of our Lord's teaching]—"parts as bad as bad can be."

of the favourite distinction between spiritual things and secular. Every voluntary moral action is to a Christian both the one and the other. "Spiritual" and "ritual" differ utterly. Mere ritual observances may be separated from secular actions, but ritual observances are not a Christian's religion. A Christian's religion is co-extensive with his life, and how can he in the general tenor of his life obey two masters, the King and the Pope? how can he at once obey the rightful authorities of the Christian Church and the usurped authority of Priestcraft? I lament the very expressions in which the actual dispute is described. It is represented as a contest between the Church and the Government, or between the Church and the State; in which case I think that all Christians would be bound to obey the Church, and, if the State's commands are incompatible with such obedience, to submit to martyrdom. But in truth, *you* are the Church, and the Archbishop of Cologne represents the Church's worst enemy, the spirit of priesthood. It is Korah the Levite, falsely pretending to be a priest, and in that false pretension rebelling against Moses. But this mingled usurpation and rebellion,—this root of anarchy, fraud, and idolatry,—is the very main principle of all popery, whether Romish or Oxonian, whether of the Archbishop of Cologne, or of Pusey and Newman. How either you or we can preserve the Church from it, I do not see; but from the bottom of my heart do I "wish you good luck in the name of the Lord," in this most holy cause.

Connected with this is Rothe's book, which I have read with great interest. His first position,—that the State and not the Church (in the common and corrupt sense of the term), is the perfect form under which Christianity is to be developed —entirely agrees with my notions. But his second position— that the Church in the corrupt sense, that is, a priestly government, transmitted by a mysterious succession from one priest to another, is of apostolical origin—seems to me utterly groundless. It may be, that the Apostles, after the destruction of Jerusalem, if any of them survived it, made the government of the Church more monarchical, and less popular; and that they were very anxious to commit it to persons of their own choice, or chosen by those who had been so. But this does not touch the point. Different states of society require governments more or less despotic, and that the Church should be governed according to the principles of Christianity as set forth by the Apostles, is most certain. The mischief of the false Church

notion consists in its substitution of the idea of priesthood for that of government, and, as a consequence, deriving the notion of a mystical succession throughout all time, which does not and cannot preserve the spirit of the Apostles' principles, but paralyzes the free action of the Church, and introducing a principle incompatible with all sound notions of law and government, at one time crushes the Church with its tyranny, and at another distracts it with its anarchy. I am convinced that the whole mischief of the great Antichristian apostacy has for its root the tenet of "a priestly government transmitted by a mystical succession from the Apostles."

CLXXII. *TO A. H. CLOUGH, ESQ.

Fox How, January 29, 1838.

I hope to see you before another week is over; still as in my short visits to Oxford I see everybody in some hurry, I wished to send these few lines by Hill to thank you for a very kind letter which I received from you in November, and which you might perhaps think I had altogether forgotten. I was very much obliged to you for it, and pray believe that, whenever you can write to me, your letters will give me the greatest interest and pleasure. I delight in your enjoyment of Oxford, and in what you say of the union amongst our Rugby men there. But I cannot think that you are yet thoroughly acquainted with the country about Oxford, as you prefer the Rugby fields to it. Not to mention Bagley Wood, do you know the little valleys that debouche on the Valley of the Thames behind the Hinkseys; do you know Horspath, nestling under Shotover; or Elsfield, on its green slope, or all the variety of Cumnor Hill; or the wider skirmishing ground by Beckley, Stanton St. John's, and Foresthill, which we used to expatiate over on whole holidays?

As for the school, Tickell's success was most welcome and most beneficial; the railway and the multitude of coaches will I suppose bring with them their anxieties; but it is of no use to anticipate them beforehand. I trust with God's blessing we shall continue to go on doing some good, restraining some evil; but we shall ever do too little of the former, and leave too much of the latter in vigour, to allow of any feeling of self-satisfaction. But I have an unmixed pleasure in thinking of many of those

who have been and who are still with us: and this pleasure more than makes up for many cares. I was very glad to have Burbidge here, and delighted to see how he enjoyed the country. You may be sure that we shall be very glad to have you and him in our neighbourhood in the summer, if his castle is ever built. I have been at work steadily, and have begun the second volume of my History: the first will I suppose now go to press without any farther delays. We are all well, and unite in kindest regards to you.

CLXXIII. TO SIR T. S. PASLEY, BART.

Rugby, February 16, 1838.

You may perhaps have seen in the papers an account of our meeting at the London University; but at any rate I will keep my promise, and give you my own report of it. Every single member of the Senate except myself was convinced of the necessity, according to the Charter, of giving the Jews Degrees; all were therefore inclined to make an exemption in their favour as to the New Testament Examination, and thus to make that Examination not in all cases indispensable. Most were disposed to make it altogether voluntary, and that was the course which was at last adopted. The Examination is not to be now restricted to any one part of the New Testament, and it is to be followed by a certificate of a man's having simply passed it, and a class paper for those who are distinguished in it. I think that it will be passed so generally, as to mark very much those who do not pass it; and in this way it will do good. It also saves the University from the reproach of neglecting Christianity altogether. But it does not maintain the principle which I wished; and as on the one hand I think it neither fair nor of any use to go on agitating the question with every one against me, so, on the other, I have no satisfaction in belonging to a body whose views are so different from mine; and I should leave them at once, were I not anxious to see something of the working of our Scriptural Examination, and, if possible, to try to settle it on a good footing. After we left you at Bowness, we had no farther adventures. When we came to Lyth, the snow was all gone, and between Lancaster and Preston the roads were quite dirty. We slept at Yarrow Bridge, embarked on the railway the next day at Warrington, and got safe home by about ten o'clock. Our visit to Oxford was very delightful;

we saw great numbers of my old pupils, and met with a very kind reception from every one. Have you yet got Pusey's Sermon, or seen the review of it in the Edinburgh Review? That article was written, I am told, by Merivale, the Political Economy Professor; I have looked at it, and like its tone and ability, though I do not think that it takes the question on the highest ground. From Oxford we went to London, where my two days were passed, one at the University, and the other at Mr. Phillips's room, where I sat for my portrait. Then we went down to Laleham, from whence I paid a visit to Eton, a place which has always a peculiar interest for me. And now we are as regularly settled at our work as if we had never stirred from Rugby, and looking forward to the speedy opening of the Railway to Birmingham, to effect which, we have six hundred men working night and day, as hard as the frost will let them. I rejoice in the prospect of a peaceful settlement of the affair of the Caroline; it is not easy to make out the facts exactly, nor, if I knew the truth, am I quite sure as to the law. But one is glad to find the American Government disposed to act justly and in a friendly spirit: and the Buffalo and the Canadian Orangemen will not, if this be the case, be able to involve the two countries in war. Alas, for all our evergreens, if these biting east winds last much longer. Poor Murphy's* reputation must be pretty well at an end now.

CLXXIV. TO BISHOP STANLEY.

Rugby, February 17, 1838.

The result of the meeting of the London University, on the 7th, has placed me personally in a situation of great embarrassment; and I venture to apply to you, to learn whether you, on your own part, also feel the same difficulty. On the one hand, the Senate were so unanimous in their opinion, that the admission of unbelievers of all sorts to Degrees in Arts could not be resisted under the terms of the Charter, that I should not think it becoming to agitate the question again. And I think that the voluntary examination which we have gained is really a great point, and I am strongly tempted to assist, so far as I can, towards carrying it into effect. But, on the other hand, the University has solemnly avowed a principle to which I am totally opposed—namely, that education need not be connected with Christianity; and I do not see how I can join in con-

* The Weather Prophet.

ferring a degree on those who, in my judgment, cannot be entitled to it; or in pronouncing that to be a complete education, which I believe to be no more so than a man without his soul or spirit is a complete man. Besides, my continuing to belong to the University, may be ascribed to an unwillingness to offend the Government from interested motives; all compliances with the powers that be being apt to be ascribed to unworthy considerations. Yet, again, *you* will believe me, though Newman probably would not, when I say, that I feel exceedingly unwilling to retire on such grounds as mine, while three bishops of our church do not feel it inconsistent with their duty to remain in the University: it seems very like presumption on my part, and a coming forward without authority, when those who have authority, judge that there is no occasion for any protest. My defence must be, that the principle to which I so object, and which appears to me to be involved by a continuance in the University, may not appear to others to be at stake on the present occasion: that I am not professing, therefore, or pretending to be more zealous for Christianity than other members of the Senate, but that what appears to me to be dangerous, appears to them to be perfectly innocent; and that they naturally, therefore, think most of the good which the University will do, while I fear that all that good will be purchased by a greater evil, and cannot, therefore, take any part in the good, as I should wish to do, because, to my apprehension, it will be bought too dearly. On the whole, my leaning is towards resigning; and then I think that I ought to do it speedily, as my own act, and not one into which I may seem to have been shamed by the remonstrances or example of others—of King's College, for instance; if, as seems possible, they may renounce all connection with us after our late decision.

CLXXV. TO REV. J. E. TYLER.

February 17, 1838.

You will feel, I think, the exceedingly difficult situation in which I am placed. I am personally very anxious to resign; but the engine is so powerful, that I hardly dare to abandon all share in the guidance of it, while there is any chance of turning it to good. I feel also, that the decision of King's College would greatly assist in determining me how to act.

If they break off all connection with us, and thus leave us wholly in the condition of an University for men of one party only, I should be in haste to be gone: but if they stay on, and are willing to avail themselves of our religious Examination, I should like to stay on too, to make that Examination as good as I could. If you know what Hugh Rose's sentiments are on this point, will you have the goodness to write me a few lines about it? Your Consecration Sermon for the Bishop of Salisbury never reached me, or otherwise I hope that I should have had the grace to thank you for it long ere now. I used to think that we agreed well, but I heard that you had been shocked by my Church Reform Pamphlet; and many men with whom I once agreed have been scared in these latter days, and have, as I think, allowed their fears to drive them to the wrong quarter for relief. I could tell you readily enough with what parties I disagreed—namely, with all. My own τελειότατον τέλος ("end of ends") I shall never see fulfilled, and what is the least bad, δευτέρος πλοῦς, I hardly know. . . . . I heard of your bad illness, and was glad to find that you were recovered again. I, too, have felt lately that I am not so young as when we skirmished in the common room at Oriel, or speared on Shotover; but God gives me still so much health and strength, that I have no excuse for not serving him more actively.

CLXXVI. TO A. P. STANLEY.

Rugby, February 28, 1838.

. . . . . Some passages of your letter have, I confess, alarmed me, as seeming to show that you do not enough allow for the effect of the local influences around you; that questions assume an unreal importance in your eyes, because of their accidental magnitude within the immediate range of your own view; that you are disposed to dispute great truths, because in the society into which you happen to be thrown, it has become the fashion to assail them. Now, I remember that in Henry Martyn's Journal, written when he was in Persia, there is a passage to this effect: "I reviewed the evidence in proof of the falsehood of Mahommedanism, and found it clear and convincing." It was natural that to him living in Persia, Mahommedanism should have acquired an importance of which we in Europe can form no idea; it was natural that he should

endeavour to satisfy himself of the falsehood of that which we in England may dismiss from our minds with little hesitation. But I think it would have startled us, had we found him attaching so much weight to the goodness and the ability of the Persian Imaums around him, as to conceive it possible that they might be right, and that he might find himself obliged to abandon his faith in Christ, and adopt Islam. Now, you will forgive me for saying that a passage in your letter did startle me nearly as much, when—impressed as it seems by the local and present authority of Newmanism—you imagined the possibility that you might be forced to look elsewhere than in the New Testament for the full picture of Christianity; that you might, on the supposed result of reading through certain books, written in the second and third centuries, be inclined to adopt the views of St. Paul's Judaizing opponents, and reject his own. I think that you state the question fairly—that it does in fact involve a choice between the Gospel of Christ, as declared by himself and by his Apostles, and that deadly apostasy which St. Paul in his lifetime saw threatening,—nay, the effects of which, during his captivity, had well-nigh supplanted his own Gospel in the Asiatic Churches, and which, he declares, would come speedily with a fearful power of lying wonders. The Newmanites would not, I think, yet dare to admit that their religion was different from that of the New Testament; but I am perfectly satisfied that it is so, and that what they call Ecclesiastical Tradition, contains things wholly inconsistent with the doctrines of our Lord, of St. Paul, of St. Peter, and of St. John. And it is because I see these on the one side, and on the other not the writings merely of fallible men, but of men who, even in human matters, are most unfit to be an authority, from their being merely the echo of the opinions of their time, instead of soaring far above them into the regions of eternal truth (the unvarying mark of all those great men who are and have been—not infallible indeed—but truly *an authority*, claiming à priori our deference, and making it incumbent on us to examine well before we pronounce in the peculiar line of their own greatness against them)—because the question is truly between Paul and Cyprian; and because all that is in any way good in Cyprian, which is much, is that which he gained from Paul and from Christianity,—that I should not feel myself called upon, except from local or temporary circumstances, to enter into the inquiry. And, if I did enter into it, I should do it in Martyn's spirit, to satisfy

myself, by a renewed inquiry, that I had unshaken grounds for rejecting the apostasy, and for cleaving to Christ and to His Apostles; not as if by possibility I could change my Master, and having known Christ and the perfections of His Gospel, could ever, whilst life and reason remained, go from Him, to bow down before an unsightly idol.

And what is there à priori to tempt me to think that this idol should be a God? This, merely,—that in a time of much excitement, when popular opinions in their most vulgar form were very noisy, and seemed to some very alarming, there should have arisen a strong reaction, in which the common elements of Toryism and High Church feeling, at all times rife in Oxford, should have been moulded into a novel form by the peculiar spirit of the place,—that sort of religious aristocratical chivalry so common to young men, to students and to members of the aristocracy,—and still more, by the revival of the spirit of the Nonjurors in two or three zealous and able men, who have given a systematic character to the whole. The very same causes produced the same result after the Reformation, in the growth and spread of Jesuitism. No man can doubt the piety of Loyola and many of his followers; yet, what Christian, in England at least, can doubt that, as Jesuitism, it was not of God; that it was grounded on falsehood, and strove to propagate falsehood? So, again, the Puritans led to the Nonjurors; zealous, many of them, and pious, but narrow-minded in the last degree, fierce and slanderous; and, even when they were opposing that which was very wrong, meeting it with something as wrong or worse. Ken, and Hickes, and Dodwell, and Leslie, are now historical characters; we can see their party in its beginning, middle, and end, and it bears on it all the marks of a heresy and of a faction, whose success would have obstructed good, and preserved or restored evil. Whenever you see the present party acting as a party, they are just like the Nonjurors,—busy, turbulent and narrow-minded; with no great or good objects, but something that is at best fantastic, and generally mischievous. That many of these men, as of the Nonjurors and of the Jesuits, are far better than their cause and principles I readily allow; but their cause is ever one and the same—a violent striving for forms and positive institutions, which, ever since Christ's Gospel has been preached, has been always wrong,—wrong, as the predominant mark of a party; because there has always been a greater good which needed to be upheld, and a greater evil which needed to be

combated, even when what they upheld was good, and what they combated was bad. And if this same spirit infected the early Church also, as from the circumstances of the times and the position of the Church it was exceedingly likely to do,—if it infected all the eminent ecclesiastical leaders whose power and influence it was so eminently fitted to promote,—if they by their credit (in many respects most deserved) persuaded the Church to adopt it,—shall we dignify their error by the specious name of the "Consent of Antiquity," and call it an "Apostolical Tradition," and think that it should guide us in the interpretation of Scripture; when we see distinctly in the Scripture itself that this very same spirit was uniformly opposed to our Lord and His Apostles, and when it is one of the commonest sophisms which History exposes, that the principle of error which a great truth had dislodged, should disguise itself in the outward form, and borrow the nomenclature of the system which had defeated it; and then assert that its nature is changed, and that the truth no longer condemns it, but approves it? "If we had lived in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers in the blood of the Prophets." "Paul rightly condemned trusting to circumcision, but baptism is quite another thing." Whereas all the Newmanite language about baptism might be, and probably was, used by the Jews and Judaizers about circumcision; the error in both is the same, *i.e.* the teaching that an outward bodily act can have a tendency to remove moral evil; or rather, the teaching that God is pleased to act upon the spirit through the body, in a way agreeable to none of the known laws of our constitution; a doctrine which our Lord's language about meats not defiling a man, "because they do not go into the heart, but into the belly," puts down in every possible form under which it may attempt to veil itself.

CLXXVII. *TO C. J. VAUGHAN, ESQ.

Rugby, March 4, 1838.

You have my most hearty congratulations on your success in the Examination, which I believe few will more rejoice at than I do. I cannot regret you being bracketed with another man [Lord Lyttleton]; for, judging by my own feelings about you, his friends would have been much grieved if he had been below you; and when two men do so well, there ought, according to my

notions, to be neither a better nor a worse of them. Thank you much for your kindness in sending the Class paper, and for your Declamation, which I like very much. How glad shall I be to see you when your Medal Examination is over, and when, the preparation for life being ended, you will begin to think of life its actual self. May it be to us both, my dear Vaughan, that true life which begins and has no end in God. My wife and the children fully share in our joy on your account, and join in kindest remembrances.

CLXXVIII. TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

(Chancellor of the University of London.)

Rugby, March 17, 1838.

I fear that I may be too late in offering the following suggestions, but I had not observed the progress of the Committees, till I found by the reports, which I received this morning, that a resolution had been passed, but not yet, I believe, confirmed, to adopt the recommendation of the Vice-Chancellor, that the examinations should be conducted entirely through the medium of printed papers. I think that this is a point on which the experience of Oxford, entirely confirmed in my judgment by my own experience here, is well deserving of consideration,—because we habitually use and know the value of printed papers, and we know also the advantages to be derived from a vivâ voce examination, of which Cambridge has made no trial. I think that these advantages are much too great to be relinquished by us altogether.

1st. The exercise of extempore translation is the only thing in our system of education which enables a young man to express himself fluently and in good language without premeditation. Wherever it is attended to, it is an exercise of exceeding value; it is, in fact, one of the best possible modes of instruction in English composition, because the constant comparison with the different idioms of the languages, from which you are translating, shows you in the most lively manner the peculiar excellences and defects of our own; and if men are tried by written papers only, one great and most valuable talent, that of readiness, and the very useful habit of retaining presence of mind, so as to be able to avail oneself without

nervousness of all one's knowledge, and to express it at once by word of mouth, are never tried at all.

2nd. Nothing can equal a vivâ voce examination for trying a candidate's knowledge in the contents of a long history or of a philosophical treatise. I have known men examined for two hours together vivâ voce in Aristotle, and they have been thus tried more completely than could be done by printed papers; for a man's answers suggest continually further questions; you can at once probe his weak points; and, where you find him strong, you can give him an opportunity of doing himself justice, by bringing him out especially on those very points.

3rd. Time is saved, and thereby weariness and exhaustion of mind to both parties. A man can speak faster than he can write, and he is relieved by the variety of the exercise.

4th. The éclat of vivâ voce examination is not to be despised. When a clever man goes into the schools at Oxford, the room is filled with hearers of all ranks in the University. His powers are not merely taken on trust from the report of the examiners; they are witnessed by the University at large, and their peculiar character is seen and appreciated also. I have known the eloquence of a man's translations from the poets and orators and historians, and the clearness and neatness of his answers in his philosophical examination, long and generally remembered, with a distinctiveness of impression very different from that produced by the mere knowledge that he is in the first class. And in London, the advantages of such a public vivâ voce examination would be greater of course than anywhere else, because the audience might be larger and more mixed.

5th. Presence of mind is a quality which deserves to be encouraged—nervousness is a defect which men feel painfully in many instances through life. Education should surely attach some reward to a valuable quality which may be acquired in great measure by early practice, and should impose some penalty or some loss on the want of it. Now, if you have printed papers, you effectually save a man from suffering too much from his nervousness; but if you have printed papers *only*, you do not, I think, encourage as you should do the excellence of presence of mind, and the power of making our knowledge available on the instant.

6th. It is an error to suppose that no exact judgment of a man can be formed from a vivâ voce examination. Like all other things, such an examination requires some attention and

some practice on the part of those who conduct it; but all who have had much experience in it are well aware that, combined with an examination on paper, it is entirely satisfactory. In fact, either system, of papers, or of vivâ voce examination, if practised exclusively, does not half try the men. Each calls forth faculties which the other does not reach equally.

As it is not in my power to be present at the next meetings of the University, I have ventured to say thus much by letter. I trust that I shall not be thought presumptuous in having done so.

CLXXIX. *TO W. A. GREENHILL, ESQ.

Rugby, May 15, 1838.

I have been lately writing and preaching two sermons on the subject of prophecy, embodying some views which you may perhaps have heard from me six years since, for they have been long in my mind, although I never put them out fully in writing. I have some thoughts of publishing them now, in Oxford, with something of a Preface, developing the notions more fully. But, ere I do this, as I have never found anything satisfactory on the subject, I wish to learn from one who admires and knows pretty thoroughly, the writings both of the early Christian writers and of those of the Church of England, what he would recommend, as containing a good view of the nature and interpretation of prophecy. This I know you can learn from Pusey, and I should be much obliged to you to ask him; nor should I object to your saying that you are asking for me: only you need not say anything of my intended publication, which indeed is a very hypothetical intention after all. I wish sincerely to read what Pusey, and those who think with him, consider as good on any subject; on this particular one I do not know that their views would differ from mine. My small respect for those writers whom Pusey admires has been purely the result of experience; whenever I have read them, I have found them wanting. I should be very honestly glad to find some one amongst them who would give me the knowledge which I want.

We are all tolerably well, but the weather is almost painful to me;—it seems to inflict such suffering on all nature.

CLXXX. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Rugby, May 18, 1838.

The first volume of Rome will be out on Wednesday, and you will receive your copy, I hope, immediately. I ask for your congratulations on the termination of this part of my labours, whatever may be the merits or success of the book. One object of publishing it in separate volumes is, that the sensible criticisms on the first may be of use to its successors. I hope that I shall have some such, and I shall receive them very thankfully. I want hints as to points which require examination, for I may pass over things through pure ignorance, because I may know nothing about them; but as to the great point—the richness and power of the narrative—to that no criticism can help me; my own standard, I believe, is as high as any man's can be, and my inability to come up to it or near it in my execution constantly annoys me. Yet I hope and think that you will on the whole like the book; you will not sympathize with all the sentiments about Aristocracy, but I think if you ever see the subsequent volumes, you will find that I have not spared the faults of Democracy. Still I confess that Aristocracy as a predominant element in a government, whether it be aristocracy of skin, of race, of wealth, of nobility, or of priesthood, has been to my mind the greatest source of evil throughout the world, because it has been the most universal and the most enduring. Democracy and tyranny, if in themselves worse, have been, and I think ever will be, less prevalent, at least in Europe; they may be the Cholera, but aristocracy is Consumption; and you know that in our climate Consumption is a far worse scourge in the long run than Cholera. The great defect of the volume will be the want of individual characters, which was unavoidable, but yet must lower the interest and the value of the history. The generalities on which I have been obliged to dwell, from the total want of materials for painting portraits, are a sad contrast to those inimitable living pictures with which Carlyle's History of the French Revolution abounds.

[After speaking of the London University.] What the end will be I can scarcely tell, but I have no pleasure in remaining in the University, and yet I do not like to leave it till the very last moment. It makes me feel very lovingly to Rugby, where I seem to have, in principle at least, what I most like—that is,

a place neither like the University of London, nor yet like Oxford, ... where we are not ashamed of Christianity or of the Church of England, while we have no sympathy with those opinions and feelings which possess the majority of the clergy, from Archbishop Howley downwards.

CLXXXI. TO BISHOP STANLEY.

Rugby, June 7, 1838.

I am much obliged to you for the information contained in your letter. . . . .

I cannot disguise from myself that the University of London, in its public capacity, cannot be considered as a Christian institution, although it may happen that all its branches individually may be Christians; and therefore I must withdraw from it. Living at such a distance as I do, I can be of no practical use; and, if I could, I feel that the practical good to the extent which alone would be possible would be dearly bought by my acquiescence in a principle which I so strongly disapprove.

To see my hopes for this new University thus frustrated, is one of the greatest disappointments I have ever met with. But I cannot be reconciled to such a total absence of all confession of the Lord Jesus, and such a total neglect of the command to do all things in His name, as seems to me to be hopelessly involved in the constitution of our University.

As to the manner of my resignation, I would fain do it in the quietest manner possible, consistent with the simple declaration of the reasons which led me to it. I suppose that the proper way would be to write a short letter to the Chancellor.

CLXXXII. TO A. P. STANLEY — ON DIFFICULTIES IN SUBSCRIPTION.

Fox How, June 22, 1838.

. . . . . My own answer must be clear to you from my own practice. I do not believe the damnatory clauses in the Athanasian Creed, under any qualification given of them,

except such as substitute for them propositions of a wholly different character. Those clauses proceed on a false notion, which I have* elsewhere noticed, that the importance of all opinions touching God's nature is to be measured by his greatness; and that therefore erroneous notions about the Trinity are worse than erroneous notions about Church government, or pious frauds, or any other disputed point on which there is a right and a wrong, a true and a false, and on which the wrong and the false *may* indeed be highly sinful; but it does not follow that they *must* be; and their sinfulness does not depend upon their wrongness and falsehood, but on other circumstances in the particular mind of the person holding them. But I read the Athanasian Creed, and have and would again subscribe the Article about it, because I do not conceive the clauses in question to be essential parts of it, or that they were retained deliberately by our Reformers after the propriety of retaining or expunging them had been distinctly submitted to their minds. They retained the Creed, I doubt not, deliberately; to show that they wished to keep the faith of the general Church in matters relating to the Arian, Macedonian, Nestorian, Eutychian, and Socinian controversies; and as they did not scruple to burn Arians, so neither would they be likely to be shocked by the damnatory clauses against them; but I do not imagine that the Article about the Creed was intended in the least to refer to the clauses, as if they supposed that a man might embrace the rest of the Creed, and yet reject them. Nor do I think that the Reformers, or the best and wisest men of the Church since, would have objected to any man's subscription, if they had conceived such a case; but would have said: "What we mean you to embrace is the belief of the general Church, as expressed in the Three Creeds, with regard to the points—many of them having been much disputed—on which those Creeds pronounce; the degree of blamableness in those who do not embrace this belief is another matter, on which we do not intend to speak particularly in this Article." I do not think that there is anything evasive or unfair in this. I do not think that it even requires in its defence—what is yet most true—that Church subscriptions *must* be taken in their widest rather than in their strictest sense, except on points where they were especially intended to be stringent, and to express the opposite of some suspected opinion. Yet, when

* Postscript to Principles of Church Reform, p. 9. For the limitation to this statement, see, amongst other passages, Sermons, vol. iii. p. 92.

you speak of others throwing your subscription in your teeth, you may surely say that it does indeed require the utmost laxity of interpretation to reconcile Newmanism with a subscription to our Articles, because there, on points especially disputed, such as the Authority of Tradition, and the King's Supremacy, the Church of England and the Newmanites are directly at variance. As far as Keble or Newman are concerned, the most decided Socinian might subscribe the Articles as consistently as they do. But this of course is not the point, and my opinion as to the damnatory clauses, as it is much older than the rise of Newmanism, so it stands on grounds far different from a mere argumentum ad hominem, and is, I think, perfectly right, considered simply on the merits of the case.

. . . . . When the faults of the London University revive all my tenderness for Oxford, then the faults of Oxford repel me again, and make it impossible to sympathise with a spirit so uncongenial. Wherefore I wish the wish of Achilles, when he looked out upon the battle of the ships, and desired that the Greeks and Trojans might destroy one another, and leave the field open for better men.

We had a very prosperous journey, and arrived here yesterday evening about nine o'clock. The place is most beautiful; but the rain is falling thick.

CLXXXIII. TO T. F. ELLIS, ESQ.

Rugby, August 29, 1838.

Independently of the real pleasure which it would give me to be of any service to a friend of yours, I have that admiration of Mr. Macaulay's writings, and have derived so much pleasure from them, that it would be but a matter of simple gratitude to do anything in my power towards facilitating his observations during his stay at Rome. I was there myself so very short a time, that I was able only to look at the mere outline of things; and it was my object to go to as many of the higher points as I could, in and about Rome, that by getting the landscape from a number of different points I might better understand the bearings of its several parts towards one another. For instance, I went to the top of the dome of St. Peter's; to that of the tower of the Capitol; to the Monte Mario; the terrace of the Church of St. Pietro in Montorio

(on the old Janiculum), that of the Convent of St. Gregorio, I think it is, on the Cœlian (from which you look upon the reverse of the Esquiline, just at the place where the street of the Carinæ ran along), to the old mound of Ser. Tullius; to the summits of the Aventine and Palatine, &c.; by which I always fancy that I have retained a more distinct, and also a more lively and picturesque image of Rome than I could otherwise have gained within the same space of time; and if I were to go again, I think I should do the same thing. Out of Rome I should recommend, as near objects, Tivoli, of course, and the Alban Hills, and especially Palestrina (Præneste). If I could get there again, I should wish especially to take the upper road from Rome to Naples, by Palestrina, Anagni, Frosinone, and the valley of the Garigliano. This is every way a most interesting line, and it might easily include Arpino. I am not sure where you would best come out upon the plain of Naples. I should try to get by S. Germano and Monte Cassino, in the great road from Naples, across to the Adriatic; and so to descend by the valley of the Voltorno, either upon Capua, or straight by Carazzo and Caserta.

Much must depend on the state of the banditti, which is always known on the spot. If they are well put down, as I believe they are, the upland valleys in the central Apennines are most attractive. I had a plan once of turning off from the great road at Terni, then ascending the valley of the Velino to Rieti, and making my way through what they call the Cicolano —the country of the Aborigines of Cato—down upon Alba and the Lake Fucinus; from thence you can go either to Rome or Naples, as you like. The neighbourhood of Alba is doubly interesting, as it is close by the field of Scurzola, the scene of Conradin's defeat by Charles of Anjou. In Etruria I would make any efforts to get to Voltera, which is accessible enough, either from Leghorn or from Sienna. If Mr. Macaulay is going into the kingdom of Naples, he will find Keppel Craven's recent book, Travels in the Abruzzi, &c., exceedingly useful— as a regular guide, I have not met with a better book. Does he know Westphal's book on the Campagna?—lengthy, but full of details, which are carefully done.

CLXXXIV. TO THE REV. DR. HAWKINS.

(Two letters, as being closely connected with each other, are here joined.)

(A.) Fox How, August 5, 1838.

. . . . . Just before the holidays, I had a letter from Cardwell, in which he mentioned that there was some scheme for enlarging the sphere of the Degree Examination. I should rejoice at this, but I more desire your old plan of an Examination at entrance, which would be so great a benefit at once to you and to us. With regard to the Examinations, I hear a general complaint of the variableness of the standard; that new Examiners lay the main stress on the most different things; with some Scholarship is everything, with others History, with others the Aristotle, &c. Now it is a very good thing that all these should have their turn, and should all be insisted upon; but I think that some notice should be given beforehand, and that a new Examiner should state, like the Prætors at Rome, what points he intended particularly to require: for at present, the men say that they are often led to attend to one thing, from the experience of the last Examination, and then a new Examiner attaches the greatest importance to something else.

(B.)

. . . . . I hear that you are thinking of extending the range of your Examinations at Oxford, at which I wish you all manner of success. I do not think that you need in the least to raise the standard of your classes, but a pass little go, or even great go, is surely a ridiculous thing, as all that the University expects of a man after some twelve or fourteen years of schooling and lecturing. I think, too, that physical science can nowhere be so well studied as at Oxford, because the whole spirit of the place is against its undue ascendency; for instance, Anatomy, which in London is dangerously, as I think, made one of the qualifications for a degree, might be, I imagine, profitably required at Oxford, where you need not dread the low morals and manners of so many of the common medical students. . . . .

I have read Froude's volume,* and I think that its predo-

* *I.e.* the first volume of the first part of R. H. Froude's Remains. The other three volumes he had not read.

minant character is extraordinary impudence. I never saw a more remarkable instance of that quality than the way in which he, a young man, and a clergyman of the Church of England, reviles all those persons whom the accordant voice of that Church, without distinction of party, has agreed to honour, even perhaps with an excess of admiration.

CLXXXV. † TO THE REV. W. K. HAMILTON.

Rugby, October 5, 1838.

Will you thank Wordsworth for his specimen of his Grammar when you write to him? I am glad that he writes it in Latin, being fully convinced that an English Grammar will never be remembered with equal tenacity.

You are indeed too much of a stranger to us, and it would delight us to see you here again, or still more to see you in Westmoreland. But I know the claims of your parish upon your time; as well as those of your relations. Only, whenever you can come to us, let me beg that you will not let slip the opportunity. . . . .

. . . . . There seems to me to be a sort of atmosphere of unrest and paradox hanging around many of our ablest young men of the present day, which makes me very uneasy. I do not speak of religious doubts, but rather of questions as to great points in moral and intellectual matters; where things which have been settled for centuries seem to be again brought into discussion. This restless love of paradox is, I believe, one of the main causes of the growth of Newmanism; first, directly, as it leads men to dispute and oppose all the points which have been agreed upon in their own country for the last two hundred years; and to pick holes in existing reputations; and then, when a man gets startled at the excess of his scepticism, and finds that he is cutting away all the ground under his feet, he takes a desperate leap into a blind fanaticism. I cannot find what I most crave to see, and what still seems to me no impossible dream, inquiry and belief going together, and the adherence to truth growing with increased affection, as follies are more and more cast away.

But I have seen lately such a specimen of this and of all other things, that are good and wise and holy, as I suppose can scarcely be matched again in this world. Bunsen has been

with us for six days with his wife and Henry. It was delightful to find that my impression of his extraordinary excellence had not deceived me; that the reality even surpassed my recollection of what he was eleven years ago.

CLXXXVI. TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

(Chancellor of the University of London.)

Rugby, November 7, 1838.

It is with the greatest regret that, after the fullest and fairest deliberation which I have been able to give to the subject, I feel myself obliged to resign my Fellowship in the University of London.

The Constitution of the University seems now to be fixed, and it has either begun to work, or will soon do so. After the full discussion given to the question, on which I had the misfortune to differ from the majority of the Senate, I felt that it would be unbecoming to agitate the matter again, and it only remained for me to consider whether the institution of a voluntary Examination in Theology would satisfy, either practically or in theory, those principles which appeared to me to be indispensable.

I did not wish to decide this point hastily, but after the fullest consideration and inquiry I am led to the conclusion that the voluntary Examination will not be satisfactory. Practically I fear it will not, because the members of King's College will not be encouraged by their own authorities, so far as I can learn, to subject themselves to it; and the members of University College may be supposed, according to the principles of their own society, to be averse to it altogether. But, even if it were to answer practically better than I fear it will do, still it does not satisfy the great principle that Christianity should be the base of all public education in this country. Whereas with us it would be no essential part of one system, but merely a branch of knowledge which any man might pursue if he liked, but which he might also, if he liked, wholly neglect, without forfeiting his claim, according to our estimate, to the title of a completely educated man.

And further, as it appeared, I think, to the majority of the Senate, that the terms of our Charter positively forbade that which in my judgment is indispensable; and as there is a pain-

fulness in even appearing to dispute the very law under which our University exists; there seems to me an additional reason why, disapproving as I do very strongly of that which is held to be the main principle of our Charter, I should withdraw myself from the University altogether.

I trust that I need not assure your Lordship or the Senate, that I am resigning my Fellowship from no factious or disappointed feeling, or from any personal motives whatever. Most sincerely shall I rejoice if the University does in practice promote the great interests to which the principle appears to me to be injurious. Most glad shall I be if those whose affection to those interests is, I well know, quite as sincere and lively as mine, shall be found to have judged of their danger more truly as well as more favourably.

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE, NOVEMBER 1838 TO SEPTEMBER 1841.

It is impossible to mistake the change which once more passed over his state of mind during these last years of his life—the return, though in a more chastened form, of the youthful energy and serenity of the earlier part of his career at Rugby—the Martinmas summer succeeding to the dreary storms with which he had been so long encompassed; and recalling the more genial season which had preceded them, yet mellowed and refined by the experience of the intervening period.

His whole constitution seemed to have received a new spring: "The interest of life," to use his own description of middle age,* "which had begun to fade for himself, revived with vigour in behalf of his children." The education of his own sons in the school,—his firmer hold of the reins of government,—his greater familiarity with the whole machinery of the place,—the increasing circle of pupils at the Universities, who looked upon him as their second father;—even the additional bodily health which he gained by resuming in 1838 his summer tours on the Continent,—removed that sense of weariness

* Sermons, vol. iv. pp. 80, 81.

by which he had been at times oppressed amidst his heavy occupations, and bound him to his work at Rugby with a closer tie than ever.

But it was not only in his ordinary work that a new influence seemed to act upon him in the determination which he formed to dwell on those positive truths on which he agreed with others, rather than to be always acting on the defensive or offensive.

To this various causes had contributed,—the weariness of the contest of the last four years,—the isolation in which he found himself placed after his failure in the London University,—the personal intercourse, now, after an interval of eleven years, renewed with his friend the Chevalier Bunsen,—the recoil, which he felt from the sceptical tone of mind which struck him as being at once the cause and effect of the new school of Oxford Theology. It was in this spirit that he struck out all the political allusions of his notes on Thucydides, which were now passing through a second edition, "not," he said, "as abhorring the evils against which they were directed, less now than I did formerly, but because we have been all of us taught by the lessons of the last nine years, that, in political matters more especially, moderation and comprehensiveness of views are the greatest wisdom."* So, again, in the hope of giving a safer and more sober direction to the excitement then prevailing in the country on the subject of National Education, he published a Lecture delivered in 1838 before the Mechanics' Institute at Rugby, on the Divisions of Knowledge; "feeling that while it was desirable on the one hand to encourage Mechanics' Institutes on account of the good which they can do, it was no less important

* The whole passage in which this occurs (noticing a severe attack upon him, introduced into an article in the Quarterly Review by "a writer for whom he entertained a very sincere respect," Philip Pusey, M.P.,) well illustrates his feeling at this time. (Note on Thucyd. ii. 43, 2nd ed.)

to call attention to their necessary imperfections, and to notice that great good which they cannot do." His Two Sermons on Prophecy, with Notes, which were published in the same year, and which form the most complete and systematic of any of his fragments on Exegetical Theology, he regarded as a kind of peace-offering, "in which it was his earnest desire to avoid as much as possible all such questions as might engender strife,—that is to say, such as are connected with the peculiar opinions of any of the various parties existing within the Church." And it must have been a pleasure to him to witness the gradual softening of public feeling towards himself, not the least perhaps in that peaceful visit of one day to Oxford, to see his friends the Chevalier Bunsen and the aged poet Wordsworth receive their degrees at the Commemoration of 1839, when he also had the opportunity of renewing friendly connections, which the late unhappy divisions had interrupted.

His wish for a closer sympathy and union of efforts amongst all good men was further increased, when, in 1839–40, his attention was again called to the social evils of the country, as betraying themselves in the disturbances of Chartism, and the alarm which had possessed him in 1831–32 returned, though in a more chastened form, never to leave him. "It haunts me," he said, "I may almost say night and day. It fills me with astonishment to see antislavery and missionary societies so busy with the ends of the earth, and yet all the worst evils of slavery and of heathenism are existing among ourselves. But no man seems so gifted, or to speak more properly, so endowed by God with the spirit of wisdom, as to read this fearful riddle truly; which most Sphinx-like, if not read truly, will most surely be the destruction of us all." To awaken the higher orders to the full extent of the evil, was accordingly his chief practical aim,

whether in the Letters which he addressed to the Hertford *Reformer*, or in his attempts to organize a society for that purpose, as described in the ensuing correspondence. "My fear with regard to every remedy that involves any sacrifices to the upper classes, is, that the public mind is not yet enough aware of the magnitude of the evil to submit to them. 'Knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed?' was the question put to Pharaoh by his counsellors; for unless he did know it, they were aware that he would not let Israel go from serving him."

Most of all were these feelings exemplified in his desire, now more strong than ever, for the revival of what he believed to be the true idea of the Church. "I am continually vexed," he writes in 1840, "at being supposed to be a maintainer of negatives—an enemy to other systems or theories, with no positive end of my own. I have told you how it wearies me to be merely opposing Newmanism, or this thing or that thing; we want an actual truth, and an actual good. I wish to deliver myself, if I can, of my positive notions,—to state that for which I long so eagerly; that glorious Church which Antichrists of all sorts hate, and are destroying. If any one would join me in this, I should rejoice; many more, I feel sure, would agree with me, if they saw that the truth was not destructive nor negative, but most constructive, most positive." His desire for removing any particular grievances in the ecclesiastical system was proportionably diminished. The evil to be abated, the good to be accomplished, appeared to him beyond the reach of any single measure; and though in 1840 he signed a Petition for alteration in the subscription to the Liturgy and Articles, yet it had so little bearing on his general views as not to be worth mention here, except for the purpose of explaining any misapprehension of his

doing so. It was planned and drawn up entirely without his participation, and was only brought to his notice by the accident of two of the principal movers being personal friends of his own. Whatever scruples* he had once had on the subject, had been long since set at rest; and it was merely from his unwillingness to let others bear alone what he conceived to be an unjust odium, that he joined in a measure, from which he would at this period have been naturally repelled, both by his desire to allay those suspicions against him which he was now so anxious to remove, and by his conviction that the objects which he most wished to attain lay entirely in another direction.

But in proportion to the strength of his belief that these objects, whether social or religious, lay beyond the reach of any single measure, or of any individual efforts, was the deep melancholy which possessed him, when he

* This seems the fittest place for noticing a previous passage in his life, connected with the subject of subscription. The graver difficulties, which Mr. Justice Coleridge has noticed as attending his first ordination, never returned after the year 1820, when he seems to have arrived at a complete conviction both of his conscience and understanding, that there was no real ground for entertaining them. The morbid state of mind into which he was thrown, from various causes, at his entrance on life, makes it difficult to ascertain the exact nature of these doubts, or the exact view which he took of them himself: but the recollection of those friends who best remember him at the time just specified, warrants the conclusion that, whatever they were, he was ultimately freed from them by the joint effect of a healthier frame of mind, when he had entered on practical life, and of the conviction that the view which he eventually adopted was less encumbered with difficulties than any other. It was on wholly distinct grounds that, during the inquiries which he prosecuted at Laleham, there arose in his mind scruples on one or two minor questions, which appeared to him for a long time to present insuperable obstacles to his taking any office which should involve a second subscription to the Articles. "I attach," he said, "no importance to my own difference, except that, however trifling be the point, and however gladly I would waive it altogether, still, when I am required to acquiesce in what I think a wrong opinion upon it, I must decline compliance." On these grounds he long hesitated to take priest's orders, at least unless he had the opportunity of explaining his objections to the bishop who ordained him: and it was in fact on this condition that, after his appointment to Rugby, while still in deacon's orders, he consented to be ordained by the bishop of his diocese, at that time Dr. Howley; as appears from the following extracts from letters, of which the first states his intention with regard to another situation in 1826, which he fulfilled in 1828, in the interval between his election at Rugby, and his entrance

felt the manifold obstacles to their accomplishment. His favourite expression ἐχθίστη ὀδύνη πολλὰ φρονέοντα μηδενὸς κρατέειν,—"the bitterest of all griefs, to see clearly and yet be able to do nothing," might stand as the motto of his whole mind, as often before in his life, so most emphatically now. The Sermon on Christ's Three Comings, in the fifth volume, preached in 1839, truly expresses his sense of the state of public affairs;—and in looking at the general aspect of the religious world, "When I think of the Church," he wrote in 1839, "I could sit down and pine and die." And it is remarkable to observe the contrast between the joyous tone of his sermons on Easter Day, as the birthday of Christ's Religion, and the tone of subdued and earnest regret which marks those on Whit Sunday, as the birthday of the Christian Church:—"Easter Day we keep as the birthday of a living friend; Whit Sunday we keep as the birthday of a dead friend."

upon his office. 1. "As my objections turn on points which all, I believe, would consider immaterial in themselves, I would consent to be ordained, if any bishop would ordain me on an explicit statement of my disagreement on those points. If he would not, then my course would be plain; and there would be an end of all thought of it at once." 2. "I shall, I believe, be ordained priest on Trinity Sunday, being ordained by the Bishop of London. I wish to do this, because I wished to administer the sacrament in the chapel at Rugby, and because, as I shall have in a manner the oversight of the chaplain, I thought it would be scarce seemly for me as a deacon, to interfere with a priest; and after a long conversation with the Bishop of London, I do not object to be ordained."

This was the last time that he was troubled with any similar perplexities; and in later years, as appears from more than one letter of this period, he thought that he had, in his earlier life, overrated the difficulties of subscription. The particular subject of his scruples arose from his doubt, founded chiefly on internal evidence, whether the Epistle to the Hebrews did not belong to a period subsequent to the apostolical age. It may be worth while to mention, that this doubt was eventually removed by an increased study of the Scriptures, and of the early Christian writers. In the ten last years of his life he never hesitated to use and apply it as one of the most valuable parts of the New Testament: and his latest opinion was inclining to be the belief that it might have been written, not merely under the guidance of St. Paul, but by the apostle himself. The only other difficulty, at this time, to which, however, he attached less importance, and which did not practically affect him in his situation as Head-master, was the indiscriminate use of the Baptismal and Burial Services. On this point, also, his later opinion is expressed in Serm. iv. 276.

Of these general views, the fourth volume of Sermons, entitled, Christian Life, its Course, its Helps, and its Hindrances, published in May, 1841, is the most complete expression. It is true, indeed, that in parts of it the calmer tone of the last few years is disturbed by a revival of the more polemical spirit, which, in the close of 1840, and the beginning of 1841, was again roused against the Oxford school of Theology. That school had in the interval made a rapid progress, and in some important points totally changed its original aspect: many of those who had first welcomed it with joy, were now receding from it in dismay; many of those who had at first looked upon it with contempt and repugnance, were now become its most active adherents. But he was not a man whose first impressions were easily worn off: and his feelings against it, though expressed in a somewhat different form, were not materially altered; he found new grounds of offence in the place of old ones that were passing away; and the Introduction to this volume,—written at a time when his indignation had been recently roused by what appeared to him the sophistry of the celebrated Tract 90, and when the public excitement on this question had reached its highest pitch,—contains his final and deliberate protest against what he regarded as the fundamental errors of the system.

Yet even in this, he brought out more strongly than ever the positive grounds on which he felt himself called upon to oppose it. "It is because my whole mind and soul repose with intense satisfaction on the truths taught by St. John and St. Paul, that I abhor the Judaism of the Newmanites,—it is because I so earnestly desire the revival of the Church that I abhor the doctrine of the priesthood." And this volume, as a whole, when taken with the one which has been already noticed as pre-

ceding it a few years before, may be said to give his full view of Christianity in its action (not on individuals, as in the first volume, or on schools, as in the second, but) on the world at large. But whereas the Sermons selected from the ordinary course of his preaching, in the Third volume, speak rather of the Christian Revelation in itself,—of its truths, its evidences, and its ultimate objects,—so the Fourth, as its title expresses, was intended to convey the feeling so strongly impressed on his mind during this last period, that these objects would be best attained by a full development of the Church or Christian society, whether in schools, in parishes, or in States.

CLXXXVII. TO THE REV. J. HEARN.

Rugby, November 23, 1838.

It would be a great shame if I were to put off writing to you till the holidays, and especially after the long and kind letter which I have received from you. I was purposing to write long ago, and to return both to you and Mrs. Hearn my wife's and my own sincere thanks for your kind hospitality to us at Hatford, and to assure you that we both enjoyed our visit exceedingly, and have often since recalled it to our memories; sometimes, I fear, with almost a disposition to envy you the peacefulness and the comfort of your very delightful Parsonage; the image of which, as I knew it would, has haunted me at times almost painfully, like the phantoms of green fields, which visit the sailor when he is attacked with sickness far out at sea. When one is well, there is a kindling pleasure in being borne rapidly over the great sea, and living in all the stir of the great highway of nations. But when health fails, then what before was pleasantly exciting becomes harassing, and one indulges in a fond craving for rest. Here, thank God, I have not suffered from failing health, but I have been much annoyed with the moral evils which have come under my notice; and then a great school is very trying. It

never can present images of rest and peace; and when the spring and activity of youth is altogether unsanctified by anything pure and elevated in its desires, it becomes a spectacle that is as dizzying and almost more morally distressing than the shouts and gambols of a set of lunatics. It is very startling to see so much of sin combined with so little of sorrow. In a parish, amongst the poor, whatever of sin exists, there is sure also to be enough of suffering; poverty, sickness, and old age are mighty tamers and chastisers. But with boys of the richer classes, one sees nothing but plenty, health, and youth; and these are really awful to behold, when one must feel that they are unblessed. On the other hand, few things are more beautiful, than when one does see all holy and noble thoughts and principles, not the forced growth of pain or infirmity or privation, but springing up as by God's immediate planting in a sort of garden of all that is fresh and beautiful; full of so much hope for this world as well as for Heaven. All this has very much driven the Newmanites out of my head; and indeed while I am here, I see and hear very little of them, but I quite think they are a great evil, and I fear a growing one; though on this point I find that opinions differ.

. . . . . I could not express my sense of what Bunsen is without seeming to be exaggerating; but I think if you could hear and see him, even for one half hour, you would understand my feeling towards him. He is a man in whom God's graces and gifts are more united than in any other person whom I ever saw. I have seen men as holy, as amiable, as able: but I never knew one who was all three in so extraordinary a degree, and combined with a knowledge of things new and old, sacred and profane, so rich, so accurate, so profound, that I never knew it equalled or approached by any man.

November 28th.—This letter has waited for five days, and I must now manage to finish it. I have been much distressed, also, by the accounts of the alarming agitation which is going on in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire; an agitation not political merely, but social, complaining of the unequal reward of labour, and inveighing against capital and capitalists in no gentle terms. Believing this to be peculiarly our sore spot, any irritation in it always disturbs me; and I have been tempted to write again on the subject, as I did in 1831 in the Sheffield Letters. One man's writing can do but little, I know; but there is the wish "liberare animam meam,"

and the hope that all temperate and earnest writing on such a subject must do good as far as it is read—must lead men to think and feel quietly, if it be but for a moment. My History gets on but slowly, but still it does make some progress, as much as I can expect here. I am trying to learn a little Hebrew, but I do not know whether I shall be able to make much of it; it is so difficult to find time to learn, and so irksome to remember the minute rules about the alteration of the vowels. But I should like, on many accounts, to make some progress in it. Is it not marvellous that they can now read the old Egyptian readily, and understand its grammar? It combines, as I hear, some of the characteristic peculiarities of the Semitic languages with others belonging to the Indo-Germanic family, as if it belonged to a period previous to the branching off of these two great families from their common stock. But these Egyptian discoveries are likely to be one of the greatest wonders of our age. What think you of actual papyrus MSS. as old as the reign of Psammitichus, and these, too, in great numbers, and quite legible!

CLXXXVIII. TO THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN.

Rugby, November 9, 1838.

. . . . . I thank you very much for your valuable notes on my MS. about the Church. I am sure you will believe me when I say that on such a matter especially, "pæne religio mihi est aliter ac te sentire." And in one main point you agree with the Archbishop of Dublin, who is a man so unlike you, and yet so able, that your agreement on any point is of very great weight. You interpret, I think, as he does, our Lord's words, "that his kingdom was not of this world," and you hold that the Church may not wield the temporal sword. This is undoubtedly the turning point of the whole question; and if you are right in these positions, it follows undoubtedly that the Church never can be a sovereign society, and therefore can never be identical with a Christian State.

Now I want to know what principles and objects a Christian State can have, if it be really Christian, more or less than those of the Church. In whatever degree it differs from the Church, it becomes, I think, in that exact proportion, unchristian. In short, it seems to me that the State must be

"the world," if it be not "the Church;" but for a society of Christians to be "the world" seems monstrous. Nor can I understand, if this be so, how any Christian can take a part, otherwise than as passively obeying, in the concerns of Government. If ἡ πολιτεία ἡμῶν ἐν οὐρανῷ, then we are in the world as ξένοι or μέτοικοι, and should not be "curiosi in alienâ republicâ." I think, then, that St. Paul's command to the Christians of Corinth would apply to us, and that we ought never to carry a cause into any other than ecclesiastical courts; for, if the civil courts are not really Church courts, they are not the courts of the ἅγιοι, but of the world; and the world cannot and ought not to judge between Christian and Christian.

When Christ said that his kingdom was not of this world, and forbade James and John to call down fire from heaven, etc. His meaning seems to me to have been this, that moral and religious superiority, *i.e.* the being Christians, did not confer any title to physical and external dominion.* The saints, as such, are not to claim to exercise power; and this, I think, is the bar to religious persecution, because it is not the possession of religious superiority that warrants us in exercising physical power over other men. This bars the fanatical doctrine, that the earth belongs to God's saints: it bars also, as I think, all minor phases of the same doctrine; and especially, I think, it condemns the maintaining by force a Protestant Establishment in a Roman Catholic country, as we do in Ireland.

But—government being in itself good, and declared to be God's instrument for the punishment of evil and the advancement of good—what possible objection can there be to its being exercised by Christians, when they become possessed of it according to the ordinary laws of human society? And if Christians exercise it they must do it either on the principles of the world, or of the Church; but it can be only on the latter, for otherwise they would be false Christians.

Again, the ἔργον of a Christian State and Church is absolutely one and the same; nor can a difference be made out which shall not impair the Christian character of one or both; as, *e.g.* if the ἔργον of the State be made to be merely physical

* "Was Theodosius right or wrong in changing the temples into churches? Wrong, if he did it because in his belief Christianity was the only true faith,—right if he did it because the Roman world was become Christian, and chose to have its public worship Christian also."—MS. Comments on Archbishop Whately's Kingdom of Christ.

or economical good, or that of the Church be made to be the performing of a ritual service.

It is said that the State can never be kept sufficiently pure to be worthy of being considered as the Church; but this to me is a confusion. Purity and extent, whether as Church or State, are to a certain degree incompatible. A large Church relaxes discipline, and for this very reason F. Newman will not belong to the Church of England. On the other hand, States can and have enforced the greatest strictness of life, as at Sparta; and the law can always insist upon anything which is called for by public opinion. To make public opinion really Christian is difficult; but it is a difficulty which exists as much in a Church as in a Christian state; those who are nominal Christians in one relation will be so in the other. I could add much more on this point; but this will be enough to show you that I do not differ from you without consideration. But, as the book is in no danger of being published yet, there will be ample time to go over the question again fully, and also to add those explanations which the naked statements in the MS. seem to require.

Another point, on which I do not seem as yet fully to enter into your views, relates to what you say of the Sacraments. I do not quite understand the way in which you seem to connect the virtue of external ordinances with the fact of the Incarnation. My own objection to laying a stress on the material elements—as distinct from the moral effect of the Communion, or of the becoming introduced into the Christian Society—is very strong, because I think that such a notion is at variance with the essential character of Christianity. I am sure that in this we agree; but yet I think that we should express ourselves differently about the Sacraments, and here I believe that you have got hold of a truth which is as yet to me dark; just as I cannot understand music, yet nothing doubt that it is my fault, and not that of music.

CLXXXIX. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS.

Fox How, January 12, 1839.

. . . . . When I found how entirely I agreed with your Sermon on Private Judgment, it struck me that I had taken rather too indifferently the sort of vague odium which has been attached to my opinions, or supposed opinions, for the

last ten years in Oxford; that I had forfeited a means of influence which I might have had, and which would have been a valuable addition to what I have enjoyed among my own pupils at Rugby. I do not mean anything political, nor indeed as to the right or the wrong of my opinions on any matter, because I have held them decidedly and expressed them openly, and people who differ from me will of course think me wrong. But I think I have endured too quietly a suspicion affecting me more directly professionally; a suspicion of heterodoxy such as was raised against Hampden, and which would exclude me from preaching before the University; an office to which otherwise I think I should have a fair claim, from my standing, and from my continued connection with the University through the successive generations of my pupils. Now this suspicion is, I contend, perfectly unfounded in itself, and at the present moment it is ridiculous; because the Newmanites are far more at variance with the Articles, Liturgy, and Constitution of the Church of England than any clergymen have been within my memory; and yet even those who most differ from them do not endeavour, so far as I know, to hinder them from preaching in Oxford. I am perfectly aware that my opinion about the pretended Apostolical succession is different from that of most individual clergymen, but I defy any man to show that it is different from the opinion of the Church of England; and, if not, it is fairly an open question on which any man may express his own opinion peaceably; and he is the schismatic who would insist upon determining in his own way what the Church has not determined. But in what is commonly called *doctrine*, as distinct from discipline, I do not think that anything can be found in any of my sermons, published or not published, which is more at variance with the doctrines of the Church than what is to be found in the sermons of any other man who has written as many; and not only so, but I think there is no *negative* difference; that is, I think there would be found no omission of any points which the Reformers would have thought essential, bating some particular questions which were important then, and are now gone by. I am perfectly willing to bear my portion of odium for all that I really have written, and the Newmanites may fairly speak against my opinions as I do against theirs. But a vague charge of holding, not *wrong*, but technically *unorthodox* opinions, affects a man's professional usefulness in a way that

in any other profession would be thought intolerable; and, in fact, in other professions men would be ashamed or afraid to breathe it. I have gone on with it quietly for a long time, partly because no charge has ever been brought against me which I could answer, and partly because, whilst I was so fully engaged at Rugby, I was not practically reminded of it. But as I grow older, and the time is approaching more and more when I must, in the natural course of things, be thinking of leaving Rugby, and when I see a state of things in Oxford which greatly needs the help of every man interested about the University—when I see that you are doing a great deal of good, and without any question of your orthodoxy, so far as I know, and yet know that in my constant preaching there is as little that anybody could call heterodox as in yours—it makes me feel that I ought not silently to bear a sort of bad name, which to man or dog is little better than hanging; and that it would be desirable, if there really is a similar feeling against me to that which exists against Hampden, to get it if possible into some tangible shape. I wish you would think of this matter a little, and give me your judgment. We are all well and enjoying this rest, which enables me to work and to gain refreshment at the same time.

CXC. TO J. C. PLATT, ESQ.

Fox How, January 20. 1839.

. . . . . I have often thought of you and the *Courant* during this new excitement of the operative population. Most gladly would I join in any feasible attempt to check this terrible evil, which men seem to regard as so hopeless that they would rather turn their eyes away from it, and not look at till they must. But that *must* will come, I fear, but too soon; simply because they will not look at it now. . . . . I am inclined to think, that the Poor Law, though I quite believe it to be in itself just in its principle, has yet done more moral harm, by exasperating the minds of the poor, than it can possibly have done good. I am very far, however, from wishing to return to the old system; but I think that the Poor Law should be accompanied by an organized system of Church charity, and also by some acts designed in title, as well as in substance, for the relief of the poor, and that by other means than driving

them into economy by terror. Economy itself is a virtue which appears to me to imply an existing previous competence; it can surely have no place in the most extreme poverty; and for those who have a competence to require it of those who have not, seems to me to be something very like mockery. . . . .

CXCI. TO REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE.

Rugby, February 25, 1839.

. . . . . I read and have got Gladstone's book, and quite agree with you in my admiration of its spirit throughout. I also like the substance of about half of it; the rest of course appears to me erroneous. But it must be good to have a public man writing on such a subject, and it delights me to have a good protest against that wretched doctrine of Warburton's that the State has only to look after body and goods. "Too late," however, are the words which I should be inclined to affix to every plan for reforming society in England. We are engulfed, I believe, inevitably, and must go down the cataract; although ourselves, *i.e.* you and I, may be in Hezekiah's case, and not live to see the catastrophe.

I thank you very much for your truly kind offer of assistance about the Roman History. If any man were reading Augustine or any other writer for his own purposes, and took notes of such points as you mention, there is no doubt that his notes would be very useful to me; but there is this objection against asking anybody to read for my purposes, that the labour saved to me might not be in proportion to that which I was imposing on him. Such notes as you suggest would be like an exceedingly good index, but they must rather guide my own researches than supersede them; for it is, I think, absolutely necessary to look through for oneself all the most important works which relate to one's period of history. I shall save myself many or most of the Byzantine writers by stopping, at any rate, in the eighth century, and confining myself chiefly to the Latin empire.

. . . . . I think that, hard as the Agrarian questions are, they connect themselves with one almost harder, namely, "How can slavery be really dispensed with?" It is, of course,

perfectly easy to say we will have no slaves, but it is not quite so easy to make all the human inhabitants of a country what free citizens ought to be; and the state of our railway navigators and cotton operatives is scarcely better for themselves than that of slaves, either physically or morally, and is far more perilous to society. It is when I see all these evils, which I believe the Church was meant to remove, that I groan over that fatal system which has so utterly destroyed it—that system of substituting unrealities for realities, which Newman and his party are striving to confirm and to propagate. But I feel, also, that even a sham is better to most minds than nothing at all; and that Newmanism ought not to be met with negatives, by trying to prove it to be false, but by something positive, such as the real living Church would be. And how is the Church to be revived? So Newmanism, I suppose, will grow and grow, till it provokes a reaction of infidelity, and then infidelity will grow and grow, till up starts Newmanism again in such form as it may wear in the twentieth or twenty-first century.

CXCII. *TO A. P. STANLEY, ESQ.

Rugby, February 27, 1839.

. . . . . The stir about Church matters, of which Gladstone's book is a symptom, interests me, of course, and on the whole delights me. Anything on such a point is, I believe, better than the mere ignorance of indifference. But I am more and more anxious to organize, I do not say a party, for I dislike all parties, but a system of action for those who earnestly look to the Church as the appointed and only possible means of all earthly improvement for society, whether in its larger divisions or in its smaller. Nothing can or ought to be done by merely maintaining negatives; I will neither write nor talk, if I can help it, *against Newmanism*, but *for* that true Church and Christianity, which all kinds of evil, each in its appointed time, have combined to corrupt and destroy. It seems to me that a great point might be gained by urging the restoration of the Order of Deacons, which has been long, quoad the reality, dead. In large towns many worthy men might be found able and willing to undertake the office out of pure love, if it were understood to be not necessarily a step to the Presbyterial order, nor at all incompatible with lay callings. You would

get an immense gain by a great extension of the Church—by softening down that pestilent distinction between clergy and laity, which is so closely linked with the priestcraft system—and by the actual benefits, temporal and spiritual, which such an additional number of ministers would insure to the whole Christian congregation. And I believe that the proposal involves in it nothing which ought to shock even a Newmanite. The Canon Law, I think, makes a very wide distinction between the Deacon and the Presbyter; the Deacon, according to it, is half a Layman, and could return at any time to a lay condition altogether; and I suppose no one is so mad as to maintain that a minister abstaining from all secular callings is a matter of necessity, seeing that St. Paul carried on his trade of tentmaker even when he was an Apostle. Of course the Ordination Service might remain just as it is, for in fact no alteration in the law is needed; it is only an alteration in certain customs which have long prevailed, but which have really no authority. It would be worth while, I think, to consult the Canon Law and our own Ecclesiastical Law, so far as we have any, with regard to the Order of Deacons. I have long thought that some plan of this sort might be the small end of the wedge, by which Antichrist might hereafter be burst asunder like the Dragon of Bel's temple.

CXCIII. * TO J. P. GELL, ESQ.

Rugby, March 15, 1839.

I have just received a letter from Sir John Franklin, who, as you know, is Governor of Van Diemen's Land, accompanied by one from the Colonial Office, asking me to recommend some man as Head-master of a great school in Van Diemen's Land, which it is wished to establish on the very highest scale, in the hope that it may hereafter become a College or University for that part of the world. [After stating the nature of the situation.] He enters at length and with all his heart into the plan; and from what he tells me of the capabilities and the wants of the situation, I know of no man whom I could so much wish to see intrusted with it as yourself, if you should feel disposed to let me name you to Lord Normanby. It is a most noble field, and in Franklin himself you would have a fellow-labourer and a Governor with and under whom it would do one's heart good to work. He wants a Christian, a gentle-

man, and a scholar,—a member of one of our Universities,—a man of ability and of vigour of character,—to become the father of the education of a whole quarter of the globe; and to assist, under God's blessing, and with the grace of Christ's spirit, in laying the foundations of all good and noble principles, not only in individual children, but in an infant nation, which must hereafter influence the world largely for good or for evil. And I think that, if you could feel disposed to undertake this great missionary labour, you would work at it in the spirit of Christ's servant, and would become the instrument of blessings, not to be numbered, to thousands, and would for yourself obtain a *κάρπον ἔργου*, such as can rarely be the fortune of the most ambitious. Let me know your mind as soon as you can decide on a matter which you, I am sure, will not treat lightly. Give my kindest regards to your father, towards whom I feel more guilty than towards any one else; for I am afraid that he and your mother will not thank me for making such a proposal. But I believe you to be so eminently the man for such an undertaking, that I could not acquit myself of my commission to the Government, without naming it to you. Your brother is very well, and writing Greek verse close by my side, seeing that it is Fourth Lesson. I hope that you can give me good accounts of your brother Charles.

CXCIV. TO SIR JAMES STEPHEN, UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES.

(Relating to the College in Van Diemen's Land.)

Rugby, March 19, 1839.

. . . . . Some expressions in your letter lead me to ask whether, if the person appointed to the School were not in orders, there would be an objection on the part of the Government to his entering into them before he left England? Because, I think that many persons best fitted to carry on the work of education, would be actually unwilling to engage in it, unless they were allowed to unite the clerical character with that of the teacher. This feeling is, I confess, entirely my own. Even in a far lower point of view, as to what regards the position of a schoolmaster in society, you are well aware that it has not yet obtained that respect in England, as to be able to stand by itself in public opinion as a liberal profession; it owes the rank which it holds to its connection with the profession of a clergy-

man, for that is acknowledged universally in England to be the profession of a gentleman. Mere teaching, like mere literature, places a man, I think, in rather an equivocal position; he holds no undoubted station in society by these alone; for neither education nor literature have ever enjoyed that consideration and general respect in England, which they enjoy in France and in Germany. But a far higher consideration is this, that he who is to educate boys, if he is fully sensible of the importance of his business, must be unwilling to lose such great opportunities as the clerical character give him, by enabling him to address them continually from the pulpit, and to administer the Communion to them as they become old enough to receive it. And in a remote colony it would be even more desirable than in England, that the head of a great institution for education should be able to stand in this relation to his pupils; and I am quite sure that the spirit of proselytism, which some persons appear so greatly to dread, would no more exist in a good and sensible clergyman, than in a good and sensible layman. Your master must be a member of some Church or other, if he is not a minister of it; if he is a sincere member of it, and fitted to give religious instruction at all, he must be anxious to inculcate its tenets; but, if he be a man of judgment and honesty, and of a truly Catholic spirit, he will find it a still more sacred duty not to abuse the confidence of those parents of different persuasions who may have intrusted their children to his care, and he will think besides that the true spirit of a Christian teacher is not exactly the spirit of proselytism. I must beg to apologize for having trespassed on your time thus long.

CXCV. *TO E. WISE, ESQ.

Rugby, March 20, 1839.

Your letter gave me very great pleasure, and I was really obliged to you for writing at such length, and giving me a full account of all the circumstances of your present situation. Everything in a position like yours depends on the disposition and character of the family; and where these are good and kind, the life of a tutor may be as pleasant, I think, as it is useful and respectable. . . . .

I trust that your health is completely restored, and that you will be able to read gently, without feeling it a matter of

necessity; a sensation which I suppose must aggravate the pressure greatly when a man is reading, and feels himself not strong. But, on the other hand, you need not think that your own reading will now have no object, because you are engaged with young boys. Every improvement of your own powers and knowledge, tells immediately upon them; and indeed I hold that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily. If the mind once becomes stagnant, it can give no fresh draught to another mind; it is drinking out of a pond, instead of from a spring. And whatever you read tends generally to your own increase of power, and will be felt by you in a hundred ways hereafter.

CXCVI. *TO J. P. GELL, ESQ.

(On the death of his brother Charles Gell.)

Rugby, April 5, 1839.

Your letter ought not to grieve me, but it was a shock for which I was not prepared, as I had not dreamed that your brother's departure was so near. The thoughts of him will be amongst the most delightful of all my thoughts of Rugby pupils: so amiable and so promising here, and so early called to his rest and glory. I do feel more and more for my pupils, and for my children also, that I can readily and thankfully see them called away, when they are to all human appearance assuredly called home. This is a lesson which advancing years impress very strongly. We can then better tell how little are those earthly things of which early death deprives us, and how fearful is the risk of this world's struggle. May God bless us through his Son, and make us to come at last, be it sooner or later, out of this struggle conquerors.

CXCVII. TO SIR JAMES STEPHEN.

July 1, 1839.

. . . . . Nothing can be more proper than that the Headmaster or Principal of the proposed School should be subject to the control of the Governor, or of the Bishop, should there be one in the colony. I am only anxious to understand clearly whether he is to be in any degree under the control of any local Board, whether lay or clerical; because, if he were, I

could not conscientiously recommend him to undertake an office which I am sure he would shortly find himself obliged to abandon. Uniform experience shows, I think, so clearly the mischief of subjecting schools to the ignorance and party feelings of persons wholly unacquainted with the theory and practice of education, that I feel it absolutely necessary to understand fully the intentions of the Government on this question.

CXCVIII. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Rugby, May 8, 1839.

[After speaking of a decision respecting the Foundationers in Rugby School.] The world will not know that it makes no earthly difference to me in a pecuniary point of view, whether a boy is in the lower school or the upper; and that if I had discouraged the lower school, and especially the Foundationers, who did not interfere with the number of boarders, I should have been quarrelling with my own bread and butter. Lord Langdale did not understand the difference which I had always made between Non-foundationers and Foundationers, as I have indeed always advised people not to send their sons as boarders under twelve, but have never applied the same advice to Foundationers living under their parents' roof. But it is so old a charge against masters of Foundation Schools, that they discourage the Foundationers, in order to have boarders who pay them better, that I dare say Lord Langdale and half the world will believe that I have been acting on this principle; and my old friends of the Tory newspapers are quite likely to jibe at me as liking a little jobbing in my own particular case, as well as other pretended Reformers. Even you, perhaps, do not know that I receive precisely as much money for every Foundationer, if he be only a little boy in the first form, as I do for any Non-foundationer at the head of the school; so that I have a direct interest—since all men are supposed to act from interest—in increasing the number of Foundationers, and no earthly interest or object in diminishing them. I think you will not wonder at my being a little sensitive on the present occasion, for a judge's decision is a very different thing from an article in a common newspaper; and, as I believe that nothing of the latter sort has ever disturbed my equanimity, so I should not wish to regard the former lightly. So I should very much like

to hear from you what you think is to be done—if anything. After all, I could laugh heartily at the notion of my being suspected of a little snug corruption, after having preached Reform all my life.

CXCIX. TO SIR T. S. PASLEY, BART.

Rugby, May 10, 1839.

. . . . . Your absence will be a sad blank in our Westmoreland visits, if we are still allowed to continue them. But seven years is a long term for human life, and so long have we been permitted to go down summer and winter, and return with all our family entire and in good health; so that I cannot but fancy that something or other may happen to break this happy uniformity of our lives.

. . . . . The state of public affairs is not inviting, and I rejoice that we take in no daily paper. It is more painful than enough to read of evils which one can neither cure nor palliate. The real evil which lies at the bottom of the Chartist agitation is, I believe, too deep for any human remedy, unless the nation were possessed with a spirit of wisdom and of goodness, such as I fear will never be granted to us after we have for so many centuries neglected the means which we have had. So far from finding it hard to believe that repentance can ever be too late, my only wonder is that it should ever be otherwise than too late, so instantaneous and so lasting are the consequences of an evil once committed. I find it very hard to hinder my sense of this from quite oppressing me, and making me forget the many blessings of my own domestic condition. But perhaps it comes from my fondness for History, that political things have as great a reality to my mind, as things of private life, and the life of a nation becomes distinct as that of an individual. We are going to have a confirmation here, by the Bishop of Worcester, next month in the chapel, as I wished to have one every two years at least, for otherwise many of the boys go abroad and are never confirmed at all. And I think that we shall have a third painted window up in the chapel before the holidays. . . . .

CC. TO ARCHDEACON HARE.

Fox How, June 21, 1839.

. . . . . I am sure that you will have sympathized with me in the delight which I have felt in reading Niebuhr's Letters; that letter in particular to a Young Student in Philology, appears to me invaluable. I think that you and Thirlwall have much to answer for in not having yet completed your translation of the third volume of the History. It is only when that volume shall have become generally know that English readers will learn to appreciate Niebuhr's excellence as a narrator. At present I am continually provoked by hearing people say, that he indeed prepared excellent materials for an historian, but that he did not himself write history.

I am obliged to superintend a new edition of my Thucydides, which interferes rather with the progress of my History. And the first volume of Thucydides is so full of errors, both of omission and commission, that to revise it is a work of no little labour.

You would rejoice in the good that Lee (afterwards Bishop of Manchester) is doing at Birmingham; I do not think that there is, in all England, a man more exactly in his place than he is now.

CCI. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (A.)

Fox How, June 22, 1839.

I was much obliged to you for your last kind letter, and I would have answered it immediately had it not arrived just at our most busy time, at the close of the summer half-year. I do not wonder at your interest about the friend whom you speak of, and should be very glad to be of any assistance to you in the matter. Priestley's statements, as you probably know, were answered by Horsley, and I believe sufficiently answered; but neither of the controversialists was very profound, or, as I should fear, very fair; and but little benefit can be derived from the works of either. Priestley's arguments now would be repeated nowhere, I suppose, but in England, and in England only amongst a sect so destitute of theological and critical learning as the Unitarians. It goes on two

assumptions: first, that the Christian Church of Jerusalem held Unitarian opinions; and secondly, that the Church of Jerusalem was the standard by which the tenets of the other churches were to be measured. Now the second of these assumptions is clearly wrong, and the first is probably so; but we have very small evidence as to the opinions of the Church of Jerusalem, and so a dispute may be maintained for ever on that point, by those who would confine their attention to it, and who do not see that the real stress of the question lies elsewhere. But the Epistles of Ignatius are a decided proof that neither he nor the churches of Asia were Unitarian; and his language is the more to be valued, because it is evidently not controversial, nor does he ever dream of dwelling on Christ's Divinity as a disputed point, but as a thing taken by all Christians for granted. I do not understand, however, how an Unitarian can consistently transfer the argument from the Scripture to the opinion of the early Church. As he rejects the authority of the Church, without scruple, where it is clearly to be ascertained, and where it speaks the opinions of Christians of all parts of the world, through more than seventeen centuries, it is idle to refer to the single Church of Jerusalem during a period of twenty or thirty years, unless he can show that that Church was infallible, and its decisions of equal weight with those of the Scripture. If he says that St. Paul and St. John corrupted the purity of the true Gospel, which was kept only by St. James and the Church of Jerusalem—that no doubt would be an intelligible argument; but to accept St. Paul and St John as inspired apostles, and then to plead the opinions of the Church of Jerusalem against them, is an absurdity. And as for the Unitarian interpretations of St. Paul and St. John, they are really such monstrosities of extravagance, that to any one used to the critical study of the ancient writers, they appear too bad to have been ever maintained in earnest. And thus, wherever Unitarianism has existed, together with any knowledge of criticism or philology, as in Germany, it is at once assumed that the apostles were not infallible, and that they overrated the dignity of Christ's person. So impossible is it to doubt what St. John meant in so many passages of his Gospel, and what St. Paul meant in so many passages of his Epistles. It gives me the greatest pleasure to find that you still enjoy your situation, and that being the case, you are likely, I think, to find it more and more agreeable, the longer you hold it.

CCII. TO REV. G. CORNISH.

Fox How, July 6, 1839.

. . . . . As I believe that the English Universities are the best places in the world for those who can profit by them, so I think for the idle and self-indulgent they are about the very worst, and I would far rather send a boy to Van Diemen's Land, where he must work for his bread, than send him to Oxford to live in luxury, without any desire in his mind to avail himself of his advantages. Childishness in boys, even of good abilities, seems to me to be a growing fault, and I do not know to what to ascribe* it, except to the great number of exciting books of amusement, like Pickwick and Nickleby, Bentley's Magazine, &c. &c. These completely satisfy all the intellectual appetite of a boy, which is rarely very voracious, and leave him totally palled, not only for his regular work, which I could well excuse in comparison, but for good literature of all sorts, even for History and for Poetry.

I went up to Oxford to the Commemoration, for the first time for twenty-one years, to see Wordsworth and Bunsen receive their degrees; and to me, remembering how old Coleridge inoculated a little knot of us with the love of Wordsworth, when his name was in general a bye-word, it was striking to witness the thunders of applause, repeated over and over again, with which he was greeted in the theatre by Undergraduates and Masters of Arts alike.

CCIII. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN.

Rugby, August 23, 1839.

I intend this letter to reach you on the 25th of August, a day which has a double claim on my remembrance; for it is my little Susy's birthday also, and I wish it to convey to you, though most inadequately, my congratulation to Mrs. Bunsen and all your family on the return of that day, and my earnest wishes for all happiness for you and for them; and, so far as we may wish in such matters, my earnest desire that you may be long spared to your friends, your family, your country, and above all to Christ's Holy Catholic Church, in whose cause I know you are ever labouring, and which at this hour needs the

* See Sermons, vol. iv. pp. 26–29.

utmost service of all her true members, amidst such various dangers as now threaten her from within and from without. I am glad to think that this one birthday more you will pass in England.

We shall see you and *all your family*, I confidently trust, ere very long. Meanwhile you will be glad to hear that Jane and I enjoyed our journey greatly, and, although we saw but little of Italy, yet that the South of France even surpassed our expectations, and the physical benefit to my health and strength was as complete as I could desire. Arles interested me exceedingly; it was striking to see the Amphitheatre and Theatre so close to each other, and the two marble pillars still standing in the proscenium of the theatre reminded me of the Forum at Rome. I was also much struck with the deserted port of Frejus, and the mole and entrance tower of the old harbour, rising now out of a plain of grass. The famous plain of stones, or plain of Crau, was very interesting, for it lies now in precisely the same state as it was 2300 years ago, or more, when it was made the scene of one of the adventures of Hercules; and the remarkably Spanish character of the town, population, and neighbourhood of Salon, between Arles and Aix, was something quite new to me. In Italy we only went from Nice to Turin, by the Col di Tenda, and certainly in my recollections of the year's tour, all images of beauty and interest are connected with France rather than with Italy. The intense drought had spoiled everything, and the main Alps themselves, as seen in a perfectly clear morning from the neighbourhood of Turin, exhibited scarcely more than patches of snow on their summits; the effect of a long range of snowy summits was completely gone. Still I had a great delight in setting foot once more, if it was but in a mere corner of Italy; sights which I had half forgotten have taken again a fresh place in my memory; the style of the buildings—the "congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis"—the cultivation of the valleys—the splendour of the churches—nay, the very roguery and lying of the people, and their marvellous ignorance—rose up before me again as something which I did not wish to lose altogether out of my memory.

I paid a long visit to Letronne at Paris, and Peyrou at Turin. Both were very civil and agreeable, and gave me several of their works. Peyrou had received many letters from Niebuhr, which he showed to me with seeming pleasure—but he had never seen him. It was sad to me to find that he too had

a lively sense of the grievous ignorance of English writers on points of philology. He mentioned to me with dismay, and read to me extracts from a Coptic dictionary lately published, proh pudor ! at Oxford, which I had never seen, or even heard of the writer's name, nor do I remember it now—but it was worthy to rank with some of our Welsh extravagances about the Keltic languages. I tried hard at Provence to find a Provençal Grammar, but I could not succeed, and they told me there was no such thing ; they only showed me a grammar for teaching French to Provençals, which they wanted to persuade me was all the same thing. It seems that the Provençal language is less fortunate than the Welsh, in having wealthy and educated persons desirous of encouraging it. I could not find that it was at all used now as a written language, although it seemed to me to be as distinct from French as Italian is.

I have read your speech at Oxford, and admire your indefatigable exertions to see and hear everything in England. But I feel the state of public affairs so deeply, that I cannot bear either to read, or hear, or speak, or write about them. Only I would commend them to God's care and deliverance, if the judgment is not now as surely fixed as that of Babylon.

CCIV. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Rugby, September, 25, 1839.

I do not know where this letter may find you, but I hope that it may be at Ottery ; and that you may be enjoying to the full your rest from work, and the society of your family, and the actual beauty and old recollections of your home. We have been at work now nearly seven weeks, so that the holidays live but in remote memory, and I am very far from wishing them to come again very speedily ; for they imply that a half-year is gone, and there is so much that I would fain do, that I cannot wish time to pass away very quickly. The South of France puts me into the best bodily condition in which I can almost ever remember to have been ; and happily the effect of such a medicine does not immediately evaporate ; it really seems to wind up the machine for three or four months. . . . . The Roman Remains at Arles, the papal remains at Avignon, and the Spanish-like character of the country between Arles and Aix were exceedingly interesting. I thought of old days when

I used to read Southey's raptures about Spain and Spaniards, as I looked out on the street at Salon, where a fountain was playing under a grove of plane trees, and the population were all in felt hats, grave and quiet, and their Provençal language sounding much more like Spanish than French. Then we had the open heaths covered with the dwarf ilex and the Roman pine, and the rocks actually breathing fragrance from the number of their aromatic plants.

We arrived at Rugby from London in the afternoon of the day on which the school opened; and when we reached the station, we found there my wife and all her party from Fox How, who had arrived barely five minutes before us, so that we actually all entered our own house together. We had a very large admission of new boys, larger than I ever remember since I have been at Rugby, so that the school is now, I believe, quite full. And since that time we have gone on working much as usual; only Thucydides is still upon hand, and interferes with the History, and will do so, I fear, for another month.

I have just got the fourth volume of your Uncle's Literary Remains, which makes me regard him with greater admiration than ever. He seems to hold that point which I have never yet been able to find in any of our English Divines, and the want of which so mars my pleasure in reading them. His mind is at once rich and vigorous, and comprehensive and critical; while the ἦθος is so pure and so lively all the while. He seems to me to have loved Truth really, and therefore Truth presented herself to him not negatively, as she does to many minds, who can see that the objections against her are unfounded, and therefore that she is to be received; but she filled him, as it were, heart and mind, embuing him with her very self, so that all his being comprehended her fully and loved her ardently; and that seems to me to be true wisdom. . . . .

It was just at the foot of the old Col di Tenda that I got hold of an English newspaper containing a charge of yours, in which the Chartists are noticed. I was glad to find that your mind had been working in that direction; and that you spoke strongly as to the vast importance of the subject. I would give anything to be able to organize a Society "for drawing public attention to the state of the labouring classes throughout the kingdom." Men do not think of the fearful state in which we are living. If they could once be brought to notice and to appreciate the evil, I should not even yet despair that the remedy may be found and applied; even

though it is the solution of the most difficult problem ever yet proposed to man's wisdom, and the greatest triumph over selfishness ever yet required of his virtue. A society might give the alarm, and present the facts to the notice of the public. It was thus that Clarkson overthrew the Slave trade; and it is thus, I hope, that the system of Transportation has received its death-blow. I have desired Fellowes to send you one of the copies of a Lecture which I once showed you, about the Divisions of Knowledge, and which I have just printed,* in the hope of getting it circulated among the various Mechanics' Institutes, where something of the kind is, I think, much wanted. Let me hear from you when you can.

CCV. TO SIR T. S. PASLEY.

Rugby, September 9, 1839.

. . . . . Our tour was most delightful, and put me into such a perfect state of health as I never can gain from anything but travelling abroad, where one can neither read nor write, nor receive letters; and therefore the mind is perfectly at rest, while the body is constantly enjoying air and exercise, light food and early hours.

I never before saw so much of the Mediterranean, and the weather was so perfect that it never could have been more enjoyable. I thought of you, particularly when we were out in a boat in the midst of Toulon harbour, and rowing under the stern of the Montebello, which seemed to me a very fine-looking three-decker. We went over the Arsenal, which I thought very inferior to Portsmouth, but the magnificence of the harbour exceeds anything I had ever seen—how it would stand in your more experienced, as well as better judging eyes, I know not. . . . . Provence far surpassed my experiences; the Roman remains of Arles are magnificent; and the prisons in the Pope's Palace, at Avignon, were one of the most striking things I ever saw in my life. In the self-same dungeon † the roof was still black with the smoke of the Inquisition fires, in which men were tortured or burnt; and, as you looked down a trap-door into an apartment below, the walls were still marked with the blood of the victims whom Jourdan Coupe Tête threw down there into the Ice-house below in the famous massacre

* Reprinted in the Miscellaneous Works.

† This is a mistake. The "dungeon" has recently been discovered to have been the kitchen. The Inquisitors sate in another building.

of 1791. It was very awful to see such traces of the two great opposite forms of all human wickedness, which I know not how to describe better than by calling them Priestcraft and Benthamism, or if you like, White and Red Jacobinism.

I am still in want of a master, and I shall want another at Christmas, but I cannot hear of a man to suit me. . . . . We are also in almost equal distress for a pony for my wife; and there, too, we want a rare union of qualities—that he should be very small, very quiet, very surefooted, and able to walk more than four miles an hour. If you hear of any such marvel of a pony in your neighbourhood, I would thankfully be at the expense of its transit from the Isle of Man to Rugby; for to be without a pony for my wife interferes with our daily comfort more than almost any other external inconvenience could do.

I was over at Birmingham twice during the meeting of the British Association, and James Marshall was there the whole week. Murchison convinced Greenough and De la Beche, on the spot, that they must recolour all their geological maps; for what were called the Grey Wackes of North Devon, he maintains to be equivalent to the coal formation, and the limestones on which they rest are equivalent to the old Red Sandstone, which now is to be sandstone no more—seeing that it is often limestone—but is to be called the Devonian System. Lord Northampton, as chairman, wound up the business on the last day in the Town Hall by a few Christian sentences, simply and feelingly put, to my very great satisfaction.

CCVI. * TO J. L. HOSKYNS, ESQ.

(In answer to a question on the Preface to the third volume of Sermons.)

Rugby, September 22, 1839.

It is always a real pleasure to me to keep up my intercourse with my old pupils, and to be made acquainted not only with what is happening to them outwardly, but much more with what is going on in their own minds; and in your case I owe you especially any assistance which it may be in my power to render, as I appear to have unconsciously contributed to your present difficulty. If you were going into the Law, or to study Medicine, there would be a clear distinction between your professional reading and your general reading—between that

reading which was designed to make you a good lawyer or physician, and that which was to make you a good and wise man. But it is the peculiar excellence of the Christian ministry, that there a man's professional reading and general reading coincide, and the very studies which would most tend to make him a good and wise man do therefore of necessity tend to make him a good clergyman. Our merely professional reading appears to me to consist in little more than an acquaintance with such laws, or Church regulations, as concern the discharge of our ministerial duties, in matters external and formal. But the great mass of our professional reading is not merely professional, but general; that is to say, if I had time at my command, and wished to follow the studies which would be most useful to me as a Christian, without reference to any one particular trade or calling, I should select, as nearly as might be, that very same course of study which to my mind would also be the best preparation for the work of the Christian ministry.

That the knowledge of the Scriptures is the most essential point in our studies as men and Christians, is as clear to my mind as that it is also the most essential point in our studies as clergymen. The only question is, in what manner is this knowledge to be best obtained? Now—omitting to speak of the moral and spiritual means of obtaining it, such as prayer and a watchful life, about the paramount necessity of which there is no doubt whatever—our present question only regards the intellectual means of obtaining it, that is, the knowledge and the cultivation of our mental faculties, which may best serve to the end desired.

Knowledge of the Scriptures seems to consist in two things, so essentially united, however, that I scarcely like to separate them even in thought; the one I will call the knowledge of the contents of the Scriptures in themselves; the other the knowledge of their application to us, and our own times and circumstances. Really and truly I believe that the one of these cannot exist in any perfection without the other. Of course we cannot apply the Scriptures properly without knowing them; and to know them merely as an ancient book without understanding how to apply them, appears to me to be ignorance rather than knowledge. But still, in thought we can separate the two, and each also requires in some measure a different line of study.

The intellectual means of acquiring a knowledge of the Scriptures in themselves are, I suppose, Philology, Antiquities,

and Ancient History; but the means of acquiring the knowledge of their right application are far more complex in their character, and it is precisely here, as I think, that the common course of theological study is so exceedingly narrow, and therefore the mistakes committed in the application of the Scriptures, are, as it seems to me, so frequent and so mischievous. As one great example of what I mean, I will instance the questions, which are now so much agitated, of Church authority and Church government. It is just as impossible for a man to understand these questions without a knowledge of the great questions of law and government generally, as it is to understand any matter that is avowedly political; and therefore the Politics of Aristotle and similar works are to me of a very great and direct use every day of my life, wherever these questions are brought before me; and you know how often these questions are mooted, and with what vehemence men engage in them. Historical reading it appears that you are actually engaged in, but so much of History is written so ill, that it appears to me to be desirable to be well acquainted with the greatest historians, in order to learn what the defects of common History are, and how we should be able to supply them. It is a rare quality in any man to be able really to represent to himself the picture of another age and country; and much of History is so vague and poor that no lively images can be gathered from it. There is actually, so far as I know, no great ecclesiastical historian in any language. But the flatnesses and meagreness and unfairness of most of those who have written on this subject may not strike us, if we do not know what good History should be. And any one very great historian, such as Thucydides, or Tacitus, or Niebuhr, throws a light backward and forward upon all History; for any one age or country well brought before our minds teaches us what historical knowledge really is, and saves us from thinking that we have it when we have it not. I will not cross my writing, so I must continue my say in another sheet.

The accidental division of my paper suits well with the real division of my subject. I have stated what appears to me to be the best means of acquiring a knowledge of the Scriptures, both in themselves, and in their application to ourselves. And it is this second part which calls for such a variety of miscellaneous knowledge; inasmuch as, in order to apply a rule properly, we must understand the nature and circumstances of

the case to which it is to be applied, and how they differ from those of the case to which it was applied originally. Thus there are two states of the human race which we want to understand thoroughly; the state when the New Testament was written, and our own state. And our own state is so connected with, and dependent on the past, that in order to understand it thoroughly we must go backwards into past ages, and thus we are obliged to go back till we connect our own time with the first century, and in many points with centuries yet more remote. You will say then, in another sense from what St. Paul said it: "Who is sufficient for these things?" and I answer: "No man;" but, notwithstanding, it is well to have a good model before us, although our imitation of it will fall far short of it. But you say, how does all this *edify*? And this is a matter which I think it is very desirable to understand clearly.

If death were immediately before us,—say that the Cholera was in a man's parish, and numbers were dying daily,—it is manifest that our duties,—our preparation for another life by conforming ourselves to God's will respecting us in this life,—would become exceedingly simple. To preach the Gospel, that is, to lead men's faith to Christ as their Saviour by His death and resurrection; to be earnest in practical kindness; to clear one's heart of all enmities and evil passions; this would be a man's work, and this only; his reading would, I suppose, be limited then to such parts of the Scriptures as were directly strengthening to his faith and hope, and charity, to works of prayers and hymns, and to such practical instructions as might be within his reach as to the treatment of the prevailing disease.

Now, can we say that in ordinary life our duties can be made thus simple? Are there not, then, matters of this life which must be attended to? Are there not many questions would press upon us in which we must act and advise, besides the simple direct preparation for death? And it being God's will that we should have to act and advise in these things, and our service to Him and to His Church necessarily requiring them, is it right to say, that the knowledge which shall teach us how to act and advise rightly with respect to them is not *edifying?*

But may not a man say: "I wish to be in the Ministry, but I do not feel an inclination for a long course of reading; my tastes, and I think my duties, lead me another way?" This may be said, I think, very justly. A man may do immense good with nothing more than an unlearned familiarity with the

Scriptures, with sound practical sense and activity, taking part in all the business of his parish, and devoting himself to intercourse with men rather than with books. I honour such men in the highest degree, and think that they are among the most valuable ministers that the church possesses. A man's reading, in this case, is of a miscellaneous character, consisting, besides the Bible and such books as are properly devotional, of such books as chance throws in his way, or the particular concerns of his parish may lead him to take an interest in. And, though he may not be a learned man, he may be that which is far better than mere learning,—a wise man, and a good man.

All that I would entreat of every man with whom I had any influence is, that if he read at all—in the sense of studying, he should read widely and comprehensively; that he should not read exclusively or principally what is called Divinity. Learning, as it is called, of this sort,—when not properly mixed with that comprehensive study which alone deserves the name, —is, I am satisfied, an actual mischief to a man's mind; it impairs his simple common sense, and gives him no wisdom. It makes him narrow-minded, and fills him with absurdities; and, while he is in reality grievously ignorant, it makes him consider himself a great divine. Let a man read nothing, if he will, except his Bible and Prayer Book and the chance reading of the day; but let him not, if he values the power of seeing truth and judging soundly, let him not read exclusively or predominantly the works of those who are called divines, whether they be those of the first four centuries, or those of the sixteenth, or those of the eighteenth or seventeenth. With regard to the Fathers, as they are called, I would advise those who have time, to read them deeply, those who have less time, to read at least parts of them; but in all cases preserve the *proportions of your reading*. Read along with the Fathers, the writings of men of other times and of different powers of mind. Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one;—as far as it goes, the views that it gives are true,—but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination—this is perfectly free to every man, but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the improvement of the human mind, it is on

this. I have now given you the principles, which I believe to be true, with respect to a clergyman's reading.

If you can come to Rugby in your way to Oxford, I will add anything in my power to the details; at any rate I shall be delighted to see you here, and I shall have great pleasure in giving you an introduction to Hamilton,* who, I am sure, would value your acquaintance much.

CCVII. *TO T. BURBIDGE, ESQ.

(Travelling in Switzerland.)

Rugby, October 2, 1839.

. . . . . Vaughan has just got his fellowship at Trinity, and Howson,† I am sorry to say, has not. Freeman‡ has been staying with us for some days, and we all like him more and more. And in the course of the next fortnight, I suppose that we shall see several of our friends from Oxford and Cambridge, just before the time of their gathering. Our weather has been sadly capricious; for the last ten days it has been much better, and I bathed in the Waterfall yesterday; but to day it is again broken, and is cold and rainy. I watch with a most intense interest the result of the harvest, believing that the consequences of a bad crop may be most serious; and having also a belief, that there are many symptoms about of one of those great periods of judgment which are called the Comings of our Lord; periods which I could bear with far greater equanimity, if the distracted state of the Church, or rather the non-existence of the Church for very many of its highest objects, did not make it so hard to find sympathy. Those men at Oxford look upon me as a heretic, —and though I hope and believe that I could feel almost entire sympathy with them, if we were together in mere suffering, or death, yet in life and in action I necessarily shrink from them when I see them labouring so incessantly, though I doubt not so ignorantly, to enthrone the very Mystery of falsehood and iniquity in that neglected and dishonoured Temple, the Church of God. And then those who are called Liberals! And the Zurich Government putting Strauss forward as an instructor of Christians! It is altogether so sad, that if I were to allow myself to dwell much upon it, I think it would utterly paralyze me. I could sit still and pine and die.

You have heard that the school is flourishing outwardly; as to its inward state, I fear that Walrond's account is too favour-

* Afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. † Dean of Chester.
‡ Afterwards Archdeacon of Exeter.

able, although there is I think no particular ground of complaint, and there is much to like and think well of. . . . . The Latin verse altogether in the Form is much better than it was; the Latin prose I think not so. I have nearly finished Thucydides, and then I hope to turn again to Rome. The second edition of the first volume is now printing. Pray call on Amadée Peyrou at Turin, with my respects to him; he will be very civil to you, and you will, I think, like him. He will tell you if anything has come out since I was at Turin, which it would concern me to get; and if there is, will you be so kind as to get it for me?

CCVIII. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN.

Rugby, October 4, 1839.

. . . . . When I think of you as really going to leave England, it makes me think how much there still is on which I want to talk to you more fully. Particularly, I must get you some day to answer for me in writing certain questions as to the Lord's supper. I think that you and Samuel Coleridge both agree with one another and differ from me, and this, of course makes me suspect the justness of my own views while it makes me sure that what you and Coleridge hold can be nothing superstitious or unchristian. I see clearly the wide difference between what you hold and the opinions which I so dread and condemn. But, plainly, I cannot arrive at even your notion of the Communion, or what I believe to be your notion, from the Scriptures, without interpreting them by what is called the Consensus Ecclesiæ. Now this so called Consensus Ecclesiæ is in such a matter to me worth nothing, because such a view of the Communion was precisely in unison with the tendencies of the prevailing party in the Church whose writings are now called Consensus Ecclesiæ. And if I follow this pretended Consensus in forming my views of the Sacraments, I appear to myself to be undoing St. Paul's and our Lord's work in one great point, and to be introducing that very Judaism, to which Christianity is so directly opposed, and which consists in ascribing spiritual effects to outward and bodily actions. It seems to me historically certain that the Judaism which upheld Circumcision and insisted on the difference of meats, after having vainly endeavoured to sap the Gospel under its proper Judaic form, did, even within the first

century, transfuse its spirit into a Christian form; and substituting Baptism for Circumcision and the mystic influence of the Bread and Wine of the Communion for the doctrine of purifying and defiling meats, did thereby, as has happened many a time since, pervert Christianity to a fatal extent, and seduced those who would have resisted it to the death under its own form, because now, though its spirit was the same, its form was Christian. Now I am sure that you are not Judaic either in form or spirit, and therefore there may be a real Christian element in the doctrine which I do not perceive or am not able to appreciate. And if so, it would be my earnest wish to be permitted to see it and to embrace it: and it would also be no light pleasure to find myself here also in complete sympathy with you. About the Christian Sacrifice we agree, I believe, fully; but as to the Communion, as distinct from the Sacrifice, there is something in you and in Coleridge, as there is of course in Luther also, which I do not find in myself, and with which, as yet, to say the very truth, I cannot bring myself to agree.

CCIX. TO JAMES MARSHALL, ESQ.

Rugby, October 30, 1839.

You will think, I am afraid, that my zeal has cooled away to nothing, since I had last the pleasure of seeing you; but it was only last week that I received an answer, partly direct and partly indirect, with regard to some of those whose co-operation we had wished to gain. . . . . ——'s answer is, that he thinks a Society would be impracticable, for that men will not agree as to the remedy, and unless some remedy is proposed, there will be no good, he thinks, in merely laying bare the disease. And he thinks that —— will take the same view of the question with himself. So far, then, there is a rebuff for us; but I think that we must not be discouraged, and that efforts may be made in other quarters; if these also fail, then I think that publication must be tried, and the point noticed, if possible, in some of the leading reviews and newspapers; but for this details are wanted; details at once exact and lively, which I imagine it will be difficult to procure for the whole kingdom, except through the mechanism of a society. For Manchester there is, I believe, a Statistical Society which would afford some good materials. At present people are still so scattered

about, many being on the Continent, that it is difficult to get at them. But in the vacation I hope to be moving about to different parts of England, and then I may be able to find somebody who may be useful. And meantime I shall do what alone lies in my power, viz., write one or two articles on the subject in the Hertford *Reformer*, in which I have written more than once already, I shall be delighted to hear from you, and to learn whether you have made any progress, and whether you have any suggestions to communicate.

CCX. *TO H. BALSTON, ESQ.

Rugby, November 21, 1839.

. . . . . With regard to the questions in your letter, I hold that to a great degree in the choice of a profession, "Sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido," a man's inclination for a calling is a great presumption that he either is or will be fit for it. And in education this holds very strongly, for he who likes boys has probably a daily sympathy with them; and to be in sympathy with the mind you propose to influence is at once indispensable, and will enable you in a great degree to succeed in influencing it.

Another point to which I attach much importance is liveliness. This seems to me an essential condition of sympathy with creatures so lively as boys are naturally, and it is a great matter to make them understand that liveliness is not folly or thoughtlessness. Now I think the prevailing manner amongst many very valuable men at Oxford is the very opposite to liveliness; and I think that this is the case partly with yourself; not at all from affectation, but from natural temper, encouraged perhaps, rather than checked, by a belief that it is right and becoming. But this appears to me to be in point of manner the great difference between a clergyman with a parish and a schoolmaster. It is an illustration of St. Paul's rule: "Rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep." A clergyman's intercourse is very much with the sick and the poor, where liveliness would be greatly misplaced; but a schoolmaster's is with the young, the strong, and the happy, and he cannot get on with them unless in animal spirits he can sympathize with them, and show them that his thoughtfulness is not connected with selfishness and weakness. At least, this

applies, I think, to a young man; for when a teacher gets to an advanced age, gravity, I suppose, would not misbecome him, for liveliness might then seem unnatural, and his sympathy with boys must be limited, I suppose, then, to their great interests rather than their feelings.

You can judge what truth may be in this notion of mine generally; and if true, how far it is applicable to your own case; but, knowing you as I do, my advice to you would be to follow that line for which you seem to have the most evident calling; and surely the sign of God's calling in such a case is to be sought in our own reasonable inclination, for the tastes and faculties which he gives us are the marks of our fitness for one thing rather than another.

CCXI. TO ARTHUR P. STANLEY, ESQ.

Fox How, December 20, 1839.

It is just one-and-twenty years ago this very day that I was ordained Deacon at Oxford, and I wish this letter to reach you on Sunday, when I suppose you will be ordained at the same place to the same office. I had enough and more than enough of scruples and difficulties, not before only, but afterwards for a long time.

. . . . . But I have been satisfied now for many years,—and wonder almost that I ever could have been otherwise,—that Ordination was never meant to be closed against those who, having been conscientious members of the Church before, and wishing in earnest to be ministers of the Church now, holding its truths and sympathizing in its spirit, yet cannot yield an active belief to the words of every part of the Articles and Liturgy as true, without qualification or explanation. And I think so on historical as well as on à priori grounds; on historical,—from the fact that the subscriptions were made more stringent in their form to meet the case of those whose minds, or rather tempers, were so uncomplying, that they would use in the service of the Church no expressions which they did not approve of; and therefore the party in power, to secure the conformity, required a pledge of approbation; and also from the expressed opinion of Bull, Usher, and others; opinions not at all to be taken to such an extent as if the Articles were Articles of peace merely, but abundantly assert-

ing that a whole Church never can be expected to agree in the absolute truth of such a number of propositions as are contained in the Articles and Liturgy. This consideration seems to me also decisive on à priori grounds. For otherwise the Church could by necessity receive into the ministry only men of dull minds or dull consciences; of dull, nay, almost of dishonest minds, if they can persuade themselves that they actually agree in every minute particular with any great number of human propositions; of dull consciences, if exercising their minds freely and yet believing that the church requires the total adhesion of the understanding, they still, for considerations of their own convenience, enter into the ministry in her despite.

You will say that this makes the degree of adhesion required indefinite, and so it must be: yet these things, so seemingly indefinite, are not really so to an honest and sensible mind; for such a mind knows whether it is really in sympathy with the Church in its main faith and feelings; and, if it be not, then subscription would indeed be deceitful; but, if it be, to refuse subscription would, I think, be at once unjust to the Church and to itself.

Enough, however, of this. I earnestly hope and pray that your entrance into the ministry may be to God's glory, to the good of His Church, and to your own great blessing. To have a ministry in the Church is a great honour, and a great responsibility; yet in both is it far inferior to the privilege of being a member of the Church. In our heavenly commonwealth the Jus Civitatis is a thousand times greater than the Jus Honorum; and he who most magnifies the solemnity of Baptism, will be inclined to value most truly the far inferior solemnity of Ordination.

You are entering on an office extinct in all but name. If it could be revived in power, it would be one of the greatest blessings that could be conferred on the Church. I wish you would talk to —— about this; and if a book on this point could be got up between us, I think it could excite no offence, and might lead to very great good. God bless you ever in this and in all your undertakings, through Jesus Christ.

CCXII.

(In answer to a request for a subscription to a church.)

Fox How, December 22, 1839.

Your letter followed me hither from Rugby, and I only reply to it, that you may not think me neglectful if I delayed my answer till my return to Warwickshire.

I shall be happy to subscribe towards the endowment of the Church and not towards the building. My reason for this distinction is, that I think in all cases the right plan to pursue is to raise funds in the first instance for a clergyman, and to procure for him a definitely-marked district as his cure. The real Church being thus founded, if money can also be procured for the material Church, so much the better. If not, I would wish to see any building in the district licensed for the temporary performance of Divine Service, feeling perfectly sure that the zeal and munificence of the congregation would in the course of years raise a far more ornamental building than can ever be raised by public subscription; and that, in the meantime, there might be raised by subscription an adequate fund for the maintenance of a clergyman; whereas, on the present system, it seems perfectly hopeless by any subscriptions in one generation to provide both clergymen and churches in numbers equal to the wants of the country.

I should not have troubled you with my opinions, which I am aware are of no importance to you, did I not wish to explain the reason which makes me, in such cases, always desirous of contributing to the endowment of a minister rather than to the building.

CCXIII. TO THE REV. DR. HAWKINS.

Fox How, December 29, 1839.

. . . . . I retained the benefit of my continental tour throughout the half-year, insomuch that at the very end of it, after the examination, I felt as if I was not entitled to my vacation, because I was so perfectly untired by my past work. This alone could tell you that the school had gone on quietly, as was the case. . . . . It seems to me that people are not enough aware of the monstrous state of society, absolutely without a parallel in the history of the world,—with a popu-

lation poor, miserable, and degraded in body and mind, as much as if they were slaves, and yet called freemen, and having a power as such of concerting and combining plans of risings, which makes them ten times more dangerous than slaves. And the hopes entertained by many of the effects to be wrought by new churches and schools, while the social evils of their condition are left uncorrected, appear to me to be utterly wild. Meanwhile here, as usual, we seem to be in another world, for the quietness of the valleys and the comparative independence of this population are a delightful contrast to what one finds almost everywhere else. We have had heavy rains and a flood, but now both are gone, and the weather is beautiful, and the country most magnificent—snow on all the high hills, but none on the low hills or in the valleys.

CCXIV. TO JAMES MARSHALL, ESQ.

Fox How, January 1, 1840.

. . . . . I may be wrong as to the necessity of gaining more information, but I think I am not wrong in wishing to secure a more extensive and universal co-operation, before anything is ventured remedially,—I would join half a dozen men, or even fewer, if the object be merely to collect and circulate facts such as may fix the public attention; but if more be proposed to be done, I dread the thing's assuming a party character, and I could not myself undertake to sanction a sort of political mission system, without knowing more exactly than I can well expect to know, the characters and discretion and opinions of the agents to be employed. And even if I could depend on these, yet I do not think that they could be successful, for the evil is far deeper, as I believe, than can be cured without the aid of the Government and Legislature. I quite agree with you in the wisdom of forming local societies and a general Central Society; and I should wish the local societies to consist of men of all classes, including certainly the working classes; every possible information collected by such societies would be most valuable, but why should they go on to the farther step of endeavouring, by tracts or missionaries, to influence the mass of the working classes, or to propose remedies? For instance, in Leeds I can conceive that benevolent men among the highest Conservatives, and among the clergy especially, would join a society which really only sought

to collect information; but they could not, and would not, if it endeavoured to do more, because the differences of opinion between you and them render it impossible for you to agree in what you should disseminate. The Society would therefore consist, I think, exclusively of men of what is called the Liberal party, and principally of Dissenters; and this would be, I think, a great pity, and would cripple our operations sadly. I confess I am very suspicious of bodies of men belonging all to one party, even although that party be the one with which I should in the main myself agree, and for this reason, I as little like the composition of the University of London, as I do that of the University of Oxford.

CCXV. TO THE REV. J. HEARN.

Fox How, Ambleside, January 5, 1840.

I must not let more of my time at Fox How pass away without writing to you, for I wish much to know how you are, and how you bear the winter. Your letter of September 7th, gave me a better account of you than your former note had done, and I was very glad to learn that you were better. Still you did not write as if you were quite well, and I do not like to hear of any disorder or langour hanging about you, however slight; for you are not old enough to feel any natural decay, and slight indisposition requires to be watched, lest it should become serious. But I love to think of the quiet of Hatford for you, which, if your complaints are bodily merely, must be very good for you. If you feel any nervousness or depression of spirits, then I suspect a little more of the stir of life would be very good for you; and we should be delighted to see you and Mrs. Hearn and your little ones at Rugby, where you might have enough of movement around you, and yet might be yourself as much at rest as you chose. I sometimes think, that if I were at all in nervous spirits, the solemn beauty of this valley would be almost overwhelming, and that brick streets and common hedgerows would be better for me; just as now, whilst my life is necessarily so stirring, and my health so good, there is an extreme delight in the peacefulness of our life here, and in the quiet of all around us. Last night we were out on the gravel walk for nearly half an hour, watching the northern lights. I never saw them so beautiful; the sky in the north behind the mountains was all of a silvery light,

while in other parts it was dark as usual, and all set with its stars; then, from the mass of light before us, there shot up continually long white pillars or needles, reaching to the zenith; and then again fleeces of light would go quivering like a pulse all over the sky, till they died away in the far south. And to-day there is not a cloud to be seen, and the mountain before our windows reflects the sun's light upon us like a great mirror, we ourselves being in the shade, for the sun soon sets on this side of the valley. . . . .

P. S. . . . . Have you seen Taylor's book on Early Christianity? With much allowance for an unpleasant manner, and some other faults, yet I think he is right in his main point, that the question at issue is really one of Christianity or of the Church system. . . . . Because I believe the New Testament to represent Christianity truly, therefore I reject the Church system, and I think that the Church of England does exactly the same thing for the same reason. But that the Church has always faithfully preserved the Christian doctrine in other points, and much of the purity of Christian holiness, I acknowledge thankfully; and therefore, although I think that in one point Antichrist was in the Church from the first century, yet God forbid that I should call the Church Antichrist. It preserved much truth and much holiness, with one fatal error, subversive, indeed, in its consequences, both of truth and goodness, but which has not always developed its full consequences, nor was even distinctly conscious of its own ground. But that the modern Newmanites are far worse than the early Church writers is certain, and many of their doctrines are disclaimed and condemned by those writers; only in their peculiar system, they are the development of that system which, in the early Church, existed in the bud only; and which, as being directly opposed to our Lord's religion, as taught by Him and His Apostles, I call Antichrist.

CCXVI. TO J. C. PLATT, ESQ.

Fox How, January 12, 1840.

It is a very long time since I have writen to you; your last letter to me being dated, I am ashamed to say, nearly a year ago. But I intended to write to you from this place in the summer; and then my stay here was so short, that I had

no time for anything, the greater part of my holidays having been passed on the Continent.

I think that I have to thank you for introducing so much of my little Lecture, on the Divisions of Knowledge, into the Penny Magazine. I printed it, thinking that it might be useful to the members of Mechanics' Institutions; but having printed it at Rugby, and no publisher having an interest in it, and it not having been advertised, it has had, I suppose, but a very limited circulation. I was very glad therefore to see such large extracts from it in the Penny Magazine, which must have brought it to the knowledge of many readers, although perhaps not exactly of that class for whom I most designed it.

I shall be very glad if you can give me good accounts of yourself and all your family. Our life goes on with very little variety beyond its own even alternations of vacation and half-year; and I could be too happy if private comfort did not seem almost inconsistent with justice, while the state of public affairs is so troubled. If you see the Herts *Reformer*, you will have observed that I have still continued from time to time to write on my old subject, and latterly I have been trying to form a Society to collect information, and draw public attention to the question. The difficulties are very great, but I do hope that something will be done, for I see that men are interested in the question who have a personal interest in manufactures, and a practical knowledge of the state of the people. Such men may really do great good, but I can do nothing more than pull the bell, as it were, and try to give the alarm as to the magnitude of the danger. I was very much struck with Mr. Gill's speech the other day in answer to ——. I do not know how you find it, but for myself I cannot go cordially along with the Radical party, philosophical or otherwise, even on points where in the main I agree with them. They all seem to me more or less overrun with two things, Benthamism and Political Economy; and Bentham I have always thought a bad man, and also, as Carlyle called him in a letter to a friend of mine, "a bore of the first magnitude." I believe I agree with the Radicals as to the mischief of the Corn Laws; yet I cannot but think that the Chartists have some reason in their complaint, that the clamour about the Corn Laws is rather leading men off on a false scent, and that the Repeal will not benefit the working man so much as it is expected. You will not, however, suspect me of thinking that the true scent is to be found in following ——'s notions of universal

suffrage and universal plunder. He and his companions continually remind me of slaves, of men so brutalized by their seclusion from the pale of society, that they have lost all value for the knowledge and morality of the civilized world, and have really no more ideas of the use to be made of all the manifold inventions and revelations of six thousand years, than Sir Isaac Newton's dog had of the value of his master's problems. The cry against property is just the cry of a slave, who, being incapable of holding anything himself as his own, has no notion of any harm in stealing—stealing, in fact, is hardly a word in his language. It is certain, I suppose, that a certain moral and social training are necessary in order to enable us to appreciate truths which, to those who have had that training, are the very life of their life. And again, there is a course of training so mischievous, and degradation and distress are such a curse, as absolutely to make men believe a lie, and to take away that common standing ground of a general sense of the principles of right and wrong, on which we meet uncorrupted ignorance, and so are able to lead it on to a sense of the purest truths and the highest. You mentioned Laing's book on Norway to me. I have got it, and like it very much; but it is easier to admire, and almost envy, the example of Norwegian society, than to apply it to our own state here. It would be a great comfort to me if your experience and observation have led you to look on matters more hopefully; and yet no man feels more keenly than I do the vast amount of goodness and energy which we have amongst us. How noble, after all, is the sight of these Trials [of the Chartists in South Wales] for high treason. Such deliberation and dignity, and perfect fairness, and even gentleness on the part of the Government and the law, in dealing with guilt so recent, so great, and so palpable. Therefore we cannot be without hope that, with God's blessing, we may get over our evils, although I own that with me fear is stronger than hope.

CCXVII. TO THOMAS CARLYLE, ESQ.

Rugby, January, 1840.

A note of yours to our common acquaintance, Mr. James Marshall, furnishes, I believe, the only shadow of a pretence which I could claim for addressing you, according to the ordinary forms of society. But I should be ashamed, to you above

all men, to avail myself of a mere pretence; and my true reason for addressing you is, because I believe you sympathize with me on that most important subject, the welfare of the poorer classes, and because I know, from your history of the French Revolution, that you understand the real nature and magnitude of the evil, which so many appear to me neither to comprehend nor to feel.

I have been trying, hitherto with no success, to form a Society, the object of which should be to collect information as to every point in the condition of the poor throughout the kingdom, and to call public attention to it by every possible means, whether by the press or by yearly or quarterly meetings. And as I am most anxious to secure the co-operation of good men of all parties, it seems to me a necessary condition that the Society should broach no theories, and propose no remedies; that it should simply collect information, and rouse the attention of the country to the infinite importance of the subject. You know full well that wisdom in the higher sense and practical knowledge are rarely found in the same man; and, if any theory be started, which contains something not suited to practice, all the so-called practical men cry out against the folly of all theories, and conclude themselves, and lead the vulgar to the conclusion, that, because one particular remedy has been prescribed ignorantly, no remedy is needed, or at least none is practicable.

I see by the newspapers that you are writing on Chartism, and I am heartily glad to hear of it, I shall be curious to know whether you have any definite notions as to the means of relieving the fearful evils of our social condition, or whether you, like myself, are overwhelmed by the magnitude of the mischief, and are inclined to say, like the Persian fatalist in Herodotus, *ἐχθίστη ὀδύνη πολλὰ φρονέοντα μηδενὸς κρατέειν.*

I have no sort of desire to push my proposal about a Society, and would gladly be guided by wiser men as to what is best to be done. But I cannot, I am sure, be mistaken as to this, that the state of society in England at this moment was never yet paralleled in history; and though I have no stake in the country as far as property is concerned, yet I have a wife and a large family of children; and I do not wish to lose, either for them or myself, all those thousand ties, so noble and so sacred and so dear, which bind us to our country, as she was and as she is, with all her imperfections and difficulties. If you think that anything can be done, which could interest any

other person on the subject, I should be delighted to give aid in any possible manner to the extent of my abilities. I owe you many apologies for writing thus to a perfect stranger—but ever since I read your History of the French Revolution, I have longed to become acquainted with you; because I found in that book an understanding of the true nature of history, such as it delighted my heart to meet with; and having from a child felt the deepest interest in the story of the French Revolution, and read pretty largely about it, I was somewhat in a condition to appreciate the richness of your knowledge, and the wisdom of your judgments. I do not mean that I agree with you in all these; in some instances I should differ very decidedly; but still the wisdom of the book, as well as its singular eloquence and poetry, was such a treasure to me as I have rarely met with, and am not at all likely to meet with again.

CCXVIII. TO JAMES MARSHALL, ESQ.

Fox How, January 23, 1840.

I thank you much for your last letter, and I assure you that I attach a great value to such communications from you. The scheme of a newspaper I actually tried myself nine years ago, and spent above two hundred pounds upon it. I was not so foolish as to think that I could keep up a newspaper; but I was willing to bell the cat, hoping that some who were able might take up what I had begun. But no one did, and the thing died a natural death at the end of two months. I feel, however, so strongly the desirableness of such an attempt, that I am ready again to contribute money or writing, or both, to the same cause; and I should be doubly glad if we could effect both the objects you speak of—a daily paper and a weekly one. It seems to me, however, desirable that at this point I should make somewhat of a confession of my political faith to you, that you may know how far my views would coincide with yours.

My differences with the Liberal Party would turn, I think, chiefly on two points. First, I agree with Carlyle in thinking that they greatly over-estimate Bentham, and also that they over-rate the Political Economists generally; not that I doubt the ability of those writers, or the truth of their conclusions,

as far as regards their own science—but I think that the summum bonum of their science, and of human life, are not identical; and therefore many questions in which free-trade is involved, and the advantages of large capital, &c., although perfectly simple in an economical point of view, become, when considered politically, very complex; and the economical good is very often, from the neglect of other points, made in practice a direct social evil.

But my second difference is greater by much than this: I look to the full development of the Christian Church in its perfect form, as the Kingdom of God, for the most effective removal of all evil, and promotion of all good; and I can understand no perfect Church or perfect State, without their blending into one in this ultimate form. I believe, farther, that our fathers at the Reformation stumbled accidentally, or rather were unconsciously led by God's Providence, to the declaration of the great principle of this system, the doctrine of the King's Supremacy—which is, in fact, no other than an assertion of the Supremacy of the Church or Christian society over the clergy, and a denial of that which I hold to be one of the most mischievous falsehoods ever broached—that the government of the Christian Church is vested by divine right in the clergy, and that the close corporation of bishops and presbyters—whether one or more, makes no difference—is and ever ought to be the representative of the Christian Church. Holding this doctrine as the very corner-stone of all my political belief, I am equally opposed to Popery, High Churchism, and the claims of the Scotch Presbyteries, on the one hand; and to all the Independents, and advocates of the separation, as they call it, of Church and State, on the other: the first setting up a Priesthood in the place of the Church, and the other lowering necessarily the objects of Law and Government, and reducing them to a mere system of police, while they profess to wish to make the Church purer. And my fondness for Greek and German literature has made me very keenly alive to the mental defects of the Dissenters as a body; the characteristic faults of the English mind—narrowness of view, and a want of learning and a sound critical spirit—being exhibited to my mind in the Dissenters almost in caricature. It is nothing but painful to me to feel this; because no man appreciates more than I do the many great services which the Dissenters have rendered, both to the general cause of Christianity, and especially to the cause of justice and good

government in our own country; and my sense of the far less excusable errors, and almost uniformly mischievous conduct of the High Church party, is as strong as it can be of any one thing in the world.

Again, the principle of Conservatism has always appeared to me to be not only foolish, but to be actually felo de se: it destroys what it loves, because it will not mend it. But I cordially agree with Niebuhr—who in all such questions is to me the greatest of all authorities; because, together with an ability equal to the highest, he had an universal knowledge of political history, far more profound than was ever possessed by any other man—that every new institution should be but a fuller development of, or an addition to, what already exists; and that if things have come to such a pass in a country, that all its past history and associations are cast away as merely bad, Reform in such a country is impossible. I believe it to be necessary, and quite desirable, that the popular power in a state should, in the perfection of things, be paramount to every other; but this supremacy need not, and ought not, I think, to be absolute; and monarchy, and an aristocracy of birth—as distinguished from one of wealth or of office—appear to me to be two precious elements which still exist in most parts of Europe, and to lose which, as has been done unavoidably in America, would be rather our insanity than our misfortune. But the insolencies of our aristocracy no one feels more keenly than I do: the scandalous exemption* of the peers from all ignominious punishments short of death—so that for a most aggravated manslaughter a peer must escape altogether, as the old Lord Byron did, or as the Duchess of Kingston did, for bigamy; the insolent practice of allowing peers to vote in criminal trials on their honour, while other men vote on their oath; the absurdity of proxy voting, and some other things of the same nature. All theory and all experience show, that if a system goes on long unreformed, it is not then reformed, but destroyed. And so, I believe, it will be with our Aristocracy and our Church; because I fear that neither will be wise in time. But still, looking upon both as positive blessings—and capable—the latter especially—of doing good that can be done by no other means, I love and would maintain both, not as a concession or a compromise, but precisely with the same zeal that I would reform both, and

* This, so far as it is here correctly stated, was abolished by 4 & 5 Vict. c. 22.

enlarge the privileges and elevate the condition of the mass of the community. As to your difference of opinion with Carlyle about the craving for political rights, I agree with you fully. But I think that, before distress has once got in, a people whose physical wants are well supplied, may be kept for centuries by a government without a desire for political power. but, when the ranks immediately above them have been long contending earnestly for this very power, and physical distress makes them impatient of their actual condition, then men are apt, I think, to attach even an overvalue to the political remedy and it is then quite too late to try to fatten them into obedience: other parts of their nature have learnt to desire, and will have their desire gratified.

CCXIX. TO SIR THOMAS PASLEY, BART.

Fox How, January 25, 1840.

. . . . . On the difficulties of Scripture I met ——, as to the matter of fact, maintaining that the differences of interpretation are very few in number; and that many of the greatest points at issue are altogether foreign to the interpretation of Scripture, and are argued upon other grounds; and that where the Scripture is really difficult, there the boasted authority of the Church gives no help,—the early Christian writers having been quite as much puzzled as ourselves, when they did not attempt to clear themselves by mere guesses, and those generally very bad ones. . . . . I have been working hard every morning at my History, and have wanted the evenings for my letters: so that we really declined dining out after the first half of our stay. The second volume is now finished, and I have written besides four Sermons, three Letters to the Herts *Reformer*, and letters of other sorts, of course, without number. I have had a considerable correspondence with Mr. James Marshall, about our plan of a Society for obtaining and disseminating information about the poorer classes: he is deeply interested in the question. Indeed, it is only a wonder to me that everyone is not energetic on this matter; but the security of those who were "buying, selling, planting, and building, and knew not till the flood came, and swept them all away," is to be repeated, I suppose, or rather will be repeated, before each of our Lord's comings, be they as many as they may. I have often thought of New Zealand, and if they would make you

Governor and me Bishop, I would go out, I think, to-morrow,—not to return after so many years, but to live and die there, if there was any prospect of rearing any hopeful form of society. I have actually got 200 acres in New Zealand, and I confess that my thoughts often turn thitherward; but that vile population of runaway convicts and others who infest the country, deter me more than anything else, as the days of Roman Proconsuls are over, who knew so well how to clear a country of such nuisances. Now, I suppose they will, as they find it convenient, come in and settle down quietly amongst the colonists, as Morgan did at Kingston; and the ruffian and outlaw of yesterday becomes to-day—according to our Jacobin notions of citizenship—a citizen, and perhaps a magistrate and a legislator. I imagine that the Jamaica society has never recovered the mixture of Buccaneer blood, and it is in that way that colonial societies become so early corrupted, because all the refuse of old societies find such easy access into them.

I am very glad, indeed, that you like my Prophecy Sermons: the points in particular on which I did not wish to enter, if I could help it, but which very likely I shall be forced to touch on, relate to the latter chapters of Daniel, which, if genuine, would be a clear exception to my canon of interpretation, as there can be no reasonable spiritual meaning made out of the Kings of the North and South. But I have long thought that the greater part of the book of Daniel is most certainly a very late work of the time of the Maccabees; and the pretended prophecy about the Kings of Grecia and Persia, and of the North and South, is mere history, like the poetical prophecies in Virgil and elsewhere. In fact, you can trace distinctly the date when it was written, because the events up to the date are given with historical minuteness, totally unlike the character of real Prophecy; and beyond that date all is imaginary. It is curious that when there was so allowed a proof of the existence of apocryphal writings under the name of the Book of Daniel,—as the Stories of the apocryphal Esther, Susanna, and Bel and the Dragon,—those should have been rejected, because they were only known in the Greek translation, and the rest, because it happened to be in Chaldee, was received at once in the lump, and defended as a matter of faith. But the self-same criticism which has established the authenticity of St. John's Gospel against all questionings, does, I think, equally prove the non-authenticity of great part of Daniel: that there may be genuine fragments in it, is very likely.

CCXX. TO ARCHDEACON HARE.

Fox How, January 26, 1840.

The Penny Postage will allow me to trouble you with a question, which otherwise I should not have thought it worth while to send you. Wordsworth, I think, told me, on your authority, that Niebuhr had spoken with strong disrespect of Coleridge's Church and State. Now, as I respect Coleridge exceedingly, it pains me to think that Niebuhr should speak with actual disrespect of any work of his; and it seems to me that his habit of criticism was generally mild and considerate. On the other hand, Coleridge's Church and State does seem to me to be historically very faulty, and this Niebuhr would feel, I doubt not, very keenly. Can you tell me what Niebuhr's judgment of the book really was, and on what it was founded?*

. . . . . You will be glad to hear, I think, that the volumes of Thirlwall's Greece seem to me to improve as the work advances. There never could be a doubt as to the learning and good sense of the book; but it seems to me to be growing in feeling and animation, and to be now a very delightful history as well as a very valuable one. . . . . Mr. Maurice wrote to me the other day, to say that he had sent to Rugby, for me, the first number of the Educational Magazine. I could not thank him, because I did not know his address, but I should be very sorry to appear inattentive to a man whom I respect so highly as I do Mr. Maurice.

CCXXI. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ.

Fox How, January 24, 1840.

We are going to leave this place, if all be well, on Monday; and I confess that it makes me rather sad to see to preparations for our departure, for it is like going out of a very quiet cove into a very rough sea; and I am every year approaching nearer to that time of life when rest is more welcome than exertion. Yet, when I think of what is at stake on that rough sea, I feel that I have no right to lie in harbour idly; and indeed I do

* This question has been inserted merely as an illustration of the jealousy with which he regarded the reputations of men whom he really reverenced. How far Niebuhr's unfavourable judgment was given, upon full deliberation, does not appear.

yearn more than I can say, to be able to render some service where service is so greatly needed. It is when I indulge such wishes most keenly, and only then, that strong political differences between my friends and myself are really painful; because I feel that not only could we not act together, but there would be no sympathy the moment I were to express anything beyond a general sense of anxiety and apprehension, in which I suppose all good men must share.

CCXXII. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Fox How, January 24, 1840.

We left Rugby this time so early, that your letter followed me down here, and I must have the pleasure of answering it before we go away, which, alas! must be to-morrow morning. We talk of going to Norwich for a few days, to see the Stanleys, and to Cambridge, before we settle at Rugby; and really, in these most troublous times, it seems more than is allowable to be living, as we are here, in a place of so much rest and beauty.

Your letter interested me very deeply, and I have thought over what you say very often. Yet I believe that no man's mind has ever been more consciously influenced by others than mine has been in the course of my life, from the time that I first met you at Corpus. I doubt whether you ever submitted to another with the same complete deference as I did to you when I was an undergraduate. So, afterwards, I looked up to Davison with exceeding reverence—and to Whately. Nor do I think that Keble himself has lived on in more habitual respect and admiration than I have, only the objects of these feelings have been very different. At this day, I could sit at Bunsen's feet, and drink in wisdom, with almost intense reverence. But I cannot reverence the men whom Keble reverences, and how does he feel to Luther and Milton? It gives me no pain and no scruple whatever to differ from those whom, after the most deliberate judgment that I can form, I cannot find to be worthy of admiration. Nor does their number affect me, when all are manifestly under the same influences, and no one seems to be a master spirit, fitted to lead amongst men. But with wise men in the way of their wisdom, it would give me very great pain to differ; I can

say that truly with regard to your Uncle, even more with regard to Niebuhr. I do not know a single subject on which I have maintained really a paradox—that is, on which I have presumed to set up my judgment against the concurring judgment of wise men, and I trust I never should do it. But it is surely not presumption to prefer a foreign authority to one nearer home, when both are in themselves perfectly equal. For instance—suppose that any point in English Law, although steadily defended by English lawyers, was at variance no less decidedly with the practice of the Roman Law, and condemned by the greatest jurists and philosophers of other countries—there can be no presumption, as it seems to me, in taking either side strongly, according as a man's convictions may be: nor ought one to be taxed with disrespect of authority in either case; because, although one may be treating some great men as clearly wrong, yet other men no less great have justified us in doing so. Perhaps this consciousness of the actually disputed character of many points in theology and politics rendered it early impossible to my mind to acquiesce without inquiry in any one set of opinions; the choice was not left me to do so. I was brought up in a strong Tory family; the first impressions of my own mind shook my merely received impressions to pieces, and at Winchester I was well nigh a Jacobin. At sixteen, when I went up to Oxford, all the influences of the place which I loved exceedingly, your influence above all, blew my Jacobinism to pieces, and made me again a Tory. I used to speak strong Toryism in the old Attic Society, and greedily did I read Clarendon with all the sympathy of a thorough Royalist. Then came the peace, when Napoleon was put down, and the Tories had it their own way. Nothing shook my Toryism more than the strong Tory sentiments that I used to hear at ——, though I liked the family exceedingly. But I heard language at which my organ of justice stood aghast, and which, the more I read of the Bible, seemed to me more and more unchristian. I could not but go on inquiring, and I do feel thankful that now and for some years past I have been living not in scepticism, but in a very sincere faith, which embraces most unreservedly those great truths, divine and human, which the highest authorities, divine and human, seem to me concurringly to teach. I have said this defensively only, for I am sure I meant to convey no insinuation against you for not being active in inquiring after truth. I believe I never think of you but with entire respect and

admiration, and I never talked with you on any subject without gaining something—so far am I from venturing to think that I am entitled to think myself fonder of truth than you are. I am glad that you like the Sermons on Prophecy; I have not ventured to say that the principle is of *universal* application, but it is I think very *general*; and, in both the cases which you notice, I think it holds. Cyrus is said, in many commentaries, to be a type of Christ, by which I understand that the language applied to him is hyperbolical, and suits properly only Him who is the real deliverer of Israel, and conqueror of Babylon. And the passage about the "Virgin conceiving," &c., has a manifest historical meaning as applied to Isaiah's wife; the sign being one of time, that within the youth of an infant presently to be born, Syria and Israel should be overthrown. Emmanuel might improperly be the name of a common child, just as Jesus or Joshua was, but both apply to our Lord, and to Him only, in unexaggerated strictness. I have finished Vol. II. of the History, and am getting on with the new edition of Thucydides. The school is quite full, and I have been obliged to refuse several applications on that account. Our attempt to secure some of the benefits of the Eton system of tuition will come into practice as soon as the half-year begins. Wordsworth is and has been remarkably well this winter. A Miss Gillies came down here in the autumn to take his miniature, in which I think she has succeeded admirably. The state of the times is so grievous, that it really pierces through all private happiness, and haunts me daily like a personal calamity. But I suppose that as to causes and cure, we should somewhat differ, though in much surely we should agree. I wish your son John would come down to see me some day from Oxford. I should much wish to see him, and to observe how he is getting on.

CCXXIII. TO SIR CULLING E. SMITH, BART. (AFTERWARDS SIR CULLING EARDLEY).

(With reference to a correspondence in the Herts *Reformer*.)

Rugby, February 14, 1840.

. . . . . I have two principal reasons which make me unwilling to affix my name to my letters in the Herts *Reformer*—one, as I mentioned before, because I am so totally unconnected with the county—which to my feelings is a reason of great weight—my other reason concerns my own particular

profession, not so much as a clergyman but as a schoolmaster. I think if I wrote by a name in a newspaper published in another county, I should be thought to be stepping out of the line of my own duties, and courting notoriety as a political writer. And this, I think, I am bound for the school's sake to avoid, unless there is a clear duty on the other side, which I own I cannot as yet perceive to exist. I think that your own case as a gentleman of independent rank and fortune, and directly connected with Hertfordshire, is very different from mine; for no one could charge you with stepping out of your own profession, or with interfering without any title to do so in the newspaper of another county. And as to the reasons which you urge, of setting an example of moderation in arguing on the question of Church Establishments, it seems to me that the mischief of our newspapers mainly arises from the virulent language which men use while writing anonymously, and that as far as example goes, this is better reproved by temperate writings which are also anonymous. I suppose that no man, writing with his name, would allow himself to write in the style which newspaper writers often use; if you and I write with our names, it would be no wonder at all if we should write moderately; but if Augur and F. H. observe the courtesies and the charities of life, which their incognito might enable them to cast aside if they would, it appears to me to be likely, as far as their letters are read, to have a salutary influence, because their moderation could scarcely be ascribed to anything but to their real disapprobation of scurrility and unfairness. After all, my incognito is only a very slight veil, and I am more anxious to preserve it in form than in reality. I have no objection to be known as the author of my Letters, but I would neither wish to attach my name to them, nor to be mentioned by name in the *Reformer*, for the reasons which I have given above. I trust that you will not take it amiss that I still adhere to my former resolution. May I add at the same time, that I am much obliged to you for the kind expressions in your letter, and I trust that you will have no cause to recall your testimony to the respectfulness of my language in any of my future Letters. I do respect sincerely every man who writes with a real desire to promote the cause of Christ's kingdom.

CCXXIV. *TO H. FOX, ESQ.

Rugby, February 21, 1840.

I am well persuaded that to a good man with regard to his choice of one amidst several lines of duty, "Sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido." It is a part of God's Providence that some men are made to see strongly the claims of one calling, others those of another. If, therefore, a man tells me that he feels bound to go out as a Missionary to India, I feel that I ought not to grudge to India what God seems to will for her. A very old friend of mine,† who has been for some years superintendent of the Missions at Madras, is coming home this spring for his health, hoping to go out again in the autumn; if your purpose is fixed I should like you to see him, for he would counsel you well as to the manner of carrying it into effect; but on the previous question itself—to go to India or not—his judgment must be biassed, for he himself left a very large field of ministerial duty here, to go out to India. But whether you go to India, or to any other foreign country, the first and great point, I think, is to turn your thoughts to the edification of the Church already in existence—that is, the English or Christian societies as distinct from the Hindoos. Unless the English and the half-caste people can be brought into a good state, how can you get on with the Hindoos? Again, I am inclined to think that greater good might be done by joining a young English settlement, than by missionary work amongst the heathen. Every good man going to New Zealand, or to Van Diemen's Land, not for the sake of making money, is an invaluable element in those societies; and remember that they, after all, must be, by-and-by, the great missionaries to the heathen world, either for God or for the Devil.

But still, do not lightly think that any claims can be greater upon you than those of this Church and people of England. It is not surely to the purpose to say that there are ten thousand clergymen here, and very few in India. Do these ten thousand clergymen all, or even the greater part of them, appreciate what they have to do? Is not the mass of evil here greater a thousand times in its injurious effects on the world at large than all the idolatry of India? and is it less dangerous to the souls of those concerned in it? Look at the state of your own county;‡ and does not that cry out as loud as India,

† The Rev. J. Tucker. ‡ Durham.

notwithstanding its bishop and its golden stalls? And remember that the Apostles did indeed, or rather some of them did, spread the Gospel over many provinces of the Roman Empire. But it was necessary that it should have a wide diffusion once; not that this diffusion was to go on universally and always, although the old Churches might be grievously wanting the aid of those who were plunging into heathen and barbarian countries to make nominal converts.

But beyond this no man can advise you; you may do good by God's blessing anywhere—you will, I doubt not, serve Him everywhere—but what you feel to be your particular call, you must alone determine. But do not decide hastily, for it is an important question, and if you go and then regret it, time and opportunities will be lost. You know that F. Newman went out as a missionary to Persia, and returned, finding that he had judged his calling wrongly. I shall, of course, be at all times glad to advise you to the best of my power, either by letter or personally.

CCXXV. TO THE SAME.

Rugby, March 30, 184c.

I would not willingly have left your last letter so long unanswered, but my time has been even more than usually engaged. I am sure that if your bent seems to be to the work of a missionary in India, I would not be the man to dissuade you from it. It is a Christian and a most important calling, and though to my own mind, certainly, there are others even more important, yet I fully believe that it is God's will that, by our different impulses, all the several parts of His vineyard should be supplied with labourers. Only, if you do go to India, still remember that the great work to be done is to organize and purify Christian Churches of whites and half-castes. This, I believe, Tucker would tell you, and all other men whose judgments can be relied on. These must be the nucleus to which individuals from the natives will continually join more and more, as these become more numerous and more respectable. Otherwise the caste system is an insuperable difficulty. You call on a man to leave all his old connexions, and to become infamous in their eyes, and yet have no living Church to offer him where "he shall receive fathers and mothers, and brethren and sisters," &c., a hundred fold. Individual preaching amongst the Hindoos, without having a Church to

which to invite them, seems to me the wildest of follies. Remember how in every place, Paul made the εὐσεβεῖς the foundation of his Church, and then the idolatrous heathens gathered round these in more or less numbers.

Again, if you go out to India, you must be clear as to questions of Church government and the so-called Apostolical Succession, which there become directly practical questions. Are you to look upon Lutheran ordinations, and Baptists' or Independent baptisms, as valid or invalid? Are the members of non-episcopal Churches your brethren or not? In matters of doctrine, an opinion, however unimportant, is either true or false; and if false, he who holds it is in error, although the error may be so practically indifferent as to be of no account in our estimate of the men. But in matters of government, I hold that there is actually no right and no wrong. Viewed in the large, as they are seen in India, and when abstracted from the questions of particular countries, I hold that one form of Church government is exactly as much according to Christ's will as another; nay, I consider such questions as so indifferent, that, if I thought the government of my neighbour's Church better than my own, I yet would not, unless the case were very strong, leave my Church for his, because habits, associations, and all those minor ties which ought to burst asunder before a great call, are yet of more force, I think, than a difference between Episcopacy and Presbytery, unless one be very good of its kind, and the other very bad. . . . . However, whether you think with me or not, the question at any rate is one of importance to a man going as Missionary to India. Let me hear from you again when you can.

CCXXVI. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN.

(Then Prussian Minister at Berne.)

Rugby, February 25, 1840.

It rejoices me indeed to resume my communication with you, and it is a comfort to me to think that you are at least on our side of the Alps, and on a river which runs into our own side, in the very face of Father Thames. May God's blessing be with you and yours in your new home, and prosper all your works, public and private, and give you health and strength to execute them, and to see their fruits beginning to show them-

selves. I am going on in my accustomed way in this twelfth year of my life at Rugby, with all about me, thank God, in good health.

. . . . . I have determined, after much consideration, to follow the common chronology, for convenience. To alter it now seems as hopeless as Hare's attempt to amend our English spelling; and besides, I cannot satisfy myself that any sure system of chronology is attainable, so that it does not seem worth while to put all one's recollections into confusion for the sake of a result which after all is itself uncertain. I have written the naval part of the first Punic War with something of an Englishman's feeling, which I think will make you find that part interesting. I have tried also to make out a sort of Domesday Book of Italy after the Roman Conquest, to show as far as possible the various tenures by which the land was held. . . . .*

. . . . . I am seriously thinking of going southwards. I hesitate between two plans, Marseilles and Naples, or Trieste and Corfu. Corfu—Corcyra—would be genuine Greece in point of climate and scenery, and if one could get a sight of the country about Durazzo, it would greatly help the campaign of Dyrrhachium. Then, in going to Trieste, we should see Ulm, Augsburg, Munich, and Salzburg, and might take Regensburg and Nurnburg on our return. Naples in itself would be to me less interesting than Corfu, but if we could penetrate into the interior nothing would delight me more. Do you think that we could penetrate into the Abruzzi, that is, my wife and I—and can you give us letters to anybody in the Neapolitan dominions if we did go? Any advice of yours on this subject would be very acceptable. We went to Cambridge at the end of our winter holidays, where I saw Donaldson, the author of the New Cratylus, and almost the only Englishman who promises, I think, to be a really good philologer. How I wish that your Egyptian work were published, and that we had a near prospect of the Evangelica and the liturgical work.

Niebuhr's third volume is indeed delightful; but it grieved

* A passage has here been omitted relating to the question between the Judges and the House of Commons, on Breach of Privilege, in consequence of the statement of his opinion being mixed up with a statement of facts which he had intended eventually to reconsider. But it was a subject on which, at the time, he felt very strongly in favour of the House of Commons, in the belief that "the leading statesmen of all parties took one side, and the lawyers and the ultra Tories the other side," and that "Peel's conduct on this occasion does him more credit than any part of his political life."

me to find those frequent expressions, in his later letters, of his declining regard for England. I grieve at it, but I do not wonder. Most gladly do I join in your proposal that we should write monthly. . . . . Will you send me your proper address in German, for I do not like directions to you in French?

CCXXVII. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ.

Rugby, March 13, 1840.

. . . . . I do not often venture to talk to you about public affairs, but surely you will agree with me in deprecating this war with China, which really seems to me so wicked as to be a national sin of the greatest possible magnitude, and it distresses me very deeply. Cannot anything be done by petition or otherwise to awaken men's minds to the dreadful guilt we are incurring? I really do not remember, in any history, of a war undertaken with such combined injustice and baseness. Ordinary wars of conquest are to me far less wicked, than to go to war in order to maintain smuggling, and that smuggling consisting in the introduction of a demoralizing drug, which the government of China wishes to keep out, and which we, for the lucre of gain, want to introduce by force; and in this quarrel are going to burn and slay, in the pride of our supposed superiority.

CCXXVIII. TO W. LEAPER NEWTON, ESQ.

Rugby, February 19, 1840.

It is with the most sincere regret that I feel myself unable to give an unqualified support to the resolution which you propose to bring forward at the next general meeting of the proprietors of the North Midland Railway Company.

Of course, if I held the Jewish law of the Sabbath to be binding upon us, the question would not be one of degree, but I should wish to stop all travelling on Sundays as in itself unlawful. But holding that the Christian Lord's Day is a very different thing from the Sabbath, and to be observed in a different manner, the question of Sunday travelling is, in my mind, quite one of degree; and whilst I entirely think that the trains which travel on that day should be very much fewer on every account, yet I could not consent to suspend all

travelling on a great line of communication for twenty-four hours, especially as the creation of railways necessarily puts an end to other conveyances in the same direction; and if the trains do not travel, a poor man, who could not post, might find it impossible to get on at all. But I would cheerfully support you in voting that only a single train each way should travel on the Sunday, which would surely enable the clerks, porters, &c., at every station, to have the greatest part of every Sunday at their own disposal. Nay, I would gladly subscribe individually to a fund for obtaining additional help on the Sunday, so that the work might fall still lighter on each individual employed.

CCXXIX. TO THE SAME.

Rugby, February 22, 1840.

It would be absolutely wrong, I think, if I were not to answer your question to the best of my power; yet it is so very painful to seem to be arguing in any way against the observance of the Sunday, that I would far rather agree with you than differ from you. I believe that it is generally agreed amongst Christians that the Jewish law, so far as it was Jewish and not moral, is at an end; and it is assuming the whole point at issue to assume that the Ten Commandments are all moral. If that were so, it seems to me quite certain that the Sabbath would have been kept on its own proper day; for, if the Commandments were still binding, I do not see where would be the power to make any alteration in its enactments. But it is also true, no doubt, that the Lord's Day was kept from time immemorial in the Church as a day of festival; and, connected with the notion of festival, the abstinence from worldly business naturally followed. A weekly religious festival, in which worldly business was suspended, bore such a resemblance to the Sabbath, that the analogy of the Jewish law was often urged as a reason for its observance; but, as it was not considered to be the Sabbath, but only a day in some respects like it, so the manner of its observance varied from time to time, and was made more or less strict on grounds of religious expediency, without reference in either case to the authority of the fourth commandment. An ordinance of Constantine prohibits other work, but leaves agricultural labour free. An ordinance of Leo. I. (Emperor of Constantinople) forbids agricultural labour also. On the other

hand, our own Reformers (see Cranmer's Visitation Articles) required the Clergy to teach the people that they would grievously offend God if they abstained from working on Sundays in harvest time; and the statute of Edward VI., 5th and 6th, chap. iii. (vol. iv. part i. p. 132 of the Parliamentary edition of the Statutes, 1819), expressly allows all persons to work, *ride*, or follow their calling, whatever it may be, in the case of need. And the preamble of this statute, which was undoubtedly drawn up with the full concurrence of the principal Reformers, if not actually written by them, declares in the most express terms that the observance of all religious festivals is left in the discretion of the Church, and therefore it proceeds to order that all Sundays, with many other days named, should be kept holy. And the clear language of this statute,—together with the total omission of the duty of keeping the Sabbath in the Catechism, although it professes to collect our duty towards God from the four first commandments,—proves to my mind that in using the fourth commandment in the Church service, the Reformers meant it to be understood as enforcing to us simply the duty of worshipping God, and devoting some portion of time to His honour, the particular portion so devoted, and the manner of observing it, being points to be fixed by the Church. It is on these grounds that I should prefer greatly diminishing public travelling on the Sunday to stopping it altogether; as this seems to me to correspond better with the Christian observance of the Lord's Day, which, while most properly making rest from ordinary occupation the general rule, yet does not regard it as a thing of absolute necessity, but to be waived on weighty grounds. And surely many very weighty reasons for occasionally moving from place to place on a Sunday are occurring constantly. But if the only alternative be between stopping the trains on our railway altogether, or having them go frequently, as on other days, I cannot hesitate for an instant which side to take, and I will send you my proxy without a moment's hesitation. You will perhaps have the goodness to let me hear from you again.

CCXXX. TO THE SAME.

Rugby, April 1, 1840.

I should have answered your last letter earlier, had I not been so much engaged that I assure you I do not find it easy to find time for anything beyond the necessary routine of my

employments. I agree with you that it is not necessary with respect to the practical point to discuss the authority of the command to keep the Sunday. In fact, believing it to be an ordinance of the Church at any rate, I hold its practical obligation just as much as if I considered it to be derivable from the fourth commandment; but the main question is, whether that rest, on which the commandment lays such exclusive stress, is really the essence of the Christian Sunday. That it should be a day of greater leisure than other days, and of the suspension, so far as may be, of the common business of life, I quite allow; but then I believe that I should have much greater indulgence for recreation on a Sunday than you might have; and if the railway enables the people in the great towns to get out into the country on the Sunday, I should think it a very great good. I confess that I would rather have one train going on a Sunday, than none at all; and I cannot conceive that this would seriously interfere with any of the company's servants; it would not be as much work as all domestic servants have every Sunday in almost every house in the country. At the same time, I should be most anxious to mark the day decidedly from other days, and I think that one train up and down would abundantly answer all good purposes, and that more would be objectionable. I was much obliged to you for sending me an account of the discussion on the subject, and, if it comes on again, I should really wish to express my opinion, if I could, by voting against having more than one train. I am really sorry that I cannot go along with you more completely. At any rate, I cannot but rejoice in the correspondence with you to which this question has given occasion. Differences of opinion give me but little concern; but it is a real pleasure to be brought into communication with any man who is in earnest, and who really looks to God's will as his standard of right and wrong, and judges of actions according to their greater or less conformity.*

CCXXXI. TO HOWELL LLOYD, ESQ.

Rugby, February 25, 1840.

With regard to Welsh, I am anxious that people should notice any words which may exist in the spoken language of old people, or in remote parts of the country, which are not

* See p. 311, vol. i., for his further view of the fourth commandment.

acknowledged in the written language. Welsh must have its dialects, I suppose, like other languages, and these dialects often preserve words and forms of extreme antiquity, which have long since perished out of the written language, or rather were never introduced into it. You know Dr. Pritchard's book, I take it for granted, the only sensible book on the subject which I ever saw written in English. This, and Bopp's Vergleichende Grammatik, should be constantly used, I think, to enable a man to understand the real connexion of languages, and to escape the extravagances into which our so-called Celtic scholars have generally fallen.

CCXXXII. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ.

(Relating to a Petition on Subscription.)

April, 1840.

. . . . . My wish about the bill is this, if it could be done; that the Athanasian Creed should be rejected altogether,—that the promise to use the Liturgy should be the peculiar subscription of the clergy,—that the Articles should stand as articles of peace, in the main draft of each Article, for clergy and laity alike; and that for Church membership there should be no other test than that required in Baptism. I think you may require fuller knowledge of the clergy than of the laity; and, as they have a certain public service in the Church to perform, you may require of them a promise that they will perform it according to the law of our Church; but as to the adhesion of the inner man to any set of religious truths,—this, it seems to me, belongs to us as Christians, and is in fact a part of the notion of Christian faith, which faith is to be required of all the Church alike, so far as it can be or ought to be required of any one. And therefore, so long as the clergy subscribe to the Articles, so long do I hope that they will be required at taking degrees in Oxford or Cambridge, of all who are members of the Church. If they are a burden, all ought to bear it alike; if they are a fair test of church membership, they should extend to all alike.

CCXXXIII. TO THE SAME.

April, 1840.

. . . . . I would not willingly petition about the Canons, except to procure their utter abolition; I have an intense dis-

like of clerical legislation, most of all of such a clergy as was dominant in James the First's reign. And, if the Canons are touched ever so lightly, what is left untouched would acquire additional force, an evil greater to my mind than leaving them altogether alone. I think that I should myself prefer petitioning for a relaxation of the terms of Subscription, and especially for the total repeal of the 36th Canon. Historically, our Prayer Book exhibits the opinions of two very different parties, King Edward's Reformers, and the High Churchmen of James the First's time, and of 1661. There is a necessity, therefore, in fact, for a comprehensive Subscription, unless the followers of one of these parties are to be driven out of the Church; for no man who heartily likes the one, can approve entirely of what has been done by the other. And I would petition specifically, *I think*, but I speak with submission, for the direct cancelling of the damnatory clauses of the anonymous Creed, vulgarly called Athanasius'—(would it not be well in your petition to alter the expression, "Athanasius' Creed?") leaving the Creed itself untouched.

CCXXXIV. TO THE SAME.

May 16, 1840.

I have sent a copy of this petition* to Whately; if he approves of it, I will ask you to get it engrossed, and put into the proper forms. My feeling is this: as I believe that the tide of all reform is at present on the ebb, I should not myself have come forward at this moment with any petition, but, as you have resolved to petition, I cannot but sign it; and, then, signing your petition, I wish also to put on record my sentiments as to what seems to me to be a deeper evil than anything in the Liturgy or Articles. . . . . I wish that the signatures may be numerous, and may include many Laymen; it is itself a sign of life in the Church that Laymen should feel that the Articles and Liturgy belong to them as well as to the Clergy.

* *I. e.* for the restoration of deacons. His wish for the revival of any distinct ecclesiastical government of the clergy at this time was checked by the fear of its countenancing what he held to be erroneous views concerning the religious powers and duties of the State.

CCXXXV. *TO J. P. GELL, ESQ.

April 12, 1840.

I do not like to let my wife's letter go without a word from me, if it were only to express to you my earnest interest about the beginnings of your great work, which I imagine is now near at hand. It is very idle for me to speculate about what is going on in states of society of which I know so little; yet my knowledge of the Jacobinism of people here at home, makes me full sure that there must be even more of it out with you, and it fills me with grief when I think of society having such an element *σύντροφον ἐξ ἀρχῆς*. . . . . I often think that nothing could so rouse a boy's energies as sending him out to you, where he must work or starve. There is no earthly thing more mean and despicable in my mind than an English gentleman destitute of all sense of his responsibilities and opportunities, and only revelling in the luxuries of our high civilization, and thinking himself a great person. Burbidge is here again, as fond of Rugby as ever, but I hope that he will now complete his terms at Cambridge. I hope that you will journalize largely. Every tree, plant, stone, and living thing is strange to us in Europe, and capable of affording an interest. Will you describe the general aspect of the country round Hobart's Town? To this day I never could meet with a description of the common face of the country about New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, and therefore I have no distinct ideas of it. Is your country plain or undulating, your valleys deep or shallow—curving or with steep sides and flat bottoms? Are your fields large or small, parted by hedges, or stone walls, with single trees about them, or patches of wood here and there? Are there many scattered houses, and what are they built of—brick, wood, or stone? And what are the hills and streams like—ridges, or with waving summits—with plain sides, or indented with combes; full of springs, or dry; and what is their geology? I can better fancy the actors when I have got a lively notion of the scene on which they are acting. Pray give my kindest remembrances to Sir John and Lady Franklin; and by all means, if possible, stick to your idea of naming your place Christ's College. Such a name seems of itself to hallow Van Diemen's Land, and the Spaniards did so wisely in transplanting their religious names with them to the New World. We unhappily "in omnia alia abiimus." May God bless you and your work.

CCXXXVI. *TO REV. W. K. HAMILTON.

Rugby, May 4, 1840.

I thank you very much for the book which you were so kind as to send me. . . . . I was delighted to see translations of some of my favourite hymns in Bunsen's collection, and shall try to get them sometimes sung in our chapel. I will try also again to understand the very old music which you speak of, and which Lepsius, at Bunsen's request, once played to me. It is a proof of Bunsen's real regard for me, that he still holds intercourse with me even after I proved utterly insensible to what he admires and loves so much. But seriously, those who are musical can scarcely understand what it is to want that sense wholly ; I cannot perceive (*καταλαμβάνειν*) what to others is a keen source of pleasure ; there is no link by which my mind can attach it to itself ; and much as I regret this defect, I can no more remedy it than I could make my mind mathematical, or than some other men could enter into the deep delight with which I look at wood anemones or wood sorrel. I trust that you will be able to come and see us, though I know the claims upon your time too well to complain of your absence. You will be glad to hear that I wrote to Keble lately, and had a very kind answer from him; I yearn sadly after peace and harmony with those whom I have long known, and I will not quarrel with them if I can help it ; though, alas, in some of our tastes there is the music which to them is heavenly, and which to me says nothing ; and there are the wild flowers which to me are so full of beauty, and which others tread upon with indifference. . . . . If you come to us in about a month's time, I hope that I shall be able to show you four out of the seven windows in our chapel supplied with really good painted glass, which makes me not despair of getting the other three done in good time. I should always wish to be very kindly remembered to your father and mother, whom I now so rarely see.

CCXXXVII. TO REV. HERBERT HILL.

Rugby, May 8, 1840.

I was very glad indeed to find that —— were to go to you ; but, before I heard it, I was going to send you an exhortation, which, although you may think it needless, I will not even

now forbear. It is, that you should, without fail, instruct your pupils in the six books of Euclid at least. I am, as you well know, no mathematician, and therefore my judgment in this matter is worth so much the more, because what I can do in mathematics, anybody can do; and as I can teach the first six books of Euclid, so I am sure can you. Then it is a grievous pity that at your age, and with no greater amount of work than you now have, you should make up your mind to be shut out from one great department, I might almost say, from many great departments of human knowledge. Even now I would not allow myself to say that I should never go on in mathematics, unlikely as it is at my age; yet I always think that if I were to go on a long voyage, or were in any way hindered from using many books, I should turn very eagerly to geometry, and other such studies. But further, I do really think that with boys and young men, it is not right to leave them in ignorance of the beginnings of physical science. It is so hard to begin anything in after life, and so comparatively easy to continue what has been begun, that I think we are bound to break ground, as it were, into several of the mines of knowledge with our pupils, that the first difficulties may be overcome by them while there is yet a power from without to aid their own faltering resolution, and that so they may be enabled, if they will, to go on with the study hereafter. I do not think that you do a pupil full justice, if you so entirely despise Plato's authority, as to count geometry in education to be absolutely good for nothing. I am sure that you will forgive me for urging this, for I think it concerns you much, and I am quite sure that you ought not run the risk of losing a pupil because you will not master the six books of Euclid, which, after all, are not to be despised for one's own very solace and delight; for I do not know that Pythagoras did anything strange, if he sacrificed a hecatomb when he discovered that marvellous relation between the squares containing and subtending a right angle, which the 47th proposition of the first book demonstrates. . . . . More than 500 pages of Vol. II. are printed, but there will be, I fear, 100 more. I dread the adage about *μέγα βιβλίον* ("a great book is a great evil"). We have real spring for the first time for seven years; delicious rains and genial sunshines, so that the face of the earth is bursting visibly into beauty. I think nothing yet of summer plans, for if I go abroad, and give up Fox How, it must be done *tête baissée*, it will not bear looking at beforehand.

CCXXXVIII. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS.

Rugby, May 8, 1840.

. . . . . I believe that I look to Church Extension as the only possible means, under God's blessing, of bringing society to a better state, but I cannot press Church Extension in the common sense of the term, as a national measure, because I think that the mass of Dissent renders it, if objected to by the Dissenters, actually unjust. The evil of Dissent and its causes are so entirely at the bottom of all our difficulties in this way, that we never can get on consistently or smoothly till something be done to try to remedy this ; and if this is incurable, then the nationality of the Church must always be so far false that you can never have a right to act as if it were entirely true. And the same difficulty besets the Education question, where I neither like the Government plan nor the Diocesan system,—and am only glad that I can avoid taking an active part on either side. One thing I see, that if attempts be made, as they seem to be, to make the power of the Bishops less nominal than it has been, there will be all the better chance of our getting a really good Church government ; for irresponsible persons, irremovable, and acting without responsible advisers, are such a solecism in government, that they can only be suffered to exist so long as they do nothing ; let them begin to act, and the vices of their constitution will become flagrant. I have written even this little note at two different times, and yet it is not finished. I should be glad to get any detailed criticism on my Prophecy Sermons, but that, I am afraid, I shall not get. If you put, as you may do, Christ for abstract good, and Satan for abstract evil, I do not think that the notion is so startling that they are the main and only perfect subjects of Prophecy, and that in all other cases the language is hyperbolical in some part or other ; hyperbolical, I mean, and not merely figurative. Nor can I conceive how, on any other supposition, the repeated applications of the old Testament language to our Lord, not only by others, but by Himself, can be understood to be other than arbitrary.

CCXXXIX. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN.

Rugby, May 26, 1840.

. . . . . I feel very deeply the kindness of all that you say about my work, and rejoice with the greatest thankfulness that

you are breathing more freely. You may remember that I used to be very anxious about you, and now I rejoice to think that you are relieved from your burdens, and have only to beware of over-indulgence in your own works, a more beguiling danger, probably, than that of working too much at what is mere business. For myself, if I were left to my natural taste merely, I believe I should do little but read and write and enjoy the society of my own family and dearest friends; but I believe also, most sincerely, that it is far better for me to be engaged practical life, and therefore I am thankful for the external in necessity which obliges me to go on at Rugby. In fact, the mixture of school work and of my own reading furnishes a useful, and I feel, too, a pleasant variety; and I cannot perceive that it is any strain upon my constitution, while I sleep like an infant, and daily have either a bathe or a walk in the country, where I think neither of school nor of History.

No doubt I feel very keenly the narrow compass of my reading, from want of greater leisure; and it hinders me from trying to do some things which I should like to do; but I am pretty well reconciled to this, and as long as I feel that I can be useful practically in the work of education, I am well content to relinquish some plans which would otherwise have been very dear to me. But then my health may fail, and what am I to do then? I know the answer which you would make in my place, and I would try to share in your spirit, and to say, that then Christ, I doubt not, will provide for me as He sees best. As man wishes and schemes, I think that I should like to go on here till Matt and Tom have gone through the University, and then, if I could, retire to Fox How. But I would earnestly pray, and would ask your prayers too for me, that in this and in all things I may have a single heart and will, wishing for nothing but what Christ wishes and wills for me.

I read your accounts of your own pursuits with a pleasure more than I could describe. It is, indeed, a feeling deeper than pleasure; a solemn thankfulness that you are so blessed with the will and the power to set forth the truth in faith and love. And most earnestly do I pray that God's blessing may be upon all your works to complete them to His own glory, and to the good of His Church. I do rejoice, indeed, to see you now reaping the fruits for which you have sowed so patiently, and seizing those great truths to which, by so many years of quiet labour—and labour which ignorant persons often thought and think to have another direction; as the parallels of a be-

sieger's approaches are not carried in a straight line to the ditch —you were silently and surely making your way good. But it is a sad feeling, too, when I turn to our own Church, and see the spirit which prevails here.

Now for the second volume of my History, I shall have no pleasure, or next to none, in sending it to you, for you will sadly feel its poverty. You will perceive, what I know too well, that everywhere you are in soundings, and that too often you are almost in shoal water. I mean, you will perceive the defects of my knowledge at every turn; how many books I have never read, perhaps have never heard of; how incapable I am of probing many of the questions, which I notice, to the bottom. I wished to have your Essay on the Principles of Historical Criticism, which you promised me when you were in Westmoreland; but now I must beg for it for the third volume. I think that you will like the tone of the book; in that alone I can think of your reading it with pleasure; but alas! alas! that I should have had to write such a book in the face of Niebuhr's third volume, which yet I was obliged to do.

. . . . . I went up to one of our levees about three weeks ago, and was presented to the Queen. I believe that one of the principal reasons which led me to go, was to enable me to be presented hereafter, if it may be, by you at Berlin. I saw several people whom I was glad to see, and was amused by the novelty of the scene. Our political world offers nothing on which I can dwell with pleasure or with hope. One or two men are stirring the question of subscription to the Articles and Liturgy, wishing to get its terms altered. Hull prepared a petition to this effect, which Whately will present this evening in the House of Lords. One or two of our friends signed it, and so did I; not that I believe it will do any good, nor that my own particular wish would lead me to seek for reform there; it is in government and discipline, not in doctrine, that our Church wants mending most; but, when any good men feel it a matter of conscience to petition for what I think good and right, I do not feel it becoming to stand aloof from them, especially where the expression of their sentiments is likely to expose them to some odium. But for my own satisfaction, I drew up and sent to Whately a sketch of what I should myself wish to petition for; namely, the abolition of those political services for the 30th of January, &c., and the repeal of all acts or canons which forbid deacons from following a secular calling. Sir R. Inglis is going to propose a grant of £400,000 a year for new clergy-

men; but surely his end would be better answered, and at no expense, by reviving the order of deacons, and enabling us to see that union of the Christian ministry with the common business of life which would be such a benefit both to the clergy and the laity. Whately approved entirely of the petition, but thought it too abrupt a way of proceeding, as the subject would be new to so many. Here, indeed, I do feel the want of time; for I should like to write upon the point, and go into it deeply, which now I cannot do at all.

CCXL. TO THE SAME.

Rugby, June 13, 1840.

I know not whether this letter will find you at Berne; probably not, for I have just read the official account of the King of Prussia's death; but it may wait for you or follow you to Berlin, and I would not willingly let a day pass without expressing my deep interest in the present crisis. That extract which you wrote out for me is indeed glorious, and fills one with thankfulness that God has raised up such a king in a great Protestant country at this momentous time; when the great enemy in his two forms at once, Satan and Antichrist, the blasphemy of the Epicurean Atheist, and the idolatry of the lying and formal spirit of Priestcraft, is assailing the Church with all his might. May Christ's strength and blessing be with the king and with you, that Prussia may be as the mountain of the Lord, the city of God upon a hill, whose light cannot be hid.

I have in the last week again felt the effects of your true friendship. Bishop Stanley procured for me from Lord Melbourne the offer of the Wardenship of Manchester College, just vacant; and he told me that he had been especially induced to try to get something for me by a letter of yours, in which you expressed your great anxiety that I should be relieved from the burden of Rugby. But, indeed, dearest friend, Rugby, while it goes on well, is not a burden, but the thing of all others which I believe to be most fitted for me while I am well and in the vigour of life. The Wardenship I declined, for the income was so comparatively small, that I should have found a difficulty in educating my children on it; but much more, I must either have made the office a sinecure, or it would have involved me in labours and responsibilities quite equal to those

which I have now, and of a kind quite new to me. And I think that the bishop was satisfied that I did right in declining it; but I do not feel the less strongly his great kindness and yours. God bless and prosper you always.

CCXLI. TO W. C. LAKE, ESQ.

Rugby, August 17, 1840.

. . . . . I do not give heed to much of what I hear about men's opinions, because having had my own often misunderstood, I am prepared to find the same thing in the case of my neighbours. Yet I confess that I should like to know the position of your mind at the present moment, because some three or four years ago it had attained, I think, to an unusual degree of independence and vigour, and therefore its progress is to me a greater matter of interest. And I remember well, by my own experience, the strong tendency of an Oxford life upon any one who is justly fond of Oxford, to make him exceedingly venerate those who are at the head of Oxford society. . . . . But then in those days the excessive admiration was less injurious, because it was merely personal; there was no set of opinions identified with Davison and Coplestone which one learnt to venerate for their sake. The influence of the place in this way can hardly be resisted during a certain time of a man's life; I got loose from it before I left Oxford, because I found, as my own mind grew, that those whom I had so reverenced were not so much above myself, and I knew well enough that I should myself have made but a sorry oracle. And this I think has hindered me from looking up to any man as a sort of general guide ever since; not that I have transferred my idolatry from other men's minds to my own,—which would have been a change greatly for the worse,—but as much as I have felt its strength comparatively with others, so also have I felt its absolute weakness and want of knowledge. I have great need of learning daily, but I am sure that other men are in the like predicament,—in some things, though in fewer than in any other man whom I know, Bunsen himself. But all the eminent Englishmen whom I know have need of learning in a great many points; and I cannot turn my schoolfellows into my masters; the remark of Thucydides that "one man is not very different from another" is a very important truth, if one appreciates properly the general wisdom of mankind as well as its general unwisdom; otherwise

it leads to scepticism, a state which I dread and abhor every day more and more, both in itself and as being so often the gate of idolatry.

My object in saying all this is mainly to warn you against the secret influence of the air in which you are living for so large a portion of the year. Like all climates it has its noxious elements, and these affect the constitution surely but unconsciously, if it be continually exposed to their influence, unless a man, knowing that he is living in an aguish district, looks to his diet and habits accordingly; and, as poor Davison did when he lived in the fens, gets his supply of water from a distance.

Perhaps my late journey makes me more alive to the mischievous effects of any one local influence. One cannot help feeling how very narrow the view of any one place must be, when there are so many other views in the world, none scarcely without some element of truth, or some facility for discerning it which another has not.

For my own especial objects, my journey answered excellently. I feel that I have no need of going to Italy again; that my recollection of Rome is completely refreshed, and that having seen Naples and the interior of the country between Naples and Terni, I have nothing more to desire, for it would be idle to expect to visit every single spot in Italy which might in itself be interesting. The beauty of the country between Antrodoco and Terni surpassed, I think, anything that I saw, except it be La Cava, and the country dividing the bay of Naples from that of Salerno. But when we returned to Fox How, I thought that no scene on this earth could ever be to me so beautiful. I mean that so great was its actual natural beauty, that no possible excess of beauty in any other scene could balance the deep charm of home which in Fox How breathes through everything. But the actual and real beauty of Fox How is, in my judgment, worthy to be put in comparison with anything as a place for human dwelling. I have run on at greater length than I intended.

CCXLII. *TO REV. H. BALSTON.

(Who was threatened with consumption.)

Rugby, August 17, 1840.

. . . . . I grieved not to see you on our way to France, as Rugby, I fear, must be forbidden ground to you at present;

this cold air would ill suit a delicate chest. I have great confidence in a southern climate, if only it be taken in time, which I should trust was the case in the present instance. But certainly my summer's experience of Italy has not impressed me with a favourable opinion of the climate there; for the changes from heat to cold, and severe cold, were very trying; and after sunset, or at any considerable elevation of ground, I found the cold quite piercing on several occasions. And in the Alps it was really miserable, and I never worked at lighting a fire with such hearty good-will as I did at Airolo in Italy in this present year. . . . . We enjoyed greatly our four days at Fox How, and are now returned in good bodily condition, and I trust disposed in mind also, to engage in the great work which is here offered,—a work, the importance of which can hardly, I think, be overrated.

I thank you most truly for the kind expressions with which your note concludes. It would make me most happy if I could feel that I duly availed myself of my opportunities here to teach and impress the one thing needful. It was a wise injunction to Timothy, "to be instant in season and out of season," because we so often fancy that a word would be out of season when it would in fact be seasonable. And I believe I often say too little from a dread of saying too much. Here, as in secular knowledge, he is the best teacher of others who is best taught himself; that which we know and love we cannot but communicate; that which we know and do not love we soon, I think, cease to know.

CCXLIII. TO THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN.

Rugby, September 4, 1840.

. . . . . Both public and private matters furnish me with more points on which I should like to talk to you than it is possible to enter on in a letter. May God avert the calamity of a general war, which would be, I think, an unmixed evil from which no power could gain anything, except it were Russia. I cannot help looking to Russia as God's appointed instrument for such revolutions in the races, institutions, and dominions of Europe as He may yet think fit to bring about. But, as far as England and France are concerned, war could only be disastrous to both parties.

My private prospects have acquired a fixedness which they

never before have had so completely, because I have now reason to know that I should never be appointed to one of those new professorships in Oxford, which above all other things would have been acceptable to me. . . . . It vexes me to be thus shut out from the very place where I fancy that I could do most good: but these things are fixed by One who knows best where and how He would have us to serve Him, and it seems to tell me plainly that my appointed work is here. I know that I have yearnings after opportunities for writing—not so much on account of the History as for other matters far nearer and dearer; above all, that great question of the Church. But still the work here ought to satisfy all my desires; and, if I ever live to retire to Fox How with undecayed faculties, the mountains and streams which I so love may well inspire me with a sort of swan-like strain, even in old age. Meantime, the school is fuller than ever, and all seems encouraging. I shall have another new master to appoint at Christmas, and shall perhaps be able to find one amongst my own old pupils.

. . . . . I have to thank you for Göttling's book on the Roman Constitution, and for Dorner's work on the Doctrine as to the Person of Christ. But I seem to be able to read less than ever, and all books alike stand on my shelves, as it were mocking me; for I cannot make use of them though I have them.

Henry will come down here next month, to have his examination from me previously to going into the schools. He will stay here, I hope, some time; for it will do him good, I think, to be out of Oxford as much as he can just before his examination, when he will need all possible refreshment and repose. Tell me something of your absent sons, of Ernest and Charles, and George, of whose progress I should much like to hear. . . . . God bless you, my dearest friend.

CCXLIV. TO SIR THOMAS PASLEY, BART.

Rugby, October 19, 1840.

. . . . . I never rejoiced so much as I do now that I see no daily newspaper. I think that the interest of this present crisis would soon make me quite ill, if I did not keep my eyes away from it. The spirit displayed by the French press, and by, I fear, a large portion of the people, is very painful to all

those who, like me, have been trying resolutely to look on France with regard and with hope : and it will awaken, I doubt not, that vulgar anti-Gallican feeling in England which did so much mischief morally to us. Besides, I dread a war on every conceivable ground, both politically and morally. I do not see how any power but Russia can gain by it ; and Russia's gain seems to me to be the world's loss. Besides, I have no faith in coalitions ; the success of 1814 and 1815 was a rare exception, owing to special causes, none of which are in action now ; so that I have great fears of France being victorious ; for, with the greatest respect for our army and navy, I have none whatever for our war ministers, whether Whig or Tory,—blundering in that department having marked all our wars, with scarcely a single year's exception. And then the money and the debt, and the mortgaging our land and industry still deeper ; and thus inevitably feeding the deadly ulcer of Chartism, which now, for the moment, is skinned over, and, being out of sight, is with most of us, according to the usual infirmity of human nature, out of mind. Certainly the command to "put not our trust in princes, nor in the son of man, for there is no help in them," was never less difficult to fulfil than now ; for he must be a desperate idolater who can find among our statesmen any one on whom he can repose any excessive confidence.

One thing has delighted me, namely, Bishop Stanley's speech on the presentation of the petition last session for the revision of the Liturgy, &c., which he has now published with notes. He has done the thing exceedingly well, and has closed himself completely, I think, against all attack. But I do not imagine that the question itself will make any progress. . . . . I am reading and abstracting Cyprian's Letters,—the oldest really historical monument of the condition of the Christian Church after the Apostolical Epistles. They are full of information, as all real letters written by men in public stations must be ; and are far better worth reading than any of Cyprian's other works, which are indeed of little value. I am revising my Thucydides for the second edition, and reserving the third volume of Rome for Fox How ; so that I do not do much at present beyond the business of the school : we are sadly too full in point of numbers, and I have got thirty-six in my own form. I have read Mr. Turnbull's book on Austria, which I like much, and it well agrees with my tenderness for the Austrian government and people.

CCXLV. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS.

Rugby, September 14, 1840.

. . . . . I have received your Bampton Lectures, for which I thank you much; and I have read seven out of the eight Sermons carefully, and shall soon finish the volume. The volume interested me greatly for the subject's sake, as well as for your own. With much I entirely agree,—indeed I quite agree as to your main positions; but I have always supposed it to be a mere enemy's caricature of our Protestant doctrine, when any are supposed to maintain that it is the duty of each individual to make out his faith de novo, from the Scriptures alone, without regard to any other authority living or dead. I read with particular interest what you say about Episcopacy, because I did not know exactly what you thought on the subject. There I am sorry to find we differ most widely. I cannot understand from your book,—and I never can make out from anybody, except the strong Newmanites,—what the essence of Episcopacy is supposed to be. The Newmanites say that certain divine powers of administering the Sacraments effectually can only be communicated by a regular succession from those who, as they supposed, had them at first. W. Law holds this ground; there must be a succession in order to keep up the mysterious gift bestowed on the priesthood, which gift makes Baptism wash away sin, and converts the elements in the Lord's Supper into effectual means of grace. This is intelligible and consistent, though I believe it to be in the highest degree false and antichristian. Is Government the essence of Episcopacy, which was meant to be perpetual in the Church? Is it the monarchical element of government?—and if so, is it the monarchical element, pure or limited? Conceive what a difference between an absolute monarchy, and one limited like ours; and still more, like the French monarchy, under the constitution of 1789. I cannot in the least tell, therefore, what you suppose to be the real thing intended to be kept in the Church, as I suppose that you do not like the Newmanite view. And all the moderate High Churchmen appear to me to labour under the same defect,—that they do not seem to perceive clearly what is the essence of Episcopacy; or, if they do perceive it, they do not express themselves clearly.

Another point incidentally introduced, appeared to me also to be not stated quite plainly. You complain of those persons

who judge of a Revelation, not by its evidence, but by its substance. It has always seemed to me that its substance is a most essential part of its evidence; and that miracles wrought in favour of what was foolish or wicked, would only prove Manicheism. We are so perfectly ignorant of the unseen world, that the character of any supernatural power can be only judged of by the moral character of the statements which it sanctions: thus only can we tell whether it be a revelation from God, or from the Devil. If his father tells a child something which seems to him monstrous, faith requires him to submit his own judgment, because he knows his father's person, and is sure, therefore, that his father tells it him. But we cannot thus know God, and can only recognise His voice by the words spoken being in agreement with our idea of his moral nature. Enough, however, of this. I should hope that your book would do good in Oxford; but whether anything can do good there or not is to me sometimes doubtful.

CCXLVI. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Rugby, September 21, 1840.

This sheet is not so large as yours, but it is my largest size next to foolscap; and I readily and thankfully acknowledge your claim upon me for as long and full a letter as I can write. I have more than time enough just now, for I have been confined to my room since Thursday with a slight attack of fever, which, though it would be nothing, I suppose, to any one else, yet always has such an effect upon my constitution as to unfit me for all exertion; and I lay either in bed or on the sofa in my room for three days, a most inutile lignum. Nor am I yet allowed to go downstairs, but I am on the mend, and my pulse has returned nearly to its natural tardiness, which in me is its state of health. So I can now thank you very heartily for your letter, and that delightful picture which it gave me of your home repose. No man feels more keenly than I do how much better it is to inherit than to purchase,—if my father's place in the Isle of Wight had never passed out of his executors' hands, I doubt whether I ever could have built Fox How, although in all other respects there is no comparison to my mind between the Isle of Wight and Westmoreland. Therefore I "macarize" you the more, for having both an inherited home, and in a county and part of the county per se

delightful. I never saw Ottery but once, and that in the winter; but the valley and the stream, and the old church, and your house, are still tolerably distinct in my memory; and I do trust that one day they will be freshened by a second actual view of them. Cornish and his wife, I hear, are actually in Yorkshire: if you can tell where a letter would find them, I would ask you to let me know by one line, for I want to catch them on their return, and to secure some portion of their time by a previous promise before George's home sickness comes on him like a lion, and drives him off to Cornwall, uno impetu, complaining that even railways are too slow. . . . . The school is flourishing surprisingly, and I cannot keep our numbers within their proper limit; but yet the limit is so far useful, that it keeps us within bounds, and allows us to draw back again as soon as we can. We are now about 340, and I have admitted 63 boys since the holidays. And all this pressure arose out of applications made previously to our great success at Oxford in the summer, which was otherwise likely to set us up a little. Yet it is very certain to me that we have little distinguished talent in the school, and not much of the spirit of reading. What gives me pleasure is, to observe a steady and a kindly feeling in the school, in general, towards the Masters and towards each other. This I say to-day, knowing, however, so well the unstable nature of this boy sea, that I am well aware how soon any "dux turbidus" may set our poor Adria all in a commotion.

Meanwhile, as long as we go on fairly, and my health stands, I am well convinced that for the present, and so long as my boys are in the school, I would rather be here than anywhere else. . . . . Quod est in votis; if after a life of so much happiness, I ought to form a single wish for the future, it would be to have hereafter a Canonry of Christ Church, with one of the new professorships of Scriptural Interpretation or Ecclesiastical History. . . . . Oxford, both for its good and its beauty, which I love so tenderly, and for the evil now tainting it, which I would fain resist in its very birthplace, is the place where I would fain pass my latest years of unimpaired faculties.

It distresses me to think of your reading such a book as Kuinoel. That most absurd trash,—absurd no less than profane,—which prevailed for a time among the German theologians, I have happily very little acquaintance with, except from quotations; but I have always thought that it was utterly

bad. Niebuhr's spirit of historical and literary criticism was as much needed by German theologians as by English ones, and Strauss to this day is wholly without it. But the best German divines, Lücke, Tholuck, Nitzsch, Olshausen, &c., write only in German, which I fancy you do not read; neither, in fact, do I read much of them, because I have not time; but they are good men, devout and sensible, as well as learned, and what I have read of them is really valuable.

I should have liked any detailed criticism of yours upon vol. ii. of History of Rome. I have scarcely yet been able to get any judgments upon the two first volumes which will help me for those to come. The second volume will be, I hope, the least interesting of all; for it has no legends, and no contemporary history. I tried hard to make it lively, but that very trying is too like the heavy baron, who leaped over the chairs in his room, *pour apprendre d'être vif*. What I can honestly recommend to you in the book is its sincerity; I think that it confesses its own many imperfections, without attempting to ride grand over its subject. In the war of Pyrrhus I was oppressed all the time by my sense of Niebuhr's infinite superiority; for that chapter in his third volume is one of the most masterly pieces of history that I know,—so rich and vigorous, as well as so intelligent. I think that I breathe freer in the first Punic War, where Niebuhr's work is scarcely more than fragmentary. I hope, though, to breathe freer still in the second Punic War; but there floats before me an image of power and beauty in History, which I cannot in any way realize, and which often tempts me to throw all that I have written clean into the fire.

CCXLVII. *TO W. SETON KARR, ESQ.

(Then at Haileybury College.)

Rugby, October 5, 1840.

I thank you much for your letter, which I was very glad to receive, and which gave me as favourable an account of your new abode as I had expected. It must be always an anomalous sort of place, and I suppose that the best thing to do is to turn the necessity of passing a certain time there to as good account as possible, by working well at the Eastern languages. I should be much obliged to you if you would tell me

what Sanscrit Grammar and Dictionary you use; and whether there is anything like a Sanscrit Delectus, or an easy construing book for beginners. I am not so old as Cato was when he learned Greek, and I confess that I should like, if possible, to learn a little of the sister of Greek, which has almost a domestic claim upon us as the oldest of our greatest Indo-Germanic family.

All things are going on here much as usual. The football matches are in great vigour. The Sixth match is over, being settled in one day by the defeat of the Sixth. The School-house match is pending, and the School-house have kicked one goal. Pigou, Bradley, and Hodson, leave us, I am afraid, in the course of a week. . . . . I am writing this at Fourth Lesson, as usual, and the lower row are giving up their books, so that I must conclude.

CCXLVIII. TO ARCHDEACON HARE.

Rugby, October 28, 1840.

. . . . . I have read your Sermons with very great pleasure, and ought long since to have thanked you for them. The Notes, I hope, will not long be delayed. It is a great delight to me to read a book with which I can agree so generally and so heartily. Universally one never can expect to agree with any one, but one's highest reasonable hope is fulfilled, when one sympathizes cordially with the greatest part of a book, and feels sure, where there is a difference, that the writer would hear our opinions patiently, and if he did not agree with them, would at least not quarrel with us for holding them.

It was no small delight to me to tread the ground of the Forum once more, and to see the wonders of Campania, and to penetrate into the land of the Samnites and Sabines. I missed Bunsen sadly, but his friend Abeken was a most worthy substitute, and was hardly less kind than Bunsen himself would have been.

. . . . . I signed the petition, because, agreeing with its prayer, I did not wish to avoid bearing my share of its odium; but I am not earnest about it myself, being far more anxious about the government and discipline of the Church, than for any alterations in the Liturgy or subscriptions; although these

too, I think, should not be left undone. But I would do anything in the world to destroy that disastrous fiction by which the minister has been made "personam Ecclesiæ gerere," and which the Oxford doctrines are not only upholding, but aggravating. Even Maurice seems to me to be infected in some measure with the same error in what he says respecting the right of the Church—meaning the Clergy—to educate the people. A female reign is an unfavourable time, I know, for pressing strongly the doctrine of the Crown's Supremacy. Yet that doctrine has been vouchsafed to our Church by so rare and mere a blessing of God, and contains in itself so entirely the true idea of the Christian perfect Church—the Kingdom of God—and is so mighty to the overthrowing of that which I regard as the essence of all that is evil in Popery—the doctrine of the Priesthood—that I do wish even now, that people's eyes might be opened to see the peculiar blessings of our Church Constitution, and to work it out to its full development.

CCXLIX. *TO REV. H. BALSTON.

Rugby, September 9, 1840.

I cannot let a day pass without thanking you for your very kind letter. . . . . Do not thing of answering this letter till you feel quite able to do it without painful effort. It will be a pleasure to me to write to you when I can; and I should be very glad indeed if I could help to relieve what I fear must be the loneliness of Guernsey. But I dare say that other people have not always my shrinking from a residence in a small island surrounded by a wide sea; it always seems to me like a prison in a howling wilderness. . . . .

Since our return I have done little or nothing besides the school work and my letters. I do not intend to do much as yet upon the History, but I am getting on a little with Thucydides, a work, however, in which I take now but little interest.

My wife will add a few lines to go in the same cover with this. We always think of you with affection, and with no small gratitude for your constant kindness to our children.

CCL. TO THE SAME.

Rugby, October 29, 1840.

I cannot bear that a second letter should go to Guernsey, without conveying under my own hand the expression of my warmest thanks to Miss Hawtrey for her most kind delightful letters. . . . . And now, my dear Balston, I have not much else to say, or rather, I have much more than I can or ought to say. . . . . I look round in the school, and feel how utterly beyond human power is the turning any single human heart to God. Some heed, and some heed not, with the same outward means, as it appears, offered to both, and the door opened to one no less wide than to another. But "the kingdom of God suffereth violence;" and to infuse the violence, which will enter at all cost, and will not be denied, belongs to Him alone whose counsels we cannot follow. You will pray for us all, that we may glorify God's name in this place, in teaching and in learning, in guiding and in following.

I have many delightful proofs that those who have been here, have found at any rate no such evil as to prevent their serving God in after life; and some, I trust, have derived good from Rugby. But the evil is great and abounding, I well know; and it is very fearful to think that it may to some be irreparable ruin. I will write again when I can. May God bless you ever, and support you, as he did my dear sister, through all that He may see fit to lay on you. Be sure that there is a blessing and a safety in having scarcely any other dealings than with Christ alone—in bearing His manifest will, and waiting for His pleasure—intervening objects being of necessity removed away.

CCLI. TO C. J. VAUGHAN, ESQ.

Rugby, November 4, 1840.

Your letter gave me such deep and lively pleasure, that I could scarcely restrain my joy within decent bounds; for to see any man whom I thoroughly value, delivered from the snare of the law as a profession, is with me a matter of the most earnest rejoicing. It can scarcely be necessary for me to say, that as I grieved to see you decided, as I supposed, in favour of the law, so I should rejoice in your escaping while it

is yet time, and following the right-hand path to any pure and Christian calling, which to my mind that of an advocate, according to the common practice of the Bar, cannot be; and I think that scarcely any practice could make it such.

I think, too, that for yourself individually, you would do well to adopt another calling. I think that your highest qualities could not be exercised in the law, while, if you are at all inclined to love argument as an exercise, and therefore to practise it without regard to its only just end, truth, I cannot but think, that the law would be especially dangerous to you. For advocacy does seem to me inconsistent with a strong perception of truth, and to be absolutely intolerable unless where the mind sits loose, as it were, from any conclusions, and merely loves the exercise of making anything wear the semblance of truth which it chooses for the time being to patronize.

With respect to the other part of the question, while I should delight to see you in the ministry of the Church, I canot quite think that the parochial ministry is so clearly to be preferred to the work of education. But in this men have also their calling, and I would not wish to tempt them from it. Nor would I have you think that I mix up any personal feelings at the possibility of persuading you to join us at Rugby, with my genuine thankfulness, for your own sake and that of others, that, in so great a matter as the choice of a profession, you are disposed to turn from the evil to the good. But I do not think that our work is open to the objections which you suppose; it and the parochial ministry have each their advantages and disadvantages; but education has the advantages, on the whole, where it can be combined with opportunities of visiting the sick and old, the sobering needful to qualify the influences of youth and health and spirits, so constantly displayed by boys, and necessary also in a great degree to those who teach boys. Do not decide this point hastily, unless you feel yourself called as it were beyond dispute to the parochial ministry; if you are, then follow it in Christ's name, and may it be blessed to you and the Church.

I have been obliged to write hastily, but I wish to lose no time. Write again or come over to us, if I can be of any use in answering any questions.

CCLII. TO THE SAME.

Rugby, November 16, 1840.

I am afraid that my opinion is suspected by you, because it was expressed so strongly. However you must not suppose me to doubt that there can be most excellent men in the profession even of an advocate, two of my most valued and respected friends being, or having been, advocates; and all other parts of the law I hold in the highest honour, and think that no calling can be nobler. But I do not quite understand why you desire to make out a justification for yourself for choosing one profession rather than another. It seems to me that the point is as yet fully open. Your University residence is only just closed; your legal studies—your mere legal education—can hardly, I suppose, have yet commenced. Certainly it cannot have advanced as far as your theological; so that in point of preparation you are actually more fitted for the Church ministry than for the Law.

Now, with respect to being an example in a profession where example is much needed, I can hardly think that any man could choose a profession with such a view without some presumption. In such matters, safety rather than victory should be each man's object; that desire to preserve his best self, being not selfishness, but as I imagine, the true fulfilment of the law. If one is by God's will fixed in a calling full of temptations, but where the temptations may be overcome, and the victory will be most encouraging to others, then it may be our duty to overcome rather than to fly; but no man, I think, ought to seek temptation in the hope of serving the Church brilliantly by overcoming it.

With regard to the minor question, I will not enter upon it now. Thus much, however, I may say, that, humanly speaking, I am not likely soon to leave Rugby; that it would be my greatest delight to have you here as a master; and that the field of good here opened, is, I think, not easily to be surpassed. If you decide on the parochial ministry, then I think that your calling would be to a large town rather than to a country village.

CCLIII. TO J. ACTON, ESQ.

Rugby, November 18, 1840.

I think that even your very kind and handsome gift to the library has given me less pleasure than the letter which accompanied it, and which was one of the highest gratifications that a man in my profession can ever experience. Most sincerely do I thank you for it; and be assured that I do value it very deeply. Your letter holds out to me another prospect which interests me very deeply. I have long felt a very deep concern about the state of our manufacturing population, and have seen how enormous was the work to be done there, and how much good men, especially those who were not clergymen, were wanted to do it. And therefore I think of you, as engaged in business, with no little satisfaction, being convinced that a good man, highly educated, cannot possibly be in a more important position in this kingdom than as one of the heads of a great manufacturing establishment. I feel encouraged also by the kindness of your letter, to trouble you, perhaps, hereafter, with some questions on a point where my practical knowledge is of course nothing. Yet I see the evils and dangers of the present state of things, and long that those who have the practical knowledge could be brought steadily and systematically to consider the possibility of a remedy. . . . . We are now in the midst of the winter examination, which, as you may remember, gives us all sufficient employment.

CCLIV. †TO REV. W. K. HAMILTON.

Rugby, November 18 or 19, 1840.

. . . . . I have very much which I should like to say to you, if I were with you, but I have not time to write it, nor would it do well in a letter. —— tells me that you were gratified with the improvement in the diocese of Salisbury; so one sees encouragements which cheer us, as well as disappointments enough to humble us; but, perhaps, I am already partaking of one of the characteristics of old age, according to Aristotle, and I am less inclined to hope than to fear. But it is a great comfort to know that there are many good men at work, and that their labours are not without a blessing. You

will, I am sure, have been wishing and praying that we may be saved from the curse of war; an evil which would crush the seeds of more good than can be told throughout Europe, and confirm or revive mischiefs innumerable. Your godson is well, but it is becoming needful to keep him from the boys of the school, who would soon pet and spoil him.

CCLV. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS.

Rugby, December 4, 1840.

. . . . . I wished also to thank you for your Sermon, and to say a little to you about it. I quite agree with you that you should not attack the Newmanites directly. Independently of what I might call the moral reasons for your not doing so, I think that truth is never best taught negatively; and these very men derive a great advantage from holding up something positive, although, as I think, it be but a most sorry and abominable idol, to men's faith and love; and merely to say that the idol is an idol, and that its worship is pernicious, is doing but little good, unless we show where the worship can be transferred wholesomely. But your sermon is to me personally almost tantalizing, because it shows that we agree in so much, and makes it doubly vexatious to me that there is beyond this agreement, as I suppose there must be, a great and wide divergence. I suppose that it is the hardest thing in the world to apprehend rightly what is that μέσον, which is really the great excellence to be aimed at. The Newmanites, humorously enough, call their system Via Media. You think that your views are Via Media,—I think that mine are so. That is, we all see errors and dangers on the right and on the left of us, and endeavour to avoid both. But I suppose that the "mean" is then only the point of excellence, when it refers, as Aristotle has referred it, to the simple tendencies of the human mind; whereas it appears to me that men are sometimes beguiled by taking the "mean" of the views of opposite parties as the true point of excellence, or still more, the "mean" of the opinions held by people of our party or of our nation on any given point. You think that Newman is one extreme, and I another; and so I am well aware that, in common estimation, we should be held; and thus in Church matters the "mean"

would seem to be somewhere between Newman's views and mine; whereas the truth is, that in our views of the importance of the Church, Newman and I are pretty well agreed, and therefore I stand as widely aloof as he can do from the language of "religion being an affair between God and a man's own conscience," and from all such persons who dispute the claims of the Church to obedience. But my quarrel with Newman and with the Romanists, and with the dominant party in the Church up to Cyprian—(Ignatius, I firmly believe, is not to be classed with them, vehement as his language is)—my quarrel with them all—and all that I have named are exactly in the same boat—is, that they have put a false Church in the place of the true, and through their counterfeit have destroyed the reality, as paper money drives away gold. And this false Church is the Priesthood, to which are ascribed all the powers really belonging to the true Church, with others which do not and cannot belong to any human power. But the Priesthood and the Succession are inseparable,—the Succession having no meaning whatever if there be not a Priesthood, as W. Law saw and maintained; arguing, and I think plausibly enough, that the Succession was necessary to carry on the priestly virtue which alone makes the acts of the ministry available. Now, as the authorized formularies of our Church are perfectly free from this notion, and as the twenty-third Article to my mind implies the contrary, for no man, who believed in the necessity of a Succession, would have failed to omit that, to him, great criterion of lawfulness of any ordination—it has always vexed me to see our Clergy coquetting as they do with the doctrine of Succession, and clinging to it, even while they stoutly repudiate those notions of a Priesthood which the Succession doctrine really involves in it. And it is by this handle that the Newmanites have gained such ground, especially with the Evangelicals,—for they too have been fond of the Succession notion, and when the doctrine has been pressed to its consequences, they have in many instances embraced them, however repugnant to their former general views of doctrine. You speak of persons who do not value Church privileges. I have no sympathy with such at all; but then you seem to connect Church privileges with the Succession, and to shrink from those who deny the Succession as if they undervalued the Church. Perhaps I understand you wrongly in this, and if so, I shall be truly rejoiced, for, to my mind, he who holds to the Succession as necessary should, consistently,

adopt Newmanism to its full extent; for really and truly the meaning of the Succession is what one of the writers of the Tracts stated in one of the earliest of their numbers, "that no one otherwise appointed could be sure that he could give the people the real body of Christ." And this is a pure priestly and mediatorial power, rendered, according to this hypothesis, necessary to the Christian's salvation, over and above Christ's death, and his faith in it; a power which I am sure stands exactly on the same footing with Circumcision in the Galatian Church, and what St. Paul says of those who required Circumcision applies exactly to those who so hold a priesthood.

All this has been recalled to me now, for I dare say I have said it before, by your late sermon, and by my own rather increasing wish to write on the whole question; a wish strengthened by the incredible errors of Gladstone's last work. The vexation to me is, that while I hold very high Church doctrines, I am considered as one who dislikes the Church, whereas my whole hope for the advance and triumph of the Gospel looks to it only through the restoration of the Church. But the Christians were called atheists because they respected not the idols which had transferred to themselves the name and worship of God. And so I am called a no-Churchman, because I respect not the idol which has slipped not only into the Church's place, but into God's—*i.e.* the notion of the Priesthood, which does not seem to me to be false only in its excess, but altogether from the very beginning—priestly power under the Gospel being reserved to Christ alone, and its character being quite distinct from those other powers of government, teaching, and ministration, which the Church may have and must have. But from the natural confusion between Government with ministration in a religious society, and the notion of priesthood, the master falsehood gradually stole in unperceived, till long time had so sanctioned it, that when at last men saw and allowed its legitimate consequences, itself was still spared as a harmless and venerable error, if not as a sacred truth. But I have sent you a sermon in manuscript, a thing intolerable, and therefore I will end abruptly, as they say my sermons are apt to do. Thank you for your allusion to our visit to Oxford; we hope that we may at any rate see something of you, and you need not dread my coming up with any designs of arguing or entering into controversy; my visits to Oxford are always intended to be for peace, and not for war.

CCLVI. TO C. J. VAUGHAN, ESQ.

Rugby, December 4, 1840.

. . . . . I thank you for a certain pamphlet which was given me a day or two ago; I most earnestly wish it success; and such moral reforms are among the purest delights which a man can ever enjoy in this life. I delight too, most heartily, that the change of profession is decided. May God's blessing be with your decision, through His Son now and ever.

CCLVII. TO THE SAME.

Fox How, December 28, 1840.

I honour and sympathize with an anxiety to follow our Lord's will in matters of real moral importance, as much as I shrink from the habit of exalting every notice of what was once done in matters of form into a law, that the same ought always to be done, and that Christ has commanded it. But I do not feel your objection to taking an oath when required by a lawful and public authority, nor do I quite see your distinction, between taking an oath when imposed by a magistrate and taking one voluntarily, in the sense in which alone the oath of supremacy, when taken at Ordination, can be called voluntary. For, if the thing be unlawful, it must be as wrong to do it for the sake of avoiding a penalty, as of obtaining a good. But it is quite clear to me that the evil is in requiring an oath—when we speak of solemn oaths, and not of those used gratuitously in conversation, to which I believe our Lord's words in the letter apply. I would not do anything which would imply that I thought a Christian's word not sufficient, and required him to make a distinction between it and his oath. But if an authority in itself lawful says to me, "I require of you, though a Christian, that same assurance which men in general have agreed to look to as the highest," I do not see that I should object to give it him, although in my own case I feel it to be superfluous. And it appears to me clear that our Lord did Himself so comply with the adjuration of the High Priest. It is a grief to me that the Church in this, as in many other things, has not risen to the height designed for her; but it seems to me that the individual's

business is not to require oaths, rather than not to take them when required by others. The difference seems to me to lie, as I think our Article implies, not between oaths voluntary and involuntary—for no oath can be strictly speaking involuntary, "Commands being no constraints"—but between oaths gratuitously proffered, where you are yourself enforcing the difference between affirmations and oaths, and oaths taken on the requisition of a lawful authority, where you incur no such responsibility.

CCLVIII. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Fox How, January 2, 1841.

. . . . . If our minds were comprehensive enough, and life were long enough, to follow with pleasure every pursuit not sinful, I can fancy that it would be better to like shooting than not to like it; but as things are, all our life must be a selection, and pursuits must be neglected, because we have not time or mind to spare for them. So that I cannot but think that shooting and fishing, in our state of society, must always be indulged at the expense of something better.

I feel quite as strongly as you do the extreme difficulty of giving to girls what really deserves the name of education intellectually. When Jane was young, I used to teach her some Latin with her brothers, and that has been, I think of real use to her, and she feels it now in reading and translating German, of which she does a great deal. But there is nothing for girls like the Degree Examination, which concentrates one's reading so beautifully, and makes one master a certain number of books perfectly. And unless we had a domestic examination for young ladies to be passed before they came out, and another like the great go, before they come of age, I do not see how the thing can ever be effected. Seriously, I do not see how we can supply sufficient encouragement for systematic and laborious reading, or how we can ensure many things being retained at once fully in the mind, when we are wholly without the machinery which we have for our boys. I do nothing now with my girls regularly, owing to want of time; once for a little while, I used to examine —— in Guizot's Civilization of France, and I am inclined to think that few better books could be found for the purpose than this and his Civilization of Europe. They embrace a great multitude of

subjects and a great variety, and some philosophical questions amongst the rest, which would introduce a girl's mind a little to that world of thought to which we were introduced by our Aristotle. . . . .

We had a very delightful visit from the Cornishes early in December; Mrs. Cornish I had only seen for a few minutes at your house since the winter of 1827; and Essy I had not seen at all since she was a baby. I learnt from Cornish what I never knew before, the especial ground of Keble's alienation from me; it appears that he says that "I do not believe in the Holy Catholic Church." Now, that I do not believe in it in Keble's sense is most true; I would just as soon worship Jupiter; and Jupiter's idolatry is scarcely farther from Christianity, in my judgment, than the idolatry of the priesthood; but, as I have a strong belief in the Holy Catholic Church, in my sense of it, I looked into Pearson on the Creed, and read through his whole article on the subject, which I had not for many years, to see whether my sense of it was really different from that of the most approved writers of our Church; and I found only one line in all Pearson's article that I should not agree with, and in his summing up or paraphrase of the words of the Creed, where he says what we should mean when we say, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," I agree entirely. I do not say that Pearson's opinions on Church government are exactly the same as mine,—I dare say they are not; but he does not venture to say that his opinions are involved in the words of the Creed, nor would he have said that a man did not believe in the Holy Catholic Church, because he did believe in Apostolical Succession. Meantime, it has been a pleasure to me to find that my Sermons on Prophecy have given no offence to the Newmanites, but rather have conciliated them, as far as they go, which was one of my main objects in publishing them. I am afraid that I cannot expect the same toleration to be extended to the new volume of my Sermons which is going to be published; for, although they are not controversial, yet, as embracing a great many points, they cannot avoid collision with those whose opinions are the very opposite to mine; nor should I think it right to leave out everything which the Newmanites would object to, any more than Newman would think it right to omit in his sermons all that I should object to. Yet I still hope that the volume will give no unnecessary offence even to those from whom I differ most widely.

CCLIX. TO W. BALSTON, ESQ.

(On the death of his son.)

January, 1841.

. . . . . Miss Hawtrey's great kindness has given us constant information of the state of your son Henry, and I was happy to find that so many of his brothers were with him. I believe that I am much more disposed to congratulate you on his account than to condole with you; at least, as the father of five sons, I feel that nothing could make me so happy for any of them as to be satisfied that they were so loved by God, and so fashioned by His Spirit to a fitness for His kingdom, as is the case with your dear son Henry.

CCLX. TO REV. TREVENEN PENROSE.

Fox How, January 6, 1841.

. . . . . We have received from Miss Hawtrey a long account of the last days of H. Balston's life, and I never read anything more beautiful. He seemed to be aware of the coming of death, step by step; and some of his expressions at the very last seem more strikingly to connect this present existence with another than anything I ever heard. He actually laid himself down to die in a particular posture, as a man lays himself down to sleep, and even so he did die. His state of mind was quite heavenly.

We are enjoying this place as usual, though I am obliged to work very hard, with my History and letters. The History is intensely interesting, and I feel to regard it more and more with something of an artist's feeling as to the composition and arrangement of it; points on which the ancients laid great stress, and I now think very rightly. I find constantly the great use of my many foreign journeys, for though I have no good maps here, yet I am getting on with Hannibal's march from personal recollections of the country, which I think will give an air of reality to the narrative greater than it ever could have from maps. Twelve o'clock strikes, and I must go to bed.

CCLXI. †TO REV. T. J. ORMEROD.

Fox How, January 3, 1841.

. . . . . It is very delightful to be here, and our weather till to-day has been beautiful. I sit at the window with my

books on the sofa around me, and my Epicurean wish would be to live here in quiet, writing and reading and rambling about on Loughrigg, more beautiful than Epicurus's garden. But my reasonable wishes turn to the work at Rugby, as a far better employment, so long as my health and strength are spared me.

Poor Southey's state is most pitiable; his mind is quite gone. There is something very touching in this end of so much mental activity, but there is no painful feeling of morbid restlessness in his former activity,—he worked quietly though constantly, and his faculties seem gently to have sunk asleep, his body having outlived them, but in such a state of weakness as to give sign that it will soon follow them. Wordsworth is in body and mind still sound and vigorous; it is beautiful to see and hear him.

CCLXII. TO W. W. HULL, ESQ.

Fox How, January 15, 1841.

. . . . . I was unwell before the holidays, and although I soon recovered, yet I was very glad to come down here and get some rest. And the rest of this place in winter is complete, everything so quiet, with only our immediate neighbours, all kind and neighbourly. Wordsworth is remarkably well, and we see him daily; and moreover, Rydal Lake is frozen as hard as a rock, and my nine children, and I with them, were all over it to-day; to our great delight. Four of my boys skate. Walter is trundled in his wheelbarrow, and my daughters and I slide, for I am afraid that I am too old to learn to skate now. My wife walks to Ambleside to get the letters, and then goes round to meet us as we come from the Lake. . . . . When I am here, it does make me sadly yearn for the time when I may live here steadily, if I am alive at all. Yet I do not suppose that I should ever be able to get an income to retire upon, equal to what yours is; but, if my boys were once educated, I think I should come down here without more delay. As for poor little Walter, I do not think that I should ever be able to wait at Rugby for him, so I do not know what he will do. Your boys, however, are so much older than he is, that your difficulty would be over much before mine; and depend upon it that the comfort of an income already secured is great, when a man feels at all

unwell . . . . . but all this is in wiser and better hands than ours, and our care has enough to think of in those nearer concerns which may not be neglected without worse fault than imprudence, and worse mischief than a narrow income.

CCLXIII. TO REV. J. HEARN.

Fox How, January 25, 1841.

I had hoped to write to you at any rate before we left Fox How, and now your kind and long letter gives you a stronger claim on me. You have also been so kind as to wish my wife and myself to be sponsors for your little boy; and we can have only one scruple in becoming so, lest we should stand in the way of other friends of yours, and particularly of Mrs. Hearn's, who may be better known to your children than we can expect to be in the common course of things, as our life, in all human probability, will be passed between Warwickshire and Westmoreland. Otherwise we should accept with great pleasure so sure a mark of your confidence and friendship.

We have been here almost six weeks, in perfect rest as far as this place is concerned, but I have had a very troublesome correspondence about school matters, which has brought Rugby more before my mind than I wish to have it in the holidays. I hope that this is not indolence, but I feel it very desirable, if I can, to get my mind thoroughly refreshed and diverted during the vacations — "diverted," I mean in the etymological rather than in the popular sense, that is, turned aside from its habitual objects of interest to others which refresh from their very variety. Thus my History is a great *diversion* from the cares about the school, and then the school work in its turn is a *diversion* from the thoughts about the History. Otherwise either would be rather overpowering, for the History, though very interesting, is a considerable engrosser of one's thoughts; there is so much difficulty in the composition of it, as well as in the investigation of the facts. I have just finished Cannæ, and do not expect to do much more these holidays.

We hope to be at Laleham on Saturday, and to stay there till Wednesday; thence we go to Oxford, and finally return to Rugby on Friday, February 5. There are other subjects which will require a good deal of attention, just coming upon me. I am appointed, with Dr. Peacock, Dean of Ely, to

draw up a Charter for the proposed College in Van Diemen's Land, which will again force me upon the question of religious instruction without exclusion, one of the hardest of all problems. In all British colonies, it is manifest that the Scotch Church has exactly equal rights with the English—equal rights even legally—and I think, considering Ireland, that the Roman Church has equal rights morally. Yet to instruct independently of any Church is utterly monstrous, and to teach for all three Churches together, is, I think, impossible. I can only conceive the plan of three distinct branches of one college, each sovereign in many respects, but in others forming a common government. Then my friend Hull is again stirring the question of a reform in our own Church, as to some of the Rubrics and parts of the Liturgy; and though I would not myself move this question now, yet agreeing with Hull in principle, I do not like to decline bearing my share of the odium; thinking that what many men call "caution" in such matters is too often merely a selfish fear of getting oneself into trouble or ill-will. I am quite sure that I would not gratuitously court odium or controversy, but I must beware also of too much dreading it; and the love of ease, when a man is past five-and-forty, is likely to be a more growing temptation than the love of notoriety, or the pleasure of argument.

Your useful and happy life is always an object on which my thoughts rest with unmixed pleasure; a green spot morally as well as naturally, yet not the green of the stagnant pool, which no life freshens. I love to see the freedom and manliness, and fairness of your mind, existing in true combination with holy and spiritual affections. Why will so many good men, in their theological and ecclesiastical notions, so completely reverse St. Paul's rule, showing themselves children in understanding, and men only in the vehemence of their passions? . . . . .

CCLXIV. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN.

Fox How, January 28, 1841.

. . . . . I have been working at my History pretty steadily, and have just finished Cannæ. Some of our military geographers have offered me assistance; Colonel [Sir W.] Napier amongst others; but there are points on which full satisfaction appears to me impossible. I think that both Flaminius and Varro

have been maligned, and that the family papers of the Scipios and "the Laudatio M. Marcelli a filio habita," have falsified the history grievously. Gottling imagines the number of thirty-five tribes to have been an idea of Flaminius, and that it was meant to be final; but he strangely ascribes the addition of the two last tribes to the censorship of Flaminius, whereas it preceded it nearly twenty years. The text of Polybius appears to me in a very unsatisfactory state, and the reading of the names of places in Italy worth next to nothing. I am sorry to say that my sense of his merit as an historian becomes less and less continually; he is not only "einseitig," but in his very own way he seems to me to have been greatly overvalued, as a military historian most especially; I should like to know what Niebuhr thought of him. Livy's carelessness is most provoking; he gives different accounts of the same events in different places, as he happened to take up different writers, and his incapability of conceiving any distinct idea of the operations of a campaign is truly wonderful. I think that the Latin colonies and Hannibal's want of artillery and engineers saved Rome. Samnium would not rise effectually, whilst its strongest fortresses, Beneventum, Æsernia, &c., were in the hands of the enemy. If the French artillery had been no better than Hannibal's, and they had had no other arm to depend on than their cavalry, I believe that the Spaniards by themselves would have beaten them, for every town would then have been impregnable, and the guerillas would have starved the army out. Some of Hannibal's faults remind me strongly of Nelson; his cruelty to the Romans is but too like Nelson's hatred of the Jacobins, which led to the disgraceful tragedy at Naples. The "meretricula Salapiensis," was his Lady Hamilton. The interest of the History I find to be very great, but I cannot at all satisfy myself; the story should be so lively and yet so rich in knowledge, and I can make it neither as I wish.

The year seems opening upon us with more favourable prospects; there is a strong feeling of enthusiasm, I think, about our successes in Syria, and though I do not sympathize in the quarrel, and regret more than I can say the alienation of France, yet the efficiency of the navy is naturally gratifying to every Englishman, and the reduction of Acre so far is, I think, a very brilliant action. Trade seems also reviving, although I suspect that in many markets you have excluded us irrevocably. But these respites, of which we have had so many, these lullings

of the storm, in which the ship might be righted perhaps, and the point weathered, seem doomed to be for ever wasted; the great evil remains uncured, nay, unprobed, and all fear to touch it. Truly, the gathering of the nations to battle, is more and more in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, not in the sense in which our fanatics look at the war in Syria, as likely to lead to the fulfilment of prophecy in their view of it, but because political questions more and more show that the Church question lies at the root of them—Niebuhr's true doctrine, that 1517 must precede 1688, and so that for a better than 1688, there needs a better than even 1517. Some of the Oxford men now commonly revile Luther as a bold, bad man; how surely would they have reviled Paul; how zealously would they have joined in stoning Stephen; true children of those who slew the prophets, not the less so because they with idolatrous reverence build their sepulchres. But I must stop, for the sun is shining on the valley, now quite cleared of snow, and I must go round and take a farewell look at the trees and the river, and the mountains; ere "feror exul in altum," into the wide and troubled sea of life's business, from which this is so sweet a haven. But "Rise, let us be going," is a solemn call, which should for ever reconcile us to break off our luxurious sleep. May God bless us both in all our ways outward and inward, through Jesus Christ.

CCLXV. *TO REV. A. P. STANLEY.

Rugby, March 8, 1841.

. . . . . I was much struck by what you say of Constantinople being the point to which the hopes of Greeks are turning, rather than to Athens or Sparta. I can well believe it, but it makes the tirades of many Philo-Hellenians very ridiculous, and it should moderate our zeal in trying to revive classical antiquity. It curiously confirms what I said in the sermons on prophecy—that "Christian Athens was divided by one deep and impassable chasm from the Heathen Athens of old." And we do not enough allow for the long duration of the Byzantine empire—more than eleven hundred years—a period how far longer than the whole of English History!

But, however, I must turn from Greece to Italy, and now that you are in genuine Italy (which you were not before, except in the short distance between Rimini and Ancona, for Cisalpine Gaul has no pretensions to the name) I hope that you feel its beauty to be more akin to that of Greece. I have always felt in the Apennines that same charm that you speak of in the mountains of Greece; the "rosea rura Velini," between Rieti and Terni, are surrounded by forms of almost unearthly beauty. I have no deeper impression of any scene than of that, and when I was in that very rich and beautiful country between Como and Lugano, I kept asking myself, why I so infinitely preferred the Apennine to the Alpine valleys. Naples itself is the only very beautiful spot which a little disappointed me; but the clouds hung heavily and coldly over the Sorrento mountains, and Vesuvius gave forth no smoke, so that the peculiar character of the scene, both in its splendour and in its solemnity, was wanting. My wife was half wild with Mola di Gaeta, and indeed I know not what can surpass it. There, too, the remains of the villas, "jactis in altum molibus," spoke loudly of the Roman times; and from Mola to Capua, the delightfulness of everything was to me perfect. My own plans for the summer are very uncertain; we have an additional week, which of course tempts me, and I did think of going to Corfu, and of trying to get to Durazzo, where Cæsar's Lines attract me greatly, but I am half afraid both of the climate and quarantine, and want to consult you about it, if, as I hope, we shall see you before the end of the half-year. Spain again, and the neighbourhood of Lerida, is, I fear, out of the question; so that, if I do go abroad, I should not be surprised if I again visited Italy.

I suppose that by this time your thoughts are again accommodating themselves to the position of English and of Oxford life, after so many months of a sort of cosmopolitanism. I am afraid that war is becoming less and less an impossibility; and, if we get reconciled to the notion of it as a thing which may be, our passions, I am afraid, will soon make it a thing that will be. . . . . My own desire of going to Oxford was, as you know, long cherished and strong, but it is quenched now; I could not go to a place where I once lived so happily and so peaceably, and gained so much—to feel either constant and active enmity to the prevailing party in it—or else, by use and personal humanities, to become first tolerant of such monstrous evil, and then perhaps learn to sympathize with it.

CCLXVI. *TO J. P. GELL, ESQ.

Rugby, March 3, 1841.

There is really something formidable in writing a letter to Van Diemen's Land. You must naturally delight in hearing from England, and I should wish to give you some evidence that you are not forgotten by your friends at Rugby; yet how to fill a sheet with facts I know not; for great events are happily as rare with us as they used to be, and the little events of our life here, the scene, and the actors, are all as well known to you as to ourselves; in this respect contrasting strangely with our entire ignorance of the scene and nature of your life in Van Diemen's Land, where every acre of ground would be to me full of a thousand novelties; perhaps the acres in the towns not the least so. Again, the gigantic scale of your travelling quite dwarfs our little summer excursions. If I were writing to a man buried in a country parsonage, I could expatiate on our delightful tour of last summer, when my wife, Mayor, and myself, went together to Rome, Naples, and the heart of the Abruzzi. But your journal of your voyage, and the consciousness that you are at our very antipodes, with declining summer instead of coming spring, at the beginning of your short half-year, while we are beginning our long one; this makes me unwilling to talk to you about a mere excursion to Italy.

We have been re-assembled here for nearly four months; locking up is at half-past six, callings over at three and five, first lesson at seven. I am writing in the library at Fourth lesson, on a Wednesday, sitting in that undignified kitchen chair, which you so well remember, at that little table, a just proportional to the tables of the Sixth themselves, at which you have so often seen me writing in years past. And, as the light is scarcely bright enough to show the increased number of my gray hairs, you might, if you looked in upon us, fancy that time had ceased to run, and that we are the identical thirty-one or more persons who sat in the same place, at the same hour, and engaged in the very same work, when you were one of them. The school is very full, about 330 boys in all, quiet, and well disposed, I believe; but enough, as there will always be, to excite anxiety, and quite enough to temper vanity.

. . . . . My wife, thank God, is very well, and goes out on the pony regularly, as usual. We went to-day as far as the

turnpike on the Dunchurch Road, then round by Deadman's Corner, to Bilton, and so home. Hoskyns, who is Sandford's curate, at Dunchurch, walked with us as far as the turnpike. The day was bright and beautiful, with gleams of sun, but no frost. You can conceive the buds swelling on the wild roses and hawthorns, and the pussy catkins of the willows are very soft and mouse-like; their yellow anthers have not yet shown themselves. The felling of trees goes on largely, as usual, and many an old wild and tangled hedge, with its mossy banks, presents at this moment a scraped black bank below, and a cut and stiff fence of stakes above; one of the minor griefs which have beset my Rugby walks for the last twelve years at this season of the year.

Of things in general I know not what to say. The country is in a state of much political apathy, and therefore Toryism flourishes as a matter of course, and commercial speculation goes on vigorously. Reform of all sorts, down to Talfourd's Copyright Bill, seems adjourned sine die; wherefore evil of all sorts keeps running up its account, and Chartism, I suppose, rejoices. The clergy are becoming more and more Newmanite —Evangelicalism being swallowed up more and more by the stronger spell, as all the minor diseases merged in the plague in the pestilential time of the second year of the Peloponnesian war. Yet one very good bill has been brought into Parliament by the Government, for the better drainage and freer room of the dwellings of the poor in large towns, and some of the master manufacturers are considering that their workmen have something else besides hands belonging to them, and are beginning to attend to the welfare of that something. If reform of this sort spreads amongst a class of men so important, I can forgive much political apathy. Whether that unlucky Eastern question will prove in the end the occasion of another general war, no man can tell; but I fear the full confidence of peace is gone, and men no longer look upon war as impossible, as they did twelve months since. God bless you, my dear Gell, and prosper all your work. Remember me very kindly to Sir John and Lady Franklin.

CCLXVII. TO SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, K.C.B.*

Rugby, March 16, 1841.

I ought not to have left your kind letter so long unanswered; but I have not, I trust, neglected its main business, although I cannot report any satisfactory progress, for I know not in what state the question now is, and I have been this very day writing to Mr. Stephen, to ask what they are about, and whether I can be of any further service.

My whole feelings go along with Gell's wishes, but I do not think that they ought to be indulged. It is a great happiness to live in a country where there is only one Church to be considered either in law or in equity; then all institutions can take a simple and definite character; the schools and the Church can be identified, and the teaching in the schoolroom and in the Church may breathe the same spirit, and differ only so far as the one is addressed to adults, the other to children. All this no one can love more than I do. I have the Bishop's licence: we have our School chapel, where the Church service is duly performed; I preach in it as a Minister of the Church, and the Bishop comes over every two years to confirm our boys in it. I quite allow that my position is that which suits my taste, my feelings, and my reason most entirely.

But if I were in Gell's place, as in many other respects I could not expect all the advantages of England, so neither could I in this identification of my school with my Church. In a British colony there are other elements than those purely English; they are involved, I think, in the very word "British," which is used in speaking of our colonies. Here, in England, we Englishmen are sole masters,—in our colonies we are only joint masters; and I cannot, without direct injustice, make the half right as extensive as the whole right.

But whilst I quite acknowledge the equal rights of the Church of Scotland, I acknowledge no right in any third system,—for a Church it cannot be called,—to be dominant both over the Church of Scotland and over us. I would allow no third power or principle to say to both Churches, "Neither of you shall train your people in your own way, but in a certain third way, which, as it is that of neither, may perhaps suit both." I would have the two Churches stand side by side,—

* With regard to the College in Van Diemen's Land. See Letter CXCIII.

each free, and each sovereign over its own people; but I do not approve of such a fusion of the one into the other as would produce a third substance, unlike either of them.

Now, I confess that what I should like best of all, would be, to see two colleges founded, one an English college, the other a Scotch college, each giving its own Degrees in Divinity, but those Degrees following the Degrees in Arts, which should be given by both as a University. Each College possessing full independence within itself, the education of the members of each would in all respects be according to their respective Churches, while the University authorities, chosen equally from each, would only settle such points as could harmoniously be settled by persons belonging to different Churches.

This, I think, would be my beau ideal for Van Diemen's Land; and that the English college would quickly outgrow the Scotch college,—that it would receive richer endowments from private munificence,—that it would have more pupils, and abler tutors or professors, I do not doubt. But that would be in the natural course of things, and justice would have been done to the rights of Scotland, as a member of the United Kingdom.

The decisive objection to this, I suppose, would be the expense. You can have only one college, and I suppose may be thankful even for that. What is next best, then, as it appears to me, is still to provide for the equal, but at the same time the free and sovereign and full-developed action of both Churches within the same college, by the appointment of two clergymen, the one of the English, the other of the Scotch Church, as necessary members of the college always, with the title of Dean, or such other as may be thought expedient, such Deans having the direct charge of the religious instruction generally of their own people; the Dean of that Church to which the Principal for the time being does not belong, being to his own people in all religious matters both Principal and Dean, but the Dean of whose Church the Principal is a member, acting under the superintendence of the Principal, and the Principal himself taking a direct part in the religious teaching of the students of his own communion.

It might be possible and desirable to put the office of Principal altogether in commission, and vest it in a Board of which the two Deans should be ex officio members, and three other persons, or one, as it might be thought fit. Local knowledge is required to decide the details,—but in this way, if Gell were English Dean, his power and importance might be

equal to what they would be as Principal; and his position might be at once less invidious, and yet more entirely free and influential.

This solution of the difficulty had not suggested itself to me before, but I give it for what it may be worth. I believe that I see clearly, and hold fast the principles on which your college should be founded; but different ways of working these principles out may suggest themselves at different times, and none of them perhaps will suit your circumstances; for it is in the application of general principles to any given place or condition of things, that practical knowledge of that particular state of things is needful, which I cannot have in the present case. Still the conclusions of our local observation must not drive us to overset general principles, or to neglect them, for that is no less an error.

CCLXVIII. TO THE SAME.

Rugby, April 4, 1842.

Your letter of the 18th of August quite coincides with my wishes, and satisfies me also that I may, without injustice, act according to them. . . . . And I am happy to say that —— seems quite disposed to agree with your view of the subject, and to make it a standing rule of the College, that the Principal of it shall always be a member of the Church of England, if not a clergyman. My own belief is, that our Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are, with all their faults, the best institutions of the kind in the world,—at least for Englishmen; and therefore I should wish to copy them exactly, if it were possible, for Van Diemen's Land. I only doubted whether it were just to Scotland to give a predominantly English character to the institutions of a *British* colony; but your argument from the establishment of the English law is, I think, a good one, and mixed institutions are to my mind so undesirable, that I would rather have the College Scotch altogether, so far as my own taste is concerned, than that it should represent no Church at all. I have always wished, and I wish it still, that the bases of our own, as of other Churches, should be made wider than they are; but the enlargement, to my mind, should be there, and not in the schools: for it seems a solecism to me that a place of education for the members of a Church should not teach according to that Church, without suppressions of any sort for the sake of accommodating others.

As to the other point,—of there being always an English and Scotch clergyman amongst the Fellows of the College,—— took your view of the case and I yielded to him. . . . . But, though I do not like to urge anything against your judgment, yet I should like to explain to you my view of the case. I wise to secure to members of the Scotch Church the education of their own Church,—I mean an education such as their own Church would wish them to have,—just as I wish to secure for our people a full Church of England education. Then, on the other hand, I am not afraid of sectarian feelings and struggles, where men live together, each with a distinct recognized position of his own, and with his own proper work assigned to him. I dread much more the effect of differences not publicly recognized, such as those of parties within the same Church. If Roman Catholics, as such, had a College of their own at Oxford, I do not believe that there would be half the disputing or proselytizing which exists now, where Roman Catholic opinions are held by men calling themselves members of our Church. A Scotch clergyman has to do with Scotchmen, an English clergyman with Englishmen. The national distinction would make the ecclesiastical difference natural, as I think, and would take away from it everything of hostility. But, however, as I said before, I should have the greatest objection to pressing a point against your judgment. I grieve over the difficulty about the name of the College : it seems to me not a little matter; and how sadly does that foolish notion of its being profane, help the superstition to which it professes to be most opposed,—the superstition of holy places, and holy things, and holy times. But your leaving the question to the Government seems quite the wisest way of settling it.

CCLXIX. TO REV. TREVENEN PENROSE.

(Who had asked him his opinion about sanctioning various Provident Societies by preaching Sermons on their Anniversaries.)

Rugby, April 10, 1841.

My opinion on such points as you have proposed to me, is not worth the fiftieth part of yours, so totally am I without the needful experience. But speaking as an ἰδιώτης,* I am inclined

* In the place of the unlearned.

quite to agree with you. These half-heathen clubs, including, above all, Free Masonry, are, I think, utterly unlawful for a Christian man: they are close brotherhoods, formed with those who are not in a close sense our brethren. You would do a great service, if by your sermons, aided by your personal influence, you could give the clubs a Christian character. But their very names are unseemly. A club of Odd Fellows is a good joke, but hardly a decent piece of earnest. I suspect, however, that the Government plans are too purely economical: an annual dinner is so much the usage of all English societies, that it seems hard to deny it to the poor.

CCLXX. *TO REV. J. T. ORMEROD.

Fox How, June 19, 1841.

. . . . . I think that it is very desirable to show the connexion of the Church with the Synagogue, a point on which Whately insists strongly. I should also like to go into the question as to the *δεύτεραι διατάξεις τῶν ἀποστόλων*, mentioned in that famous fragment of Irenæus. That the Church system, or rather the Priest system, is not to be found in Scripture, is as certain as that the worship of Jupiter is not the doctrine of the Gospel; the only shadow of an apostolical origin of it rests on the notion, that after the destruction of Jerusalem, the surviving Apostles altered the earlier Christian service, and made the Eucharist answer to the sacrifice of the Temple. I believe this to be unsupported as to its historical basis, and perverted doctrinally; if there be any foundation for the fact, it was not that the Eucharist was to succeed to the Temple sacrifices,—one carnal sacrifice, and carnal priest succeeding to another; but that the spiritual sacrifice of each man's self to God, connected always, according to Bunsen, with the commemoration of Christ's sacrifice in the Eucharist, was now visibly the only sacrifice anywhere offered to God; and thus, as was foretold, the carnal worship had utterly perished, and the spiritual worship was established in its room. That the great Enemy should have turned his very defeat into his greatest victory, and have converted the spiritual self-sacrifice in which each man was his own priest, into the carnal and lying sacrifice of the Mass, is to my mind, more than anything else, the exact fulfilment of the apostolical language concerning Antichrist.

CCLXXI. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Fox How, June 26, 1841.

. . . . . Thank you for your letter, and your remarks on my Introduction. You speak of yourself as standing half way between Newman and me; but I do not think that you will or can maintain that position. For many years such a middle position was in fact that of the majority of the English clergy; it was the old form of High Churchism, retaining much of Protestantism, and uniting it with other notions, such as Apostolical Succession, for which it had an instinctive fondness, but which it cherished indistinctly, without pushing them to their consequences. Newman—and I thank him for it—has broken up this middle stage, by pushing the doctrines of the Succession, &c., to their legitimate consequences; and it appears now that they are inconsistent with Protestantism; and Newman and his friends repudiate the very name of Protestant, disclaim the sole supremacy of Scripture, and, in short, hold every essential tenet of Popery, though not of Romanism; for they so far agree with the Gallican Church, that they would set a General Council above the Pope; but the essence of Popery, which is Priesthood and the mystic virtue of ritual acts done by a Priesthood, they cling to as heartily as the most vehement ultramontane Papists. Now that the two systems are set front to front, I do not think that a middle course is possible: the Priest is either Christ or Antichrist; he is either our Mediator, or he is like the man of sin in God's temple; the "Church system" is either our Gospel, and St. John's and St. Paul's Gospel is superseded by it, or it is a system of blasphemous falsehood, such as St. Paul foretold was to come, such as St. John saw to be "already in the world."

I think that you have not quite attended to my argument in the Introduction, when you seem to think that I have treated the question more as one of à priori reasoning, than of Scriptural evidence. If you look at the paragraph beginning at the bottom of page xxix., you will see, I think, that it is most fully acknowledged to be a question of Scriptural evidence. It is not my fault if the Scriptural authority which the "Church system" appeals to, is an absolute nonentity. The Newmanite interpretation of our Lord's words, "Do this in remembrance of me," you confess to have startled you.

Surely it may well startle any man, for no Unitarian comment on the first chapter of St. John could possibly be more monstrous. Now, in such matters, I speak and feel confidently from the habits of my life. My business as schoolmaster, is a constant exercise in the interpretation of language, in cases where no prejudice can warp the mind one way or another, and this habit of interpretation has been constantly applied to the Scriptures for more than twenty years; for I began the careful study of the Epistles long before I left Oxford, and have never intermitted it. I feel, therefore, even more strongly towards a misinterpretation of Scriptures than I should towards a misinterpretation of Thucydides. I know that there are passages in the Scriptures which no man can interpret; that there are others of which the interpretation is doubtful; others, again, where it is probable, but far from certain. This I feel strongly, and in such places I never would speak otherwise than hesitatingly. But this does not hinder us from feeling absolutely certain in other cases: and the Newmanite interpretations seem to me to be of the same class as the lowest Unitarian, or as those of the most extravagant fanatics; they are mere desperate shifts to get a show of authority from Scripture, which it is felt, after all, the Scripture will not furnish; for the anxious endeavour to exalt Tradition and Church authority to a level with the Scripture, proves sufficiently where the real support of the cause is felt to lie; for no man would ever go to Tradition for the support of what the Scripture by itself teaches; and in all the great discussions on the Trinitarian question, the battle has been fought out of the Scripture: no tradition is wanted to strengthen the testimony of St. John.

I suppose it is that men's individual constitution of mind determines them greatly, when great questions are brought to a clear issue. You have often accused me of not enough valuing the Church of England,—the very charge which I should now be inclined to retort against you. And in both instances the charge would have a true foundation. Viewing the Church of England as connected with the Stuart Kings and as opposing the "good old cause," I bear it no affection; viewing it as a great reformed institution, and as proclaiming the King's supremacy, and utterly denying the binding authority of General Councils, and the necessity of priestly mediation, you perhaps would feel less attached to it than I am. For, after all, those differences in men's minds which we express, when exemplified in English politics by the terms Whig and

Tory, are very deep and comprehensive, and I should much like to be able to discover a formula which would express them in their most abstract shape; they seem to me to be the great fundamental difference between thinking men; but yet it is certain that each of these two great divisions of mankind apprehends *a* truth strongly, and the Kingdom of God will, I suppose, show us the perfect reconciling of the truth held by each. I think that in opinion you will probably draw more and more towards Keble, and be removed farther and farther from me; but I have a most entire confidence that this, in our case, will not affect our mutual friendship, as, to my grief unspeakable, it has between old Keble and me; because I do not think that you will ever lose the consciousness of the fact, that the two great divisions of which I spoke are certainly not synonymous with the division between good and evil; that some of the best and wisest of mortal men are to be found with each; nay, that He who is our perfect example, unites in Himself and sanctions the truths most loved, and the spirit most sympathized in by each; wherefore, I do not think that either is justified in denouncing the other altogether, or renouncing friendship with it. I have run on to an enormous length, but your letter rather moved me. . . . .

If you could see the beauty of this scene, you would think me mad to leave it, and I almost think myself so too. The boys are eager to be off, and I feel myself that the work of Rugby is far more welcome when I come to it as a home after foreign travelling, than when I only go to it from Fox How, from one home to another, and from what is naturally the more dear to the less dear. Yet I should be very false, and very ungrateful too, if I did not acknowledge that Rugby was a very dear home; with so much of work, and yet so much of quiet, as my wife and I enjoy every day when we go out with her pony into our quiet lanes.

. . . . . We have been reading some of the Rhetoric in the Sixth Form this half-year, and its immense value struck me again so forcibly, that I could not consent to send my son to an University where he would lose it altogether, and where his whole studies would be formal merely and not real, either mathematics or philology, with nothing at all like the Aristotle and Thucydides at Oxford. In times past, the neglect of philology at Oxford was so shameful, that it almost neutralized the other advantages of the place, but I do not think that this is so now; and the utter neglect of vivâ voce translation at

Cambridge is another great evil; even though by construing instead of translating they almost undo the good of their viva voce system at Oxford.

CCLXXII. TO THE SAME.

Fox How, August 1, 1841.

. . . . . Thank you for Randall's letter. He is one of the many men whom the course of life has to my regret parted me from; I do not mean "parted," in the sense of estranged, but simply hindered us from meeting. I was very glad to see his judgment on the matters in which I am so interested, and rejoice to find how much I agree with him. Indeed I do not think that we differ so much as he imagines; I think the existence of Dissent a great evil, and I believe my inclinations as little lead me to the Dissenters as any man's living. But I do not think, in the first place, that the Christian unity of which our Lord and his Apostles speak so earnestly, is an unity of government—or that national Churches, each sovereign, or Churches of a less wide extent than national, each equally sovereign, are a breach of unity necessarily; and again, if Dissent as it exists in England were a breach of unity, then there comes the historical question, whose fault the breach is, and that question is not to be answered summarily, nor will the true answer ever lay all the blame on the Dissenters, I think not so much as half of it.

If you did not object, I should very much like to write to Randall myself on the point; if it were only to know from what parts of my writings he has been led to ascribe to me opinions and feelings which are certainly not mine, in his impression of them.

CCLXXIII. TO THE REV. JAMES RANDALL.

Fox How, September 20, 1841.

I read your letter to Coleridge with great interest, and wished much to write to you about it, but I fear that I have not time to do so. It would take rather a long time to state what I think about Dissent, and what is called "Schism." I think it a great evil, as being inconsistent with the idea of the perfect Church, to which our aspirations should be continually

directed. But, "in fæce Romuli," with historical Churches, and such ideas of Church as have been most prevalent, Dissent seems to me to wear a very different aspect. Yet I am not partial to our English Dissenters, and think that their views are quite as narrow as those of their opponents. And what good is to be done, will be done, I think, much sooner by members of the Church than by Dissenters.

What you say of my books is very gratifying to me. It repays the labour of writing in the best manner, to know that any thinking man has considered what one has written, and has found in it something to interest him, whether he agrees with it or no. By the way, your criticism on a passage in my Christmas Day Sermon is quite just; and, if my Sermon expresses any other doctrine,* it has failed in expressing my meaning. Surely, I do not hold that the Godhead of the Son is really inferior to that of the Father, but only κατ' ὀικονομίαν,— that is, it is presented to us mixed with an inferior nature, and also with certain qualities, visibility for instance, which have been assumed in condescension, but which are still what St. Paul calls, "an emptying of the Divinity," presenting it to us in a less absolutely perfect form, because it is not merely itself, but itself with something inferior joined to it.

CCLXXIV. TO THE REV. J. HEARN.

June 25, 1841.

I purpose leaving this place for the Continent with my two eldest sons on Monday next, and I wish before we set out to thank you for your last letter; and to send my earnest good wishes for the health and welfare, temporal and eternal, of my dear little godson. We have been here about a week, after a half-year at Rugby very peaceable as far as regarded the conduct of the boys, but very anxious as regarding their health. One boy died from pressure on the brain in the middle of the half-year; another has died within the last week of fever, and a third, who had been long in a delicate state and went home for his health, is since dead also. And besides all these, four boys more were at different times at the very point of death, and some are even now only slowly and with difficulty recovering. You may conceive how much anxiety and distress this

* Viz., that Deity does not admit of degrees.

must have occasioned us: yet I can most truly say, that it is as nothing when compared with the existence of any unusual moral evil in the school; far less distressing and far less harassing.

This place is very calm and very beautiful, and I think would furnish you with much employment, if you lived here all the year. But I am so ignorant about gardening and agricultural matters that I can do little or nothing; and besides, we are away just at those times of the year when there is most to be done.

I am very glad you saw my old friend Tucker. He was with us for a few days in April, and he seemed to have derived nothing but good in all ways from his stay in India. Before he went out he had for some time been growing more and more of an Evangelical partisan, and had acquired some of the narrowness of mind and peculiarity of manner which belong to that party. But his missionary life seems to have swept away all those clouds: and I found him now with all the simplicity, hearty cheerfulness, affectionateness, and plain sense, which he had when a young man at Oxford, with all the earnestness and goodness of a ripened Christian superadded. It was one of the most delightful renewals of intercourse with an old friend which I can ever hope to enjoy.

CCLXXV. TO THE REV. J. TUCKER.

Fox How, August 2, 1841.

. . . . . I have heard of you in various quarters since your visit at Rugby, but I do not at all know what your plans are, and when you propose leaving England. If you can pay us another visit at Rugby before you sail, we shall all earnestly unite in entreating you to do so. It was a great gratification to me to find that many of our children enjoyed your visit extremely, and have spoken both of it and of your sermon which you preached in the church in a manner that has been very delightful to me.

For myself, my dear friend, your visit has been a happiness greater than I could tell you. It assured me, that I still possessed not only your affectionate remembrances for the sake of old times, which I never doubted, but your actual living friend-

ship, unshaken by differences of opinion, whatever those differences might be. I believe in my own case, as often happens, my friends have exaggerated those differences. Keble, I am sure, has ascribed to me opinions which I never held, not, of course, wilfully, but because his sensitiveness on some points is so morbid, that his power of judgment is pro tanto utterly obscured. The first shock of perceiving something that he does not like makes him incapable of examining steadily how great or how little that something is. I had feared (therein very likely doing you injustice) that, before you left England for India, you had in some degree shared Keble's feelings, though on different grounds; and I did not write to you, though with many a wish to do so, because one feels instinctively repelled, I think, from communicating with an old friend, except on a footing of equal confidence and respect; and I doubted your feeling these towards me, though I did not doubt your kindness and affection. But one or two men have behaved towards me in the course of my life just as they might have done, being kind-hearted and affectionate men, if I had committed some great crime, which rendered respect or friendship impossible, though old kindness might still survive it. And this is hard to bear, when, far from being conscious of such great fault in myself in the points which are objected to, I hold my faith in those points to be the most certain truth in Christ, and the opposite opinions to be a most grievous and mischievous error, which I only will not, in the individual cases of those holding it, regard as they regard my supposed error, because I know that along with it there exists a truth and a goodness which I am clearly warranted in loving and in believing to be Christ's Spirit's work. But your last visit was so friendly—I perceived, too, that you could bear things with which you might not agree, and saw and felt with satisfaction how much there was with which you did agree—that I was altogether revived, and, if I may use St. Paul's language, "my heart was enlarged," and I ventured to tell Fellowes to send you my new volume of Sermons, as to a man who might not and would not agree with all that he found there, but yet would not be shocked at it, but would believe that it was intended to serve the same cause to which he was himself devoted. And I have had the full intention of writing to you as in times past, if you again sailed to India, or if you remained in England; of which intention be this present letter the first fruits and pledge.

CCLXXVI. TO THE SAME.

Fox How, August 12, 1841.

. . . . . I thank you very much for your letter, although, to say the truth, there were some expressions in it which a little disappointed me. I do not know, in point of fact, what our differences of opinion are, and with regard to Newmanism, I had supposed that we were mostly in agreement. I should have expected, therefore, that generally you would have agreed with the Introduction to my last volume; and that your differences would have been rather with some parts of the appendices. But I do not mean by disappointment the finding more or less of disagreement in opinion, but much more the finding that you still look upon the disagreement, be it what it may, as a serious matter, by which I understand you to mean a thing deserving of moral censure; as if, for example, one had a friend whom one respected and loved for many good qualities, but whose temper was so irritable, that it made a considerable abatement in one's estimate of him. Of course, he who believes his own views to be true, must believe the opposite views to be error; but the great point in our judgment and feeling towards men seems to be not to confound error with fault. I scarcely know one amongst my dearest friends, except Bunsen, whom I do not believe to be in some point or other in grave error: I differ very widely from Whately on many points, as I differ from you and from Keble on others; but the sense of errors is with me something quite distinct from the sense of fault, and if I were required to name Keble's faults or yours, it would never enter into my head to think of his Newmanism or your opinions, whatever they may be, which differ from my own. The fault would be, in my judgment, and you will forgive me for saying so, the feeling as Keble does, and as I hoped that you now did not, towards an error as if it were a fault, and judging it morally. We are speaking, you will observe, of such errors as are consistent with membership, not only in Christianity, but in the same particular Church; and I cannot think that we have a right to regard such as faults, though we have quite a right, a right which I would largely exercise, to protest against them as mischievous,—mischievous, it may be, in a very high degree, as I think Newmanism is.

CCLXXVII. TO THE SAME.

Fox How, September 22, 1841.

I must write a few lines to you before we leave Fox How, because my first arrival at Rugby is likely to be beset with business, and I fear that your time of sailing is drawing near. Most heartily do I thank you for your last letter, and you may be sure that I will not trouble you on the subject any farther. Nor do I feel it necessary, for although it may be that there is something which I could wish otherwise still, yet I feel now that it need not and will not disturb our intercourse, and therefore I can write to you with perfect content.

You are going again to your work, which I feel sure is and will be blessed both to others and yourself. I should be well pleased if one of my sons went out hereafter to labour in the same field, but what line they will take seems very hard to determine. They do not seem inclined to follow Medicine, and I have the deepest abhorrence of the Law, so that two professions seem set aside, and for trade, I have neither capital nor connexion. Meanwhile I wish them to do well at the University, which will be an arming them in a manner for whatever may open to them. We shall leave this place, I think, on Friday. This long stay has doubly endeared it to us all, and though I am thankful to be able to get back to Rugby, yet there will be a sad wrench in leaving Fox How. It is not the mere outward beauty, but the friendliness and agreeableness of the neighbourhood in which we mix, simply as inhabitants of the country, and not as at Rugby, in an official relation.

The school is summoned for the 9th of October, but many of the boys will return, I think, on Saturday, so that the work will begin, probably, on Monday; but as I have some of the Sixth Form down here, I have not the leisure for my History I could have desired. I trust that you will go on with your Journal, and that you will hereafter allow large portions of it to be printed. I am persuaded that it will do more towards enabling us to realize India to ourselves, than anything which has yet appeared.

CHAPTER X.

LAST YEAR—PROFESSORSHIP OF MODERN HISTORY AT OXFORD—LAST DAYS AT RUGBY—DEATH—CONCLUSION.

It was now the fourteenth year of Dr. Arnold's stay at Rugby. The popular prejudice against him, which for the last few years had been rapidly subsiding, now began actually to turn in his favour—his principles of education, which at one time had provoked so much outcry, met with general acquiescence—the school, with each successive half-year, rose in numbers beyond the limit within which he endeavoured to confine it, and seemed likely to take a higher rank than it had ever assumed before—the alarm which had once existed against him in the theological world was now directed to an opposite quarter—his fourth volume of Sermons, with its Introduction, had been hailed by a numerous party with enthusiastic approbation ; and many who had long hung back from him with suspicion and dislike, now seemed inclined to gather round him as their champion and leader.

His own views and objects meanwhile remained the same. But the feeling of despondency, with which for some time past he had regarded public affairs, now

assumed a new phase, which, though it might possibly have passed away with the natural course of events, coloured his mind too strongly during this period to be passed over without notice.

His interest, indeed, in political and ecclesiastical matters still continued; and his sermon on Easter Day, 1842, stands almost if not absolutely alone in the whole course of his school sermons, for the severity and vehemence of its denunciations against what he conceived to be the evil tendencies of the Oxford School. But he entertained also a growing sense of his isolation from all parties, whether from those with whom he had vainly tried to co-operate in former years, or those who, from fear of a common enemy, were now anxious to claim him as an ally; and it was not without something of a sympathetic feeling that, in his Lectures of this year, he dwelt so earnestly on the fate of his favourite Falkland, "who protests so strongly against the evil of his party, that he had rather die by their hands than in their company—but die he must; for there is no place left on earth where his sympathies can breathe freely—he is obliged to leave the country of his affections, and life elsewhere would be intolerable." And it is impossible not to observe how, in the course of sermons preached during this year, he turned from the active "course" of the Christian life, with its outward "helps and hindrances." to its inward "hopes and fears," and its final "close;"* or how, in his habitual views at this time, he seemed disposed, for the first time in his life, to regard the divisions of the Church as irreparable, the restoration of the Church as all but impracticable, and "to cling," as he expresses himself in one of his letters, "not from choice, but from necessity, to the Protestant

* Sermons XIII.—XXXIV. in the posthumous volume, entitled Christian Life; its Hopes, its Fears, and its Close.

tendency of laying the whole stress on Christian religion, and adjourning his idea of the Church *sine die*." It was in this spirit also, that he began to attach a new importance to the truths relating to a man's own individual convictions, which, though always occupying a prominent place in his thoughts, had naturally less hold upon his sympathies than those which affect man in relation to society. The controversy on Justification acquired greater interest in his eyes than it had assumed before ; and he felt himself called, for the first time, to unfold his own views on the subject. The more abstract and metaphysical grounds of truth, divine and human, which he had formerly been accustomed to regard in its purely practical aspect, were now becoming invested in his mind with a new value. The inseparable connection between truth and goodness which he had always insisted upon, seemed to come before him with peculiar force from time to time in these his latest thoughts. In one of the last school essays revised by him, it was recollected with what peculiar emphasis he had written at the close of it—"not," as he said, "because there was any particular place for it in the composition itself, but because he wished to say something about it," the words, "Tum demum id quod Verum est a Bono alienum licebit dicere, cum Deum a Mundo sustulerimus." In his latest lessons it was observed how, in reading Plato's Republic, he broke out into a solemn protest against the evil effects of an exaggerated craving after Unity—or in Cicero's work, "De Divinatione," the contrast that he drew between the conduct of the later philosophers and the Christian martyrs with regard to the established religion. "Neither of the two parties believed in it—but the philosophers and augurs worshipped and sacrificed because they thought it convenient to uphold the *instituta majorum*'—just as in Roman Catholic coun-

tries there are to be found men who would laugh at the most solemn parts of the service, at the mass itself—who would burn a Protestant, but who believe in Christ just as much as Cicero believed in Him. But they could not understand why the Christians would not act as they did—they had no notion of men dying rather than act a lie and deny what they were certain was a truth. It is this which shows us what martyrdom really was, and in what the nobleness of the martyrs consisted—in that they would die sooner than by their slightest action assist in what they felt to be a lie and a mockery." And whilst in his latest studies of early Christian history, in the Epistles of Cyprian, he dwelt on this endurance and self-devotion of the early martyrs with an increasing sympathy and admiration, which penetrated even into his private devotions, and on the instruction to be derived from contemplating an age "when martyrdom was a real thing, to which every Christian might, without any remarkable accident, be exposed,"*—he was also much struck with the indications which these Epistles seemed to him to contain, that the Church had been corrupted not only by the Judaic spirit of priesthood, but even more by the Gentile spirit of government, stifling the sense of individual responsibility. "The treatment of the Lapsi, by Cyprian," he said, "is precisely in the spirit of the treatment of the Capuans by the Roman Senate, of which I was reading at the same time for my Roman History. I am myself so much inclined to the idea of a strong social bond, that I ought not to be suspected of any tendency to anarchy; yet I am beginning to think that the idea may be overstrained, and that this attempt to merge the soul and will of the individual man in the general body is, when fully developed, contrary to the very essence of Christianity. After all, it is

*See Serm. vol. v. p. 234.

the individual soul that must be saved, and it is that which is addressed in the Gospel. Do consider the immense strength of that single verse, 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.' Indeed, so strong is the language of some parts of the New Testament in this direction, as to be an actual perplexity to me. St. Paul's language concerning it, I think, may be explained, but the refusal of our Lord to comply with some of the indifferent customs, such as washing before meals, is, when I come to consider it, so startling, that I feel that there is something in it which I do not fully understand."

Such were the general feelings with which he entered on this year—a year, on every account, of peculiar interest to himself and his scholars. It had opened with an unusual mortality in the school. One of his colleagues, and seven of his pupils, mostly from causes unconnected with each other, had been carried off within its first quarter; and the return of the boys had been delayed beyond the accustomed time in consequence of a fever lingering in Rugby, during which period he had a detachment of the higher Forms residing near or with him at Fox How. It was during his stay here that he received from Lord Melbourne the offer of the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Oxford, vacant by the death of Dr. Nares. How joyfully he caught at this unexpected realization of his fondest hopes for his latest years, and how bright a gleam it imparted to the sunset of his life, will best be expressed by his own letters and by the account of his Lectures.

CCLXXVIII. TO THE REV. DR. HAWKINS.

Fox How, August 21, 1841.

You may perhaps have heard my news already, but I must tell you myself, because you are so much connected with my pleasure in it. I have accepted the Regius Professorship of

Modern History, chiefly to gratify my earnest longing to have some direct connexion with Oxford; and I have thought with no small delight that I should now see something of you in the natural course of things every year, for my wife and myself hope to take lodgings for ten days or a fortnight every Lent Term, at the end of our Christmas holidays, for me to give my Lectures. I could not resist the temptation of accepting the office, though it will involve some additional work, and if I live to leave Rugby, the income, though not great, will be something to us when we are poor people at Fox How. But to get a regular situation in Oxford would have tempted me, I believe, had it been accompanied with no salary at all.

CCLXXIX. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Fox How, September 1, 1841.

In the midst of my perplexities, practical and historical, I am going to indulge myself by writing to you. My practical perplexity is about the meeting of the school, which in either way involves a great responsibility, and the chance of much inconvenience and loss. I believe that we might meet next week without any real imprudence, and that the amount of fever in Rugby is but trifling; but if a single boy were to catch it, after the two fatal cases of last half-year, the panic would be so great that we should not be able to keep the school together, or to reassemble it till after Christmas. . . . .

My historical perplexity has caused me many hours of work, and I cannot yet see land. It shows to me how the most notorious facts may be corrupted, even very soon after the occurrence, when they are subjected to no careful and judicious inquiry. Hannibal's march from Capua upon Rome, to effect a diversion for the besieged town, is of course one of the most striking parts of the whole war. I want to give it in detail, and with all the painting possible. But it is wholly uncertain by what road he advanced upon Rome, whether by the Latin road direct from Capua, or by an enormous circuit through Samnium—just the road which we took last summer from Capua to Reate—and so from Reate on Rome. Cælius Antipater, Polybius, and Appian, all either assert or imply the latter. Livy says the former, and gives an account of the march, from Fabius, I think, or Cincius, which is circumstantial and highly probable; but he is such a simpleton, that,

after having written a page from Cincius or Fabius, he then copies from some other writer who had made him take the other road; and, after bringing Hannibal by the Latin road, he makes him cross the Anio to approach Rome, and tells divers anecdotes, which all imply that he came by the Valerian or Salarian road; for of course the Latin road has no more to do with the Anio than with the Arno. The evidences and the probabilities are so balanced, and all the narratives are so unsatisfactory, that I cannot tell what to do about it. And the same sort of thing occurs often, with such constant uncertainty as to the text, in Livy—the common editions being restored conjecturally in almost every page, where the MSS. are utterly corrupt—that the Punic War is almost as hard in the writing as in the fighting.

Now, about my Notes: I offended in that matter deliberately, having always so enjoyed a history with many Notes, and having known so many persons feel the same, that I multiplied them purposely. But I quite agree with you that the text ought to be intelligible without them; and if you will be so kind as to point out the passages which are faulty in this respect, I shall be greatly obliged to you, and will try and manage better for the future.

I thank you much for your congratulations about the Professorship. I caught at any opportunity of being connected again with Oxford; and the visions of Bagley Wood and Shotover rose upon me with an irresistible charm. Then it suited so well with future living at Fox How, if I may dare to look forward; giving me work for my life, and an income for life, which, though not large, would be much to me when I had left Rugby (especially if the Americans go on not paying their just and lawful debts, whereby I shall lose more than fifteen hundred pounds). And now, whilst my boys are at Oxford, it will take me up there from time to time, and will give me a share in the working of the University, though not a great one. In short, there is nothing which the Government could have given me that would have suited all my wishes so well, and great τύχη it was that it fell vacant only one week before the Tories came into power.

Now as to what is to be done in it. I shall follow your advice, and ponder well before I decide on anything. . . . . With regard to party questions, I should write as I am trying to write in my Roman History, avoiding partisanship or personalities; but, as I have said in the Preface to the History, if

history has no truths to teach, its facts are but little worth; and the truths of political science belong as much, I think, to an historian, as those of theology to a Professor of Divinity. As an ecclesiastical historian, I would try to hold an equal balance between Catholics and Arians; but not between Catholicism and Arianism; and so it seems to me one ought to deal with the great principles of Government and of Politics, and not to write as if there were no truth attainable in the matter, but all was mere opinion. Roman and English history particularly illustrate each other; but I do not know how I could more particularly connect my Lectures with the History. The influence of the Roman Empire upon Modern Europe would naturally often be touched upon; but the more minute inquiry as to the particular effects of the Roman law on ours, would be beyond my compass; and the transition state from ancient to modern history is not to me inviting as a period, and it has besides been so often treated of.

—— is going up to Trinity College, Oxford, after the long vacation. We do not know him personally, but are interested about him for his friend's sake. If your son Henry could show him any countenance, I should be very much obliged to him, and you know the value of kindness shown to a freshman.

We unite in love and kind regards to you and yours. I could rave about the beauty of Fox How, but I will forbear. I work very hard at mowing the grass amongst the young trees, which gives me constant employment. Wordsworth is remarkably well. I direct to Ottery, hoping that you may be there at peace, escaped from the Old Bailey.

CCLXXX. TO SIR T. S. PASLEY, BART.

Fox How, September 23, 1841.

. . . . . The first Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem is to be consecrated at Lambeth next Wednesday. He is to be the legal protector of all Protestants of every denomination towards the Turkish government, and he is to ordain Prussian clergymen on their signing the Augsburg Confession and adopting the Prussian Liturgy, and Englishmen on their subscribing to our Articles and Liturgy. Thus the idea of my Church Reform pamphlet, which was so ridiculed and so condemned, is now carried into practice by the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. For the Protestant Church of Jerusalem will comprehend

persons using different Liturgies, and subscribing different Articles of Faith; and it will sanction these differences, and hold both parties to be equally its members. Yet it was thought ridiculous in me to conceive that a national Church might include persons using a different ritual and subscribing different articles. Of course it is a grave question what degrees of difference are compatible with the bond of Church union; but the Archbishop of Canterbury has declared in the plainest language that some differences *are* compatible with it, and this is the great principle which I contended for.

In your letter of the 2nd of August, you ask whether I think that a Christian ministry is of divine appointment. Now I cannot conceive any Church existing without public prayer, preaching and communion, and some must minister in these offices. But that these "some" should be always the same persons, that they should form a distinct profession, and, following no other calling, should be maintained by the Church, I do not think to be of divine appointment, but I think it highly expedient that it should be so. In the same way, government for the Church is of divine appointment, and is of absolute necessity; but that the governors should be for life, or possess such and such powers, or should be appointed in such or such a way, all this appears to me to be left entirely open. I shall be very anxious to hear what reports Malcolm gives of himself, when he gets a little used to his new life.

CCLXXXI. *TO REV. A. P. STANLEY.

Rugby, September 29, 1841.

. . . . . I have not written to you since I accepted the Professorship, though it has made me think of you very often. I should like very much to have your opinion as to the best line to choose in my lectures; the best practicable, that is, for the best ἁπλῶς is beyond my means to compass. I had thought of trying to do for England what Guizot began so well for France; to start with the year 1400, and make the first year's course comprise the 15th century. My most detailed historical researches happen to have related to that very century, and it gives you the Middle Ages still undecayed, yet with the prospect of daybreak near. I could not bear to plunge myself into the very depths of that noisome cavern, and to have to toil through centuries of dirt and darkness. But one century will

show fully its nature and details, the ripened corruption of the Church, and in England the ripened evils of the feudal aristocracy, and those curious Wars of the Roses, which I suppose were as purely personal and party wars, without reference to higher principles, as ever existed. I think I shall write to Sir F. Palgrave, and put some questions to him which he can answer, I suppose, better than any one. Do you know whether there exists in rerum naturâ anything like a Domesday Book for the 15th century? It would be very curious to trace, if one could, the changes of property produced by the Wars of the Roses, and the growth of the English aristocracy upon the gradual extinction of that purely Norman.*

I think of coming up in Michaelmas term to give my Inaugural Lecture. The interest which I shall feel in lecturing in Oxford, you can understand, I think, better than most men. As to the spirit in which I should lecture with respect to the peculiar feelings of the place, the best rule seems to me to lecture exactly as I should write for the world at large; to lecture, that is, neither hostilely nor cautiously, not seeking occasions of shocking men's favourite opinions, yet neither in any way humouring them, or declining to speak the truth, however opposed it may be to them. *Oxford caution* would in me be little better than weakness or ratting, especially now that the Tories are in the ascendant.

CCLXXXII. TO W. EMPSON, ESQ.

Rugby, October 15, 1841.

. . . . . As each successive year passes, I turn to Fox How with more homelike feelings, and our long stay there this summer has encouraged this greatly. It is one of the great recommendations of the Professorship to me, that it will be consistent with our living at Fox How, and will only call us away for a part of the year to Oxford, the place to which I still have the strongest local affection of any in the world, next to our valley of the Rotha.

The Spanish journey was a sad failure on the whole; yet I saw much that I wanted to see in France, and which will make it quite needless to travel south-west again; and the two or three hours of fine weather which we had between St. Jean de

* This plan, as will be seen, he altered.

Luz and Irun, gave me a view of the maritime Pyrenees, and of the union of mountain and sea about the mouth of the Bidassoa, which I shall not soon forget. The Landes also delighted me from their resemblance to the New Forest; the glades of heath, surrounded by wood, and the dark iron-coloured streams fringed with alders, were quite like the south of Hampshire, and delighted me greatly.

Our eldest son is gone up to Oxford this day to commence his residence at Balliol. It is the first separation of our family, for, from our peculiar circumstances, all our nine children have hitherto lived at home together, with very short exceptions, but now it will be so no more.

I have read Stephens's article on Port Royal, with great admiration: it seems to be at once eloquent, wise, and good. Is it not strange that the Guelf and Ghibelin contest should be again reviving, as in fact it is, and the greatest questions of our days are those which touch the nature and powers of the Church? I have been reading Lamennais, and recognising the true Guelf union of democracy and priestcraft, such as it existed in Guelf Florence of old. The Sans Culotte, with the mitre on his head, and the bandage over his eyes, is to me the worst Sans Culotte of all. I am glad to hear good accounts of Seton Karr, and greatly envy Eton their gift of a writership.

CCLXXXIII. TO REV. T. HILL, VICAR OF CHESTERFIELD.

(Not personally acquainted with him.)

Rugby, October 29, 1841.

Allow me to offer you my sincere thanks for your kind letter, and for the sermon which you have had the goodness to send me, and which I have read with great pleasure. It is encouraging to find that there are still clergymen who are not ashamed of the term Protestant, and who can understand that the essence of Popery does not consist in the accidental exaltation of the Bishop of Rome, but in those principles which St. Paul found in the Judaizing Christians, even in the very beginning of the Gospel, and which are just as mischievous, whether they happen to include the doctrine of the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, or no.

With regard to printing the Introduction to my last volume of sermons separately, I trust to be permitted ere long to

publish the substance of it, somewhat enlarged, in a small volume, which may yet exceed the size of a pamphlet. I am very unwilling to publish again, in the form of a pamphlet, as it appears to me to give a personal and temporary character to a discussion which belongs to all times of the Church, and really involves the most fundamental principles of Christianity.

Thanking you most sincerely for your good wishes, I would earnestly and seriously crave to be remembered in your prayers, and believe me that to feel that any of my brother ministers of Christ, to whom I am personally unknown, are yet interested about me, is one of the greatest earthly encouragements and comforts which God in his mercy could vouchsafe to me.

CCLXXXIV. TO THE REV. A. P. STANLEY.

Rugby, October 30, 1841.

. . . . . You seemed to think that I was not so charitable towards the Newmanites as I used to be towards the Roman Catholics, and you say that the Newmanites are to be regarded as entirely Roman Catholics. I think so too, but with this grave difference, that they are Roman Catholics at Oxford instead of at Oscott,—Roman Catholics signing the Articles of a Protestant Church and holding offices in its ministry. Now, as I know that you are a fair man, and I think that Oxford has as yet not deprived you of your wideness of mind, it is a real matter of interest to me, to know how the fact of these men being Roman Catholics in heart, which I quite allow, can be other than a most grave charge against them, till they leave Oxford and our Protestant Church. I cannot at all conceive how you can see this otherwise, any more than I can conceive how you can acquit Tract 90 of very serious moral delinquency. For surely the Feathers Tavern petitioners would have been quite as much justified in retaining their preferments as the Oxford leaders are justified in remaining in our ministry. Neither does it seem to me to be a just argument respecting the Articles, any more than about other things, to insist that they shall be everything or nothing. I very gladly signed the petition for alterations, because I agree with you in thinking that subscriptions cannot be too carefully worded; but after all, the real honesty of a subscription appears to me to consist in a sympathy with the system to which you subscribe, in a prefer-

ence of it, not negatively merely, as better than others, but positively, as in itself good and true in all its most characteristic points. Now the most characteristic points of the English Church are two: that it maintains what is called the Catholic doctrine as opposed to the early heresies, and is also decidedly a reformed Church as opposed to the Papal and priestly system. It seems to me that here is the stumbling-block of the Newmanites. They hate the Reformation; they hate the Reformers. It were scarce possible that they could subscribe honestly to the opinions of men whom they hate, even if we had never seen the process of their subscription in detail.

Undoubtedly I think worse of Roman Catholicism in itself than I did some years ago. But my feelings towards a Roman Catholic are quite different from my feelings towards a Newmanite, because I think the one a fair enemy, the other a treacherous one. The one is a Frenchman in his own uniform, and within his own *præsidia;* the other is the Frenchman disguised in a red coat, and holding a post within our præsidia, for the purpose of betraying it. I should honour the first, and hang the second.

CCLXXXV. TO MR JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

(In allusion to an election for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford.)

Rugby, November 19, 1841.

. . . . . Seriously I should feel glad to be able to vote conscientiously for a Newmanite, but, except on matters of science, I hardly see how this could be. That is, I can conceive no moral subjects on which I should wish to see a Newmanite placed in the situation of a teacher in Oxford. Earnestly do I wish to live peaceably with them while I am in residence, neither shall it be my fault if I do not. But courteous personal intercourse, nay, personal esteem and regard, are different things, I think, from assisting to place a man whose whole mind you consider perverted, in the situation of a teacher. That is, I think, true in theory; but what I hope to find when I get up to Oxford, is that the Newmanites' minds are not wholly perverted; that they have excellences which do not appear to one at a distance, who knows them only as Newmanites; and in this way I hope that my opinion of many, very many, of the men who hold Newman's views, may become

greatly more favourable than it is now, because I shall see their better parts as well as their bad ones. And in the same way I trust that many of them will learn to think more favourably of me.*

I go up to read my Inaugural Lecture on the 2nd of December, and I have written about two-thirds of it. I think that you will approve of it; I have tried earnestly to be cautious and conciliatory, without any concealment or compromise. We are full to overflowing, and so it seems we are likely to be after the holidays. All you say of Selwyn is quite in accordance with what I hear of him from others. May God's blessing be on him and on his work.

CCLXXXVI. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN.

Rugby, November 22, 1841.

I rejoice very deeply at the prospect of your remaining in England, not only on personal grounds, because we shall keep you among us, and have Mrs. Bunsen here with you, but also publicly, because I delight to think that the relations between Prussia and England, most important now to the whole world, will be watched by one, to whom the peace and mutual friendship of both countries are so precious as they are to you. The only drawback is, that I fear this post, honourable and important as it is, may seem to detain you from those prospects of a home in your own land, in which I can so fully sympathize, for we are both approaching the age when "ex longâ navigatione jam portum prospicimus," and, even with the consciousness of undiminished vigour, still the thought of rest

* Extract from a letter to the same on November 23rd :—"I am not satisfied with what I have written, because I see that it does not express both how much I should have enjoyed voting with you, and also how entirely I agree with you as to the general principle that Oxford elections should not be decided on party grounds. But then this Newmanism appears to me like none of the old parties of our youth, Whig and Tory, High Church and Low Church; and it is our estimate of this, I am afraid, which is the great difference between us. I do not know, and am almost afraid to ask, how far you go along with them; and yet if you go along with them farther than I think, I am unconsciously saying things which would be unkind. Only I am sure that morally you are not and cannot be what some of them are, and I never look upon our differences as by any possibility diminishing my love for you. My fear from my experience in other cases would have been that it would affect your love for me, had it not been for that delightful letter of yours just before I went abroad, for which I cannot enough thank you."

mingles in my dreams of the future more often than it did ten years ago. And yet, when I think of the works that are to be done—everywhere I suppose more or less, but here in England works of such vastness and of such necessity also—I could long for years of strength, if it might be, to be able to do something where the humblest efforts are so needed.

I go up to Oxford on the 2nd of December, Thursday week, to read my Inaugural Lecture. I suppose it is too much to hope that you could be there, but it would give me the greatest pleasure to utter my first words in Oxford in your hearing. I am going to give a general sketch first of the several parts of History generally, and their relation to each other, and then of the peculiarities of Modern History. This will do very well for an Inaugural Lecture—but what to choose for my course, after we return from Fox How, I can scarcely tell, considering how little time I shall have for any deep research, and how important it is at the same time that my first Lectures should not be superficial. . . . . Our Examination begins on Wednesday; still, as Thucydides is done, and gone to the press, and as my Lecture will be finished, I hope, in one or two evenings more, I expect to be able to go on again with my History before the end of the week, and I may do a little in it before we go to Fox How.

On the 2nd of December he entered on his Professorial duties, by delivering his Inaugural Lecture. His school work not permitting him to be absent more than one whole day, he left Rugby with Mrs. Arnold, very early in the morning, and occupying himself from the time it became light in looking over the school exercises, reached Oxford at noon. The day had been looked forward to with eager expectation, and the usual lecture-rooms in the Clarendon Buildings being unable to contain the crowds that, to the number of four or five hundred, flocked to hear him, the "Theatre" was used for the occasion; and there, its whole area and lower galleries entirely filled, the Professor rose from his place, amidst the highest University authorities in their official seats, and in that clear, manly voice, which so long

retained its hold on the memory of those who heard it, began, amidst deep silence, the opening words of his Inaugural Lecture.

Even to an indifferent spectator, it must have been striking, amidst the general decay of the professorial system in Oxford, and at the time when the number of hearers rarely exceeded thirty or forty students, to see a Chair, in itself one of the most important in the place,—but which, from the infirmities of the late Professor, had been practically vacant for nearly twenty years,—filled at last by a man whose very look and manner bespoke a genius and energy capable of discharging its duties, as they had never been discharged before. The audience was unprecedented in the range of Academical memory; the oppressive atmosphere of controversy, hanging at that particular period so heavily on the University, was felt at least for the time to be suddenly broken, and the whole place seemed to have received an element of freshness and vigour, such as in the course of the Lecture itself he described in his sketch of the renovation of the worn-out generations of the Roman Empire by the new life and energy of the Teutonic races. But to many of his hearers there was the yet deeper interest of again listening to that well-known voice, and gazing on that well-known face, in the relation of pupils to their teacher,—of seeing him at last, after years of misapprehension and obloquy, stand in his proper place, in his professorial robes, and receive a tribute of respect, so marked and so general, in his own beloved Oxford,—of watching him as he unfolded, with characteristic delight, the treasures of his favourite study of History; of witnessing the emotion, the more touching for its transparent sincerity and simplicity, with which he declared "how deeply he valued the privilege of addressing his audience as one of the Professors of Oxford,"—how "there was no

privilege which he more valued, no public reward or honour which could be to him so welcome." *

It was curious that the Professorship should have twice seemed to be on the point of escaping from his hold; once by an accidental mistake shortly after his appointment, and now, immediately after his Inaugural Lecture, by various difficulties, which arose from imperfect information respecting the regulations of an office that had been so long dormant. But these difficulties, which are explained, so far as is necessary, in the ensuing letters, were removed on a more complete understanding of them between himself and the University authorities. The requirements to which he had refused to assent as impracticable, were found to be no part of the original institution; and accordingly, finding that he could still retain his office after finishing the first seven of his Lectures, during the earlier part of his Christmas vacation at Fox How, he came up to Oxford to deliver them during the first three weeks of the Lent Term of 1842, during which he resided there with his whole family.

The recollections of that time will not easily pass away from the memory of his audience. There were the Lectures themselves, with the unwonted concourse which, to the number of two or three hundred, flocked day after day to the Theatre to listen with almost breathless attention to a man, whose opinions, real or supposed, had been in the minds of many of his hearers so long associated with everything most adverse to their own prepossessions: there was his own unfeigned pleasure, mingled with his no less unfeigned surprise, at the protracted and general enthusiasm which his presence enkindled; his free acknowledgment that the favour then shown to him was in great measure the result of circum-

* Inaug. Lect. p. 43.

stances over which he had no control, and that the numerous attendance which his Lectures then attracted was no sure pledge of its continuance. There are many, too, who will love to recall his more general life in the place; the elastic step and open countenance, which made his appearance so conspicuous in the streets and halls of Oxford; the frankness and cordiality with which he met the welcome of his friends and pupils; the anxiety to return the courtesies with which he was received both by old and young: the calm and dignified abstinence from all controversial or personal topics; the interest of the meeting at which, within the walls of their common college, he became for the first time personally acquainted with that remarkable man, whose name had been so long identified in his mind with the theological opinions of which he regarded Oxford as the centre.* All his early love for the place and its associations returned, together with the deeper feelings imparted by later years; day by day, on his return from Oriel Chapel to his house in Beaumont Street, he delighted to linger in passing the magnificent buildings of the Radcliffe Square, glittering with the brightness of the winter morning: and, as soon as his day's work was over, he would call his children or his pupils around him, and with the ordnance map in his hand, set out to explore the haunts of his early youth, unvisited now for more than twenty years; but still in their minutest details—the streams, the copses, the solitary rock by Bagley Wood, the heights of Shotover, the broken field behind Ferry Hincksey, with its several glimpses of the distant towers and spires—remembered with the freshness of yesterday.

"And so ends our stay in Oxford," were the few

* "February 2, Wednesday. Dined in hall at Oriel, and met Newman. Evening at Hawkins's."—Entry from MS. Journal.

words at the close of his short daily journal of engagements and business, "a stay of so much pleasure in all ways as to call for the deepest thankfulness. May God enable me to work zealously and thankfully through Jesus Christ."

In turning from the personal to the public interest of his Professorial career, its premature close at once interposes a bar to any full consideration of it; in this respect so striking a contrast to the completeness of his life at Rugby, in its beginning, middle, and end. Yet even in that short period, the idea of his office had presented itself to him already in so lively a form, as to impart a more than temporary interest both to what he did and what he intended to do.

His actual course was purely and in every sense of the word "introductory." The design of his first residence in Oxford was not to gain influence over the place so much as to familiarize himself with it after his long absence; and in like manner the object of his first Lectures was not so much to impart any historical knowledge, as to state his own views of history, and to excite an interest in the study of it. The Inaugural Lecture was a definition of History in general, and of Modern History in particular; the eight following Lectures were the natural expansion of this definition; and the statement of such leading difficulties as he conceived a student would meet in the study first of the external life, and then of the internal life of nations. They were also strictly "Lectures;" it is not an author and his readers, but the Professor and his hearers, that are brought before us. Throughout the course, but especially in its various digressions, is to be discerned his usual anxiety,—in this case almost as with a prophetic foreboding,—to deliver his testimony before it was too late on the subjects next his heart; which often imparts to them at once the defect and the interest

of the outpouring of his natural conversation. And again, it must be remembered, that they were addressed, not to the world but to Oxford; no one but an Oxford man could have delivered them—no one but an Oxford man could thoroughly enter into them; it was the wants of Oxford that he endeavoured to supply, the tendencies of Oxford that he presupposed, the scenery of Oxford that supplied his illustrations. But with these allowances, they are not a fragment but a whole, not brought together at random, but based upon a regular plan; though, from their peculiarly personal and local character, they will probably never be read with an interest equal to that with which they were heard.

Having made this introduction to his Professorial duties, he felt that those duties themselves were yet to begin. Their details, of course, were not yet fixed in his own mind, or, so far as they were contemplated by him, would have been open to subsequent modifications. But their general outline had already assumed a definite shape. So long as he remained at Rugby, his visits must necessarily have been confined to little more than three weeks every year, a disadvantage which seemed to him in some measure counterbalanced by the influence and opportunities of his station as Head-master of a great public school. During these periods, which would have been extended after his retirement from Rugby, he intended to give his regular course of Lectures, which were naturally the chief, but not in his judgment the only duty of his office. It was his hope to excite a greater interest in History generally than existed in the University: and with a view to this it had been his intention, when first he accepted the Chair,—an intention which was subsequently suspended during the reconsideration of the Statutes of the Professorship,—to devote the salary, so long as he remained at Rugby, to the

foundation of scholarships in Modern History. Even of the Lectures themselves, as of his school lessons at Rugby, he felt that, "they may assist our efforts, but can in no way supersede them." And accordingly, in the last Lecture he mentioned the various authorities connected with the subject of his intended course for the next year, in "the hope that many might thus co-operate, and by their separate researches collect what no one could have collected alone; knowing," he said, "that if any one shall learn anything from me, he may be sure also that he may impart something to me in return, of which I was ignorant."

And further, he looked forward to the position belonging to him, not merely as a lecturer in History, but as one of the Professorial body in Oxford, to the insight which he should gain into the feelings of the place, to the influence which he might exercise by intercourse with the younger students, and to the share which he might take amongst the leading members of the University, in attempting to carry out some of those academical changes which he had long had at heart. Nor did he overlook, in the existing state of Oxford, the importance of his station as a counterpoise to what he believed to be its evil tendencies, though at the same time it was in full sincerity that he assured his audience, in his parting address to them, "He must be of a different constitution from mine who can wish, in the discharge of a public duty in our common University, to embitter our academical studies with controversy, to excite angry feelings in a place where he has never met with anything but kindness, a place connected in his mind with recollections, associations, and actual feelings, the most prized and the most delightful."

With regard to the subject of his Lectures, it was his intention to deliver a yearly course of at least eight

Lectures, in which he was to endeavour to do for English History what Guizot in his Lectures on the Civilization of France had begun for French History. His first design had been, as has already appeared, to have started with the 15th century. But upon its being represented to him that this could hardly be taken as a fair representation of the Middle Ages, he finally resolved on the plan which he announced in his last Lecture, of commencing with the 14th century, not as being equally with the 13th century a complete specimen of the system in Europe generally, but as being the period in which English institutions and characters first acquire any special interest, and so more fitted for the design of his own Lectures.

In these successive courses he would have been enabled to include not only many new fields of enquiry, but most of those subjects which had been long the subjects of his study and interest, and which he had only been withheld from treating by want of time and opportunity. His early studies of the contest of Charles the Bold and of Louis XI., and of the fate of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, of which his mind had always retained a lively impression;—his somewhat later studies of the times of the English Reformation, in which he used to say it was necessary, above all other historical periods, "not to forget the badness of the agents in the goodness of the cause, or the goodness of the cause in the badness of the agents;"—would here have found their proper places. He had long desired, and now doubtless would have endeavoured, fully to describe the reigns of the two first Georges, "the deep calm of the first seventy years of the eighteenth century," which, as "the abused trial time of modern Europe, and as containing within itself the seeds of our future destiny," had always had such a hold upon his interest, that at one time he was on the

point of sacrificing to a detailed exposition of this period even his History of Rome. And here, also, he would have aimed at realizing some of those more general views, for which his office would have given him ample scope—his long-cherished intention of bringing the Politics of his favourite Aristotle to bear on the problems of modern times and countries,—his anxiety to call public attention to the social evils of the lower classes in England, which he would have tried to analyze and expose in the process of their formation and growth,—his interest in tracing the general laws of social and political science, and the symptoms of advancing age in the human race itself; and his longing desire, according to his idea* of what the true history of the Church should be, of unfolding all the various elements, physical and intellectual, social and national, by which the moral character of the Christian world has been affected, and of comparing the existing state of European society with the ideal Church in the Apostolical age or in his own anticipations of the remote future.

This was to be his ordinary course. The statutes of his Professorship required, in addition, terminal Lectures on Biography. In these accordingly,—though intending to diversify them by occasional Lectures on general subjects, such as Art or Language, — he meant to furnish, as it were, the counterpoise to the peculiarly English and political element in his regular course, by giving not national, but individual life, not British, but European History. Thus the first was to have been on "The Life and Times of Pope Gregory the First, or the Great," as the name that stands at the opening of the history of Christian Europe. The next would have been Charlemagne, whose coronation he had already selected as the proper termination of ancient History;

* See Sermons, vol. iv. pp. 77, 78.

and along with or succeeding him, the Life of Alfred. What names would have followed can only be conjectured. But he had intended to devote one Lecture to Dante, in the fourteenth century; and there can be no doubt, without speculating on the wide field of later times, that one such biography would have described "the noblest and holiest of monarchs, Louis IX.;" and that he would have taken this opportunity of recurring to the eminent Popes of the Middle Ages, Gregory VII. and Innocent III., whose characters he had vindicated in his earlier works,* long before that great change in the popular view respecting them, which in this, as in many other instances, he had forestalled at a time when his opinion was condemned as the height of paradox.

How far any or all of these plans would have been realized—what effect they would have had upon the University or upon English Literature—what would have been the result of his coming into personal contact with men, whom he had up to this time known or regarded only as the representatives of abstract systems, —how far the complete renewal of his intercourse with Oxford would have brought him that pleasure, which he fondly anticipated from it,—are questions on which it is now useless to speculate. The Introductory Lectures were to be invested with the solemnity of being the last words which he spoke in his beloved University. The expressions, always habitual to him, but in this volume occurring with more than usual frequency:—"if I am allowed to resume these Lectures next year"—"if life and health be spared me"—"if God shall permit"—were to be justified by his own unexpected call; the anxiety which he describes when a man is cut off by sudden

* Pamphlet on the Roman Catholic Claims, in 1829, and on the Principles of Church Reform, in 1833.

death, "to know whether his previous words or behaviour indicated any sense of his coming fate," was to be exemplified in his own case to the very letter.*

CCLXXXVII. TO REV. DR. HAWKINS.

Rugby, December 4, 1841.

I thank you very much for your notices of my Lecture. With regard to the influence of the Jews, I could not have noticed that as a new element, because it has already been at work before, and I was considering merely what prospect there was of any new race arising, to add a new power to those which have hitherto been in operation.

With regard to the other two points, I am afraid that there will be a difference between us, though I am not sure how far we differ as to the object of a state. I liked the first part of Gladstone's book as to its conclusions, though I did not much like all his arguments. In the second part I differed from him utterly.

I did not mean to say anything about the Church more than might be said by all persons of whatever opinions, nor more, indeed, than is implied by the very fact of an establishment. I do not think that my words said anything about the Church being an instrument in the State's hand, either expressly or by implication. Certainly I did not mean to say a word on that topic which could give suspicion to any one; for of course it was my desire to have at any rate a peaceable beginning.

We both enjoyed our day extremely, and it has given me a very good heart for my next appearance in Oxford. We got home about eleven, and found all well. We have still more than a fortnight before we start for Westmoreland.

CCLXXXVIII. TO THE REV. F. C. BLACKSTONE.

Rugby, December 17, 1841.

. . . . . I believe that my Professorship pleases me even more than that of Ecclesiastical History, even with a stall at Christ Church added to it. I do not wish to leave Rugby yet, as the income of a Stall would not enable me to educate my

* Lectures on Modern History, first edition, pp. 139, 151, 155.

sons nearly as well as I can do at present, besides the extreme comfort of having their school education completed under my own teaching. And Modern History embraces all that I most want to touch upon in Ecclesiastical History, and has much besides of the deepest interest to me, which I could not have included under the other. I cannot tell you the delight which I have in being able to speak at Oxford on the points which I am so fond of; and my Inaugural Lecture was so kindly received that it gives me great hopes of being able to do something. I do dread the conflict of opinions in which I must be more or less involved; but then I also feel that the cause, which I earnestly believe to be that of Christ's faith, wants all the support in Oxford which it can get; and from my numerous pupils I have some peculiar advantages, which hardly any one else could have.

CCLXXXIX. *TO THE REV. R. THORPE.

Fox How, Christmas Day, 1841.

I thank you very much for the extracts which you have sent me, and still more for your kind letter. I often think that I should be better qualified to assist those who are in doubt as to these questions, if I could understand what there is in the opposite opinions which recommends itself particularly to the mind. I can understand, for instance, the Calvinistic and Arminian controversy, both sides appearing to me to have something in their favour both in Scripture and in Philosophy, although I think not equally. But here I cannot perceive what is the temptation, *i.e.* what ground of Scripture or of reason, what need of the human mind—nay, even what respectable weakness there is, which craves the support of those opinions to which I am so opposed. I am well aware that there must be something to fascinate such minds as I have known overcome by them. But I never yet have been able to make out what it is; and, being thus painfully out of sympathy with the persons so affected, I am unable to be of the service to them which I could wish to be. And this may account to you at least, for anything which may seem harsh or over-positive in my writing against them. It is difficult to speak hesitatingly on points which you feel to be the most clear and certain truths in existence; and it is difficult to speak with consideration of what appears to you not error merely, but

error absolutely unaccountable—error so extraordinary as to appear equivalent to an absolute delusion. And therefore you will do me a great service if ever you can make me understand what is the attractive side of these opinions—attractive, I mean, to those who believe and are familiar with the Scriptures, and therefore are persuaded that they hold already, as far as their own sin and infirmity will allow them, all that hope and strength and comfort—and these resting immediately on a Divine Author—which these opinions would give us through a human or formal medium. Many years ago Keble told me that the sin forbidden to us by the second commandment was, he thought, the having recourse to unauthorized mediators or means of approach to God. Now the whole of these opinions seems to me to be susceptible of this definition, that they contain a great variety of ways of breaking the second commandment, and nothing else.

CCXC. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Fox How, December 26, 1841.

. . . . . I will say nothing about the Oxford contest, nor about the matters connected with it, only asking you to consider your expression about "*descending* all the way to my level" in religious opinions. Is it not rather assuming the question to call my views *low*, and the opposite ones *high*? You know that I should urge the authority of St. Paul for reversing the epithets, according to his language in the Epistle to the Galatians. Neither are my opinions properly *low* as to Church authority. I am for *High Church*, but *no Priest*; that is, I no more entertain a low sense of the Church, by denying the right and power of the Priesthood, than I entertain a low sense of the State or of Law, because I deny the authority of τυράννιδες, or of those oligarchies which Aristotle calls δυνάστειαι ("usurping governments"). I am not saying whether I am right or wrong, only contending that the opposite views have no right to be called *high* in comparison with mine, either religiously or ecclesiastically.

I will remember what you say about Vincentius Lirinensis, and will see the passage in Bishop Jebb; but I doubt excessively his references to all the men to whom he appeals. Of course everybody would allow that "Quod *plerumque*, quod à

pluribus," &c., is *an* authority, and that I have admitted; but the question is, whether it be a paramount authority.

Wordsworth is in high force, and I hope that we shall see much of him while we are here. The country is in most perfect beauty. I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for all the conclusion of your letter; and I trust that I shall enter into, and act in the spirit of it. But how startling is it to see how quietly opposite opinions lie side by side, so long as neither are entertained keenly; but, when both become deep and real convictions, then toleration is no longer easy. I dreamt some years ago of a softening of the opposition between Roman Catholics and Protestants, having been beguiled by the apparent harmony subsisting between them, while the principles of both were slumbering. But I do not dream of it now: for the principles are eternally at variance, and now men are beginning to feel their principles and act on them. I should not now be surprised if I live to see a time of persecution; and the histories of the old martyrs appear to me now things which we may ourselves be called upon to realize, for wherever men are not indifferent, I doubt greatly whether they are much advanced in charity.

CCXCI. TO THE REV. DR. HAWKINS.

(With regard to difficulties in the statutes of the Professorship.)

Fox How, December 26, 1841.

. . . . . The matter lies in a short compass. The present regulations could not be observed without injury to the University, if I were resident altogether and had nothing to do with Rugby. Twenty Lectures a year, if they are to be such as a Professor of History in Oxford ought to give, cannot be prepared in a year. I could give fifty, on the other hand, or any number which might be required, if I made my course an abridgement of all Modern History, ... collected apparently from some popular book like Russell. My object would be to give eight Lectures every year like Guizot's on French History, for the history, chiefly the internal history of England, beginning at the fifteenth century. It would be a work for my life, and eight Lectures a year would be, I am sure, as much as any man could give with advantage. My present course will be introductory, on the method of reading History; and this, too, will consist of eight Lectures. Now I am willing

to go on with the present regulations, if the University think it advisable, provided always, that I am required to take no oath about them; because then as much of the salary may be forfeited now, as the Vice-Chancellor may think proper, and the question of reducing the number of Lectures may be considered at leisure, before I come to leave Rugby. But feeling earnestly desirous to do the duty of the Professorship efficiently, and believing that I can do it, I think I may ask the sanction of the University authorities for an application to the Government about the regulations, to have them altered as regards the number of Lectures, and, I think also, to take away the oath, if such a thing be not required of other Professors. In the last century, there was a sad recklessness in requiring oaths on all occasions worthy or unworthy; but there is a better feeling now prevalent, ... and I should hope to show that without the oath the duty might be done effectually.

In the mean time this uncertainty is very inconvenient, because we have actually engaged our house in Oxford, and I shall have enough to do to finish my Lectures in time if they are wanted, and, if they are not wanted, I can ill afford the time to work upon them. . . . . But this cannot be helped, only the oath is a serious matter; and if I am required to take it to the regulations attached to my patent, I have no alternative but to refuse it most positively. We are all well here, and have the most beautiful weather; the mountain-tops all covered with snow, and all their sides and the valleys rich with the golden ferns and the brown leaves of the oaks.

[The regulations in question were found not to be in force.]

CCXCII. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Fox How, December 31, 1841.

[After explaining the difficulties about the Professorship.] I do not like undertaking more than I can do, or being thought to do the work of my place inefficiently. And I would rather give up the Professorship a hundred times than to be thought to make a job of it. Yet I do value it very much, and look forward to having great parties of the young men of the various great schools with no small pleasure. I shall ask our Rugby men to bring their friends of other schools, when they are good men. And I hope to see some of my boys and girls well

bogged in the middle of Bagley Wood. It is the last night of the year. May the new year begin and go on happily with us both, and I think that at our age we begin to feel that the word "happy" has no light meaning, and requires more than mere worldly prosperity or enjoyment to answer to its signification. Our family greetings to all yours.

CCXCIII. TO THE SAME.

Fox How, January 9, 1842.

. . . . . I have nearly finished six Lectures, although I scarcely know whether I shall deliver them. If I do go up to Oxford, many things, I can assure you, have been in my thoughts, which I wished gradually to call men's attention to; one in particular, which seems to me a great scandal, the debts contracted by the young men, and their backwardness in paying them. I think that no part of this evil is to be ascribed to the tradesmen, because so completely are the tradesmen at the mercy of the under-graduates, that no man dares refuse to give credit; if he did, his shop would be abandoned. The Colleges take care to secure themselves by requiring caution money, and other expedients; and I cannot but think that their authority might be exerted to compel payment to tradesmen with nearly the same regularity as they exact their own battells.

CCXCIV. TO THE REV. J. HEARN.

Fox How, January 17, 1842.

I do not like to leave your kind letters unanswered, lest you should think that I am indifferent to receiving them, which would be most far from the truth; and yet I have been so busy, and still am, that it not only makes it difficult to find time to write letters, but it makes them not worth reading when they are written, because it so engrosses me with one or two pursuits, that it leaves me nothing to communicate which can be of interest to others. Next week, I suppose, our life will have variety and excitement enough, when we go up to Oxford with all our family, and are established at our house in Beaumont Street, which we have taken for three weeks.

Nevertheless I prefer writing from the delicious calm of this place, where the mountains raise their snowy tops into the clear sky by this dim twilight, with a most ghost-like solemnity; and nothing is heard, far or near, except the sound of the stream through the valley. I have been walking to-day to Windermere, and went out on a little rude pier of stones into the lake, to watch what is to me one of the most beautiful objects in nature, the life of blue water amidst a dead landscape of snow; the sky was bright, and the wind fresh, and the lake was dancing and singing, as it were, while all along its margin lay the dead snow, covering everything but the lake, —plains and valleys and mountains. I have admired the same thing more than once by the sea-side, and there the tide gives another feature in the broad band of brown shingles below high-water mark, interposed between the snow and the water. We have been here more than three weeks, and, as it always does, the place has breathed a constant refreshment on me, although I have never worked harder; having done six of my Lectures, besides a large correspondence about the school matters, as usual in the holidays. I have, in all, written seven Lectures, and leave one more to be written in Oxford, and this last week I hope to devote to my History. . . . . We have been all well, and as my children grow up, we are so large and companionable a party, that we need no society out of ourselves. This is a great change in later married life, when your table is always full without company, and you live in the midst of a large party. And I am sure that its effect is to make you shrink from other society, which is not wanted to enliven you, and which, added to a large family in the house, becomes almost fatiguing.

I will say nothing of my deep interest in this Oxford election, and in the progress of the Newmanite party, on which so many seem to look either complacently or stupidly, who yet cannot really sympathize with it. But I shall see and hear enough, and more than enough, of all this during my stay in Oxford. . . . . I half envy you your farming labours, and wish you all manner of success in them. I could enter with great delight into planting, but I am never here at the right season, and at Rugby I have neither the time nor the ground.

CCXCV. TO REV. HERBERT HILL.

Oxford, February 9, 1842.

. . . . . If Mrs. Nicholls* is alive and sensible, both my wife and I would wish to give her our affectionate remembrances. I can quite feel what you say, as to the good of sitting by, and watching her patience. It is a great lesson to learn how to die. . . . . Our stay here has even surpassed my expectations, and the country is more beautiful than my recollections, but my keen enjoyment of it makes me satisfied that my dislike of the Rugby country proceeds from no fond contrast with Westmoreland, but from its own unsurpassable dulness. I was to-day in the valley behind S. Hincksey, and in the thickets of Bagley Wood. I went up to town to see the King of Prussia at Bunsen's, and there met both Maurice and Carlyle. We go down on Friday. All join in kindest regards to Mrs. Hill, and in love to the babies, begging Katie's pardon for the affront of so calling her.

CCXCVI. TO AN OLD PUPIL. (B.)

Oxford, February 9, 1842.

. . . . . I think the question of the expediency of your residing for some time at Oxford is rather difficult. But on the whole, unless you have some special object in coming here which I do not know, I think that I should advise against it. This place appears, at this moment, to be overridden with one only influence, which is so predominant that one must either yield to it, or be living in a state of constant opposition to those around one, a position not very agreeable. Besides, are you not already engaged more usefully both to yourself and others than you could be here, and reading what you do read in a healthier atmosphere? I say this, but yet there is not a man alive who loves this place better than I do, and I have enjoyed our fortnight's stay here even more than I expected. I have been in no feuds or controversies, and have met with nothing but kindness; but then my opinions are so well known, that they are allowed for as a matter of course, so that my difficulty here is less than that of most men. We go down to Rugby on Friday, when the school meets. It always gives

* A poor woman near Fox How.

me real pleasure to hear from you, nor would I answer you so briefly if I were not overwhelmed with work of various kinds, which leaves not a moment to spare, insomuch that Rugby will be almost a relaxation.

CCXCVII. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Rugby, March 3, 1842.

[After speaking of the statutes of the Professorship.] What the University itself drew up so lately, and which has never been more than an utter dead letter, may, I should think, be well altered by the University now. But this I should wish to leave entirely to the Heads of Houses, never having had the slightest wish to ask anything of the Government as a personal favour to myself, and still less anything which the University did not think desirable. I shall write again to Hawkins immediately, and, if the University wishes things to remain in statu quo, even let it be so. If they do not tender the oath, which I do not think they will, I shall not think of resigning, and they may deal with the salary as they think proper. But after the experience which I had this term, nothing shall induce me to resign so long as I can lawfully hold the place, and so long as the University itself does not wish me to give it up. Our stay in Oxford more than realized all my hopes in every way. I do not mean the attendance on the Lectures, gratifying as that was, but the universal kindness which was shown to us all, down to Fan and Walter, and the hearty delight with which I went over my old walks with the children, and seemed to be commencing residence once again.

CCXCVIII. TO ARCHDEACON HARE.

Rugby, March 18, 1842.

I thank you very much for your Charge, and for the kind mention of my name, and the sanction given to what I have said, which you have added in the notes. I think it likely that if I were in your situation, or in any similar office in the Church, my sense of the good to be done, even under the present system, and of the necessity of being myself not idle, would lead me to a view perhaps more exactly agreeing with your own. As it is, I feel so deeply the danger and evil of the

false Church system, that despairing of seeing the true Church restored, I am disposed to cling, not from choice, but necessity, to the Protestant tendency of laying the whole stress on Christian religion, and adjourning the notion of Church sine die. Thus I can take no part in aiding the new Colonial Bishoprics; because they seem to me to be likely to propagate to the ends of the earth the Popery of Canterbury,* the more so as the very appointment is not to be vested in the Crown but in the Bishops, which seems to me a very great step taken in in the wrong direction. But I have no time to trouble you with my notions, and you have better things to do than to read them.

CCXCIX. *TO THE REV. H. FOX.

(Now settled as a missionary in India.)

Rugby, April 10, 1842.

I thank you very much for your letter, which gave me a very comfortable account of you and yours. Be assured that I shall be always very thankful to you for writing; nor will I fail to answer your letters; only you will remember that I write at a disadvantage, having nothing to communicate to you from a country which you know as well as I do, to be compared with the interest of your communications, which must be full of new information to one who has never been in India. I suppose that the late events in Cabul must have produced a strong sensation all over India.† They are deeply to be regretted, and very painful to me so far as I know about them, because they seem to have been brought on by such sad misconduct. Otherwise, the magnitude of their consequence seems to be overrated by many people; the Indian Empire, I believe, will stand no less securely, and will have the opportunity, whether employed or wasted, of doing great things for the welfare of Asia.

There must be a great interest in having to deal with minds, whose training has been so different from our own,

* In allusion to Lord Falkland's speech. See 5th Lect. on Mod. Hist. The appointment here alluded to was still vested nominally in the Crown.

† "It gives me a pain I cannot describe," he said in one of his latest conversations, "to hear of all this misery, which I have no power to alleviate. Yet it will be as it was with the Romans in Spain; we hear often of 'cæsus consul cum legionibus,' but then the next year another consul and new legions go out just as before."

though it would be to me a great perplexity. I should think its tendency would be at first to make one sceptical, and then, if that was overcome, to make one fanatical. I mean that it must be startling at first to meet with many persons holding as truths, things the most opposite from what we believe, and even so differing from us in their appreciation of evidence. And first, this would incline one, I should think, to mistrust all truth, or to think that it was subjective merely, one truth for Europe, and another for India; then, if this feeling were repelled, there would be the danger of maintaining a conclusion which yet one did not feel one could satisfactorily prove—the resolving that a thing shall be believed by the mind, whether reasonably or unreasonably. I should earnestly, I think, look out in a Hindoo's mind for those points which he had in common with us, and see if the enormous differences might not be explained, and their existence accounted for. In this way I have always believed in the existence of a moral sense amongst all men, in spite of the tremendous differences in the notions of different ages and countries as to right and wrong. I think these differences may be explained, and that they do not disprove a common idea of and appreciation of virtue, as consisting mainly in self-denial and love. But all this will have presented itself to you often, and mine is but hypothesis, for my sole acquaintance has been with European minds, trained more or less in the same school.

You will be glad to hear of the flourishing state of Rugby. Highton is permanently settled here as a master. The school have subscribed £130 for another window in the chapel, and Frank Penrose has looked at the roof and given us a plan for getting rid of the flat roof, which has long been my great enemy. Of other news, I know none so good as that Clough is just elected at Oriel, which all his friends are most rejoiced at.

. . . . . I hear flourishing accounts of New Zealand, and Bishop Selwyn, who is gone out there, seems to be just the man for such a place,—very active and very zealous. I suppose that you will see Tucker ere long, as I find he is returned to Madras. We are doing Elphinstone's History of India in the Sixth, for our Modern History on Thursdays, as I wished to make the fellows know something of India, of which they knew next to nothing. It is a pity that Elphinstone had not a more profound knowledge of the ancient Western world, which continually illustrates and is illustrated by the state of

things in India. God bless you, my dear Fox, and prosper your work. I must beg you to offer my very kind regards to Mrs. Fox, and I rejoice to hear of the birth of your little boy.

CCC. TO CHEVALIER BUNSEN.

Rugby, May 3, 1842.

. . . . . Since our return from Oxford, we have been living in a quiet which offers a curious contrast to your life in London. We have seen fewer people than usual; and as I hardly ever read a newspaper, our thoughts have been very much kept within the range of our little world here, and of my subjects of writing. My Lectures will be published in a few days, and you shall have a copy immediately: and I hope to give another Lecture in Oxford in about a month, on the Life and Times of Gregory the First. Is there any good German work on that special subject? I am continually wanting to apply for information to you, but I know that you have no time to answer me. One thing I will ask,—whether there is any good information to be had about the Iberian inscriptions and coins still to be found in various collections? I have been reading or referring to various Spanish books,—Masdeu, for instance, and Velasquez,—but they seem to me worth little. By the way, in looking into Larramendi's Basque Grammar, I was delighted to find the long-lost plural of "Ego," and singular of "Nos." It was evident that Ego and Nos had made a sort of match of convenience, each having lost its original partner; but behold, in Basque "gu" is "nos," and "ni" or "neu" is "ego." One cannot doubt, I think, that Ego and Nos have here found their lost other half. I hope to finish vol. iii. of Rome before the end of the holidays and then, in the last month of them, my wife and I are going I believe, to have a run abroad. I do not know where we shall go exactly, but I think very likely to Grenoble and the Val d'Isère, and thence to Marseilles, or the eastern Pyrenees. If I can get to Carthagena, it would be a great satisfaction to me; for Polybius's account is so at variance with Captain Smyth's survey of the present town and port, that it is utterly perplexing. This is better than nothing in the way of a letter, but I know that it is not much; however, if it draws even a shorter answer from you, I shall be thankful.

CCCI. TO THE REV. DR. HAWKINS.

Rugby, May 19, 1842.

I beg your pardon for not having thanked you for your Sermon, which I had not only received, but read, and read with very great pleasure. I am delighted to find that on the Priest question, which I think is the fundamental one of the whole matter, we are quite agreed. And I am also not a little pleased that the Archbishop should have wished a sermon to be printed, containing, as I think, so much truth, and truth at this time so much needed. I will fix, as there seems no objection, Thursday, June 2, at one P.M., for my Lecture; and it may be called, if you please, "On the Life and Times of Pope Gregory the First, or the Great." The materials are very good and plentiful, if I had but more time to work at them. Thank you for accepting my Dedication. . . . . Carlyle dined and slept here on Friday last, and on Saturday we went over with my wife and two of my boys to Naseby field, and explored the scene of the great battle very satisfactorily.

CCCII. TO MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Rugby, May 22, 1842.

. . . . . I was not ignorant of what was going on about the Colonial Bishoprics; but you can well understand that all this movement wears to me rather a doubtful aspect. While I can fully enter into the benefits of giving a centre of government where there was none, and of having a clergyman of superior rank, and probably superior acquirements, made an essential part in the society of a rising colony, yet, on the other hand, I cannot but know that the principal advocates of the plan support it on far other principles;—that it is with them an enforcing their dogma of the necessity of Succession-Episcopacy to a true Church; that, accordingly, the paper which you sent me, speaks of the "Church" in America (U.S.) and of the various "sects" there,—language quite consistent in the mouths of High Churchmen, but which assumes as a truth, what I hold to be the very λαμπρότατον ψεῦδος of a false system. I feel, therefore, half attracted and half repelled, doubting whether the practical, administrative, and social advantages to be gained are likely to outweigh the encouragement given to what I believe

to be very mischievous error; and while "dubitatio ista non tollitur," I cannot feel disposed to come to the practical conclusion of a subscription. Believe me, it is no pleasure to me to be obliged to stand aloof from a movement which has so much of good in it, and might be so purely and gloriously good, were it not——.

The time which he had originally fixed for his retirement from Rugby was now drawing near, and the new sphere opened to him in his Professorship at Oxford, seemed to give a fixedness to his future prospects, which would naturally increase his long-cherished wishes of greater leisure and repose. But he still felt himself in the vigour of life, and used to rejoice in the thought that the forty-ninth year, fixed by Aristotle as the acme of the human faculties, lay still some years before him. The education of his two younger sons was a strong personal inducement to him to remain a short time longer in his situation. His professorial labours were of course but an appendage to his duties in the school, and when some of the unforeseen details of the entrance on his new office had seemed likely to deprive him of the place which he had so delighted to receive,—"in good and sober truth," he writes to Archbishop Whately, "I believe that this and all other things are ordered far more wisely than I could order them, and it will seem a manifest call to turn my mind more closely to the great work which is before me here at Rugby." The unusual amount also of sickness and death which had marked the beginning of the school year, naturally gave an increased earnestness to his dealings with the boys. His latest scholars were struck by the great freedom and openness with which he spoke to them on more serious subjects,—the more directly practical applications which he made of their Scripture lessons,—the emphasis with which he called their attention to the contrast between

Christian faith and love, and that creed of later Paganism, which made "the feelings of man towards the Deity to be exactly those with which we gaze at a beautiful sunset."* The same cause would occasion those frequent thoughts of death which appear in his Chapel Sermons, and in his more private life during this last year. There had never, indeed, been a time from his earliest manhood in which the uncertainty of human life had not been one of the fixed images of his mind; and many instances would recur to all who knew him, of the way in which it was constantly blended with all his thoughts of the future. "Shall I tell you, my little boy," he once said to one of his younger children whose joyful glee at the approaching holidays he had gently checked; "shall I tell you why I call it sad?"—and he then repeated to him the simple story of his own early childhood; how his own father had made him read to him a sermon on the text, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow," on the very Sunday evening before his sudden death:—"Now cannot you see, when you talk with such certainty about this day week and what we shall do, why it seems sad to me?"—But it was natural that such expressions should have been more often remarked by those who heard them during this year, even had they not been in themselves more frequent. "It is one of the most solemn things I do," he said to one of his children, who asked him why, in the title-page of his MS. volume of Sermons, he always wrote the date only of its commencement, and left a blank for that of its completion, "to write the beginning of that sentence, and think that I may perhaps not live to finish it." And his pupils recollected the manner in which he had announced to them, before morning prayers, the unexpected death of one of their number: "We ought all to take to ourselves

* MS. Notes of his lessons on Cic. Div. ii. 72.

these repeated warnings; God, in His mercy, sends them to us. I say in His *mercy*, because they are warnings to all of us here,—we ought all to feel them as such,"—adding emphatically,—"and I am sure I feel it so myself."

Whatever might be the general interest of this closing period was deepened during the last month by accidental causes, into which it is not necessary to enter, but which became the means of drawing forth all the natural tenderness of his character more fully than any previous passage of his life. There was something in the added gentleness and kindness of his whole manner and conversation,—watching himself, and recalling his words, if he thought they would be understood unkindly,—which, even in his more general intercourse, would make almost everyone who saw him at that time connect their last recollections of him with some trait of thoughtfulness for others, and forgetfulness of himself; and which, to those nearest and dearest to him, seemed to awaken a consciousness, amounting almost to awe, of a visible growth in those qualities which are most naturally connected with the thought of another world. There was something also in the expressions of his own more personal feelings,—few and short as they ever were, but for that reason the more impressive when they did escape him,—which stamped them with a more than usual solemnity. Such were some of the passages in a private diary, which he now commenced for the first time, but not known till after his death by any, except her who alone shared his inmost thoughts, and who could not but treasure up in her memory every word connected with the beginning of this custom. It was about three weeks before his end, whilst confined to his room for a few days by an attack of feverish illness, to which, especially when in anxiety, he had always from time to time been

liable, that he called her to his bed-side, and expressed to her how, within the last few days, he seemed to have "felt quite a rush of love in his heart towards God and Christ;" and how he hoped that "all this might make him more gentle and tender," and that he might not soon lose the impression thus made upon him; adding, that, as a help to keeping it alive, he intended to write something in the evenings before he retired to rest.

From this Diary, written the last thing at night, not daily, but from time to time in each week, it has been thought right to give the following extracts:

May 22.—I am now within a few weeks of completing my forty-seventh year. Am I not old enough to view life as it is, and to contemplate steadily its end—what it is coming to, and must come to—what all things are without God? I know that my senses are on the very eve of becoming weaker, and that my faculties will then soon begin to decline too—whether rapidly or not I know not—but they will decline. Is there not one faculty which never declines, which is the seed and the seal of immortality; and what has become of that faculty in me? What is it to live unto God? May God open my eyes to see Him by faith, in and through His Son Jesus Christ; may He draw me to Him, and keep me with Him, making His will my will, His love my love, His strength my strength, and may He make me feel that pretended strength, not derived from Him, is no strength, but the worst weakness. May His strength be perfected in my weakness.

Tuesday evening, May 24.—Two days have passed and I am mercifully restored to my health and strength. To-morrow I hope to be able to resume my usual duties. Now then is the dangerous moment. . . . . O gracious Father, keep me now through thy Holy Spirit; keep my heart soft and tender now in health and amidst the bustle of the world: keep the thought of Thyself present to me as my Father in Jesus Christ: and keep alive in me a spirit of love and meekness to all men, that I may be at once gentle and active and firm. O strengthen me to bear pain, or sickness, or danger, or whatever Thou shalt be pleased to lay upon me, as Christ's soldier and servant; and let my faith overcome the world daily. Strengthen my faith,

that I may realise to my mind the things eternal—death, and things after death, and Thyself. O save me from my sins, from myself, and from my spiritual enemy, and keep me ever Thine through Jesus Christ. Lord, hear my prayers also for my dearest wife, my dear children, my many and kind friends, my household—for all those committed to my care, and for us to whom they are committed. I pray also for our country, and for Thy Holy Church in all the world. Perfect and bless the work of Thy Spirit in the hearts of all Thy people, and may Thy kingdom come, and Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. I pray for this, and for all that Thou seest me to need, for Jesus Christ's sake.

Wednesday, May 25.—Again, before I go to rest would I commit myself to God's care, through Christ, beseeching Him to forgive me for all my sins of this day past, and to keep alive His grace in my heart, and to cleanse me from all indolence, pride, harshness, and selfishness, and to give me the spirit of meekness, humility, firmness, and love. O Lord, keep Thyself present to me ever, and perfect Thy strength in my weakness. Take me and mine under Thy blessed care, this night and evermore, through Jesus Christ.

Thursday, May 26. . . . . O Lord, keep Thyself present to me always, and teach me to come to Thee by the One and Living Way, Thy Son Jesus Christ. Keep me humble and gentle. 2. Self-denying. 3. Firm and patient. 4. Active. 5. Wise to know Thy will, and to discern the truth. 6. Loving, that I may learn to resemble Thee and my Saviour. O Lord, forgive me all my sins, and save me and guide me and strengthen me through Jesus Christ.

May 29. . . . . O Lord, save me from idle words, and grant that my heart may be truly cleansed and filled with Thy Holy Spirit, and that I may arise to serve Thee, and lie down to sleep in entire confidence in Thee, and submission to Thy will, ready for life or for death. Let me live for the day, not overcharged with worldly cares, but feeling that my treasure is not here, and desiring truly to be joined to Thee in Thy heavenly kingdom, and to those who are already gone to Thee. O Lord, let me wait on patiently; but do Thou save me from sin, and guide me with Thy Spirit, and keep me with Thee, and in faithful obedience to Thee, through Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord.

May 31.—Another day and another month succeed. May God keep my mind and heart fixed on Him, and cleanse me from all sin. I would wish to keep a watch over my tongue, as to vehement speaking and censuring of others. I would desire to be more thoughtful of others, more thoughtful "ultro" of my own head, without the suggestions of others. I would desire to remember my latter end to which I am approaching, going down the hill of life, and having done far more than half my work. May God keep me in the hour of death, through Jesus Christ; and preserve me from every fear, as well as from presumption. Now, O Lord, whilst I am in health, keep my heart fixed on Thee by faith, and then I shall not lose Thee in sickness or in death. Guide and strengthen and enkindle me, and bless those dearest to me, and those committed to my charge, and keep them Thine, and guide and support them in Thy holy ways. Keep sin far from them, O Lord, and let it not come upon them through any neglect of mine. O Lord, inspire me with zeal, and guide me with wisdom, that Thy name may be known to those committed to my care, and that they may be made and kept always Thine. Grant this, O Lord, through Jesus Christ my Saviour, and may my whole trust towards Thee be through His merits and intercessions.

Thursday evening, June 2.—Again the day is over and I am going to rest. O Lord, preserve me this night, and strengthen me to bear whatever Thou shalt see fit to lay on me, whether pain, sickness, danger, or distress.

Sunday, June 5.—I have been just looking over a newspaper, one of the most painful and solemn studies in the world, if it be read thoughtfully. So much of sin and so much of suffering in the world, as are there displayed, and no one seems able to remedy either. And then the thought of my own private life, so full of comforts, is very startling; when I contrast it with the lot of millions, whose portion is so full of distress or of trouble. May I be kept humble and zealous, and may God give me grace to labour in my generation for the good of my brethren, and for His glory! May He keep me His by night and by day, and strengthen me to bear and to do His will, through Jesus Christ.

Monday evening, June 6.—I have felt better and stronger all this day, and I thank God for it. But may He keep my heart tender. May He keep me gentle and patient, yet active

and zealous, may He bless me in Himself and in His Son. May He make me humble-minded in this, that I do not look for good things as my portion here, but rather should look for troubles as what I deserve, and as what Christ's people are to bear. "If ye be without chastisement, of which all are partakers," &c. How much of good have I received at God's hand, and shall I not also receive evil? Only, O Lord, strengthen me to bear it, whether it visit me in body, in mind, or in estate. Strengthen me with the grace which Thou didst vouchsafe to Thy martyrs; and let me not fall from Thee in any trial. O Lord, let me cherish a sober mind, to be ready to bear evenly, and not sullenly. O Lord, reveal to me Thyself in Christ Jesus, which knowledge will make all suffering and all trials easy. O Lord! bless my dearest wife, and strengthen us in the hardest of all trials, evil befalling each other. Bless our dear children, and give me grace to guide them wisely and lovingly, through Jesus Christ. O Lord, may I join with all Thy people in heaven and on earth in offering up my prayers to Thee through our Lord Jesus Christ; and in saying, "Glory be to Thy most holy Name for ever and ever."

Meanwhile his general occupations during this last year had been going on as usual, though interrupted for a time by his Professorial Lectures at Oxford. On returning from them to Rugby, in February, he immediately engaged again upon the Roman History. "I thirst," he said, "for Zama," and on the 5th of May he had begun the chapter immediately preceding the account of that battle, which, with two more, would have completed the third volume. His Lecture on Gregory the Great had also been occupying his time and thoughts; and he had for this purpose been analyzing and commenting on the earlier books of Paulus Diaconus, De Gestis Longobardorum. He was also beginning to make final arrangements for the edition of St. Paul's Epistles, which he had now for some years past been hoping to leave as a monument of his govern-

ment of Rugby School. And it was about six weeks before his death that he explored the field of Naseby in company with Mr. Carlyle, who left his house at Rugby, expressing the hope that it might "long continue to be what was to him one of the rarest sights in the world—a temple of industrious peace."

His short illness presented no material interruption to his present pursuits or future plans. He looked eagerly forward to his holidays at Fox How, often writing to those of his children who had gone there, before the usual time of their common journey, to inquire after the growth of his favourite trees, and the aspect of his favourite views; and he was also preparing for his meditated excursion to Carthagena, with a view to his history of the Punic wars. His more laborious and extended designs for his later years were still floating before him. "One inducement I should have if they would send me as bishop to any of the Australian colonies," were his last words to one of his most attached pupils, while the attack of illness was still upon him, "that there should be at least one bishop in those parts, who would endeavour to build up a Church according to my idea of what a true Church should be." His terminal Lecture at Oxford had been duly notified for the 2nd of June, and was not abandoned till he found that it would be physically impossible, in consequence of the unexpected interruption of his indisposition, to finish it in time. "I am obliged," he wrote to Dr. Hawkins, on the 27th of May, "to give up altogether the hope of coming to Oxford this term. I grieve for this very much, but, if I live and am well, I hope to give two Lectures next term to make up for it, for nothing would grieve me more than to be thought to escape from the duties of my office, so far as it is in my power to fulfil them."

The last week of the long summer half-year had now arrived—his fourteenth year at Rugby was drawing to its close—the course of sermons, in which, during the preceding month, he had dwelt on the three things necessary to be borne in mind by his scholars wherever they might be scattered in after life, had now been ended. On the 5th of June the last and farewell sermon was preached in the chapel, before the final dispersion of the boys for the holidays, in which he surveyed, from his own long experience, the peculiar difficulties and temptations of the place, and in which he concluded his parting advice with words to which, in the minds of his hearers, the sequel gave a new import, even in their minutest particulars. "The real point which concerns us all, is not whether our sin be of one kind or of another, more or less venial, or more or less mischievous in a man's judgment, and to our worldly interests; but whether we struggle against all sin because it is sin; whether we have or have not placed ourselves consciously under the banner of our Lord Jesus Christ, trusting in Him, cleaving to Him, feeding on Him by faith daily, and so resolved, and continually renewing our resolution, to be His faithful soldiers and servants to our lives' end. To this," he said, "I would call you all, so long as I am permitted to speak to you—to this I do call you all, and especially all who are likely to meet here again after a short interval, that you may return Christ's servants with a believing and loving heart; and, if this be so, I care little as to what particular form temptations from without may take; there will be a security within—a security not of man, but of God."

The succeeding week was as usual one of much labour and confusion, from the accumulation of work at the end of the half-year. There was the heavy pressure of the Fifth Form Examination, and the general wind-

ing up of the school business;—there was the public day of the school speeches, on Friday the 10th,—the presence of the yearly examiners from Oxford and Cambridge—the visits of his former pupils on their way from the Universities at the beginning of the long vacation. It might seem needless to dwell on details which, though of deep interest to those who knew him well, differed but little from the tenor of his usual life. Yet for this very reason it is worth while to recall so much of them as shall continue the same image down to its sudden close.

Whatever depression had been left by the feverish attack of the preceding fortnight, had in the two or three last days passed away, and he had recovered not only his usual health, but his usual spirits and energy, playing with his children, undertaking all the work of the Examination, and at the same time interrupting himself at his various occupations, to go and sit for an hour to relieve the anxiety or enliven the sick-bed of an invalid; and though "glad to get off going up to Oxford to do battle," and wishing to avoid the excitement and inconvenience of a hurried journey, he offered, if it were necessary, to give his vote in Convocation, on June 9th, for the repeal of the censure on Dr. Hampden.

Deeply, too, did he enter into the unusual beauty of the summer of that genial year. In his daily walk to his bathing-place in the Avon, he was constantly calling the attention of his companions to the peculiar charm of this season of the year, when everything was so rich without being parched; the deep green of a field of clover, or of an old elm on the rise of a hill on the outskirts of Rugby, or of a fine oak, which called forth many old recollections of its associates in the adjoining hedges, of which it was one of the few survivors. And these walks were enlivened by those conversations in

which his former pupils took so much delight, in which he was led on through the various topics of which his mind was full. There were the remembrances of his past tours, and "of the morning between Pisa and Rome, which gave him the most perfect outward enjoyment which he could conceive;" the expectation of future journeys—of the delight of visiting the Sierra Morena, "containing all the various stages of vegetation, and beautiful as the Garden of the Lord,"—and yet again the constant feeling that "he never could rest anywhere in travelling"—"if he stayed more than a day at the most beautiful spot in the world, it would only bring on a longing for Fox How." There was also the anticipation of the more distant future; how he would have pupils with him in Westmoreland during the long vacation, when he had retired from Rugby, and "what glorious walks he would take them upon Loughrigg."

His subjects of more general interest were also discussed as usual,—such as the comparison of the art of medicine in barbarous and civilized ages,—the philological importance of provincial vocabularies,—the threatening prospect of the moral condition of the United States,—combined on the other hand with their great opportunities for good in "that vast continent." Of the Oxford opinions his language was strong as usual, but with none of that occasional vehemence of expression, which had of late years somewhat interfered with the freedom of his intercourse with some of his Oxford pupils, who thought more favourably than himself of the school in question. He objected, as he often did, to the use of ridicule in religious arguments, as incompatible with the painful feeling which should be aroused by the sight of serious errors or faults; and spoke of the irreconcileable difference of principle by which he believed Roman Catholics and Protestants were divided, and

"between which," he said, "the nineteenth century will have to make her choice,"—dwelling at the same time on the inconsistency of any attempt to hold the Apostolical Succession short of Romanism; though with expressions of great affection of some of his friends, and with great respect of Mr. Maurice, who seemed to him to do this. "But such views," he said, "were my earliest dislike,—the words mean so entirely nothing; their system goes on two legs and a half,—the Oxford system on three and three quarters,—the Roman Catholic on four."

On Saturday morning he was busily employed in examining some of the boys in Ranke's History of the Popes, in preparation for which he had sat up late on the previous night, and some of the answers which had much pleased him he recounted with great interest at breakfast. The chief part of the day he was engaged in finishing the business of the school, not accepting proffered assistance even in the mechanical details, but going through the whole work himself. He went his usual round of the school to distribute the prizes to the boys before their final dispersion, and to take leave of those who were not returning after the holidays. "One more lesson," he had said, to his own Form on the previous evening, "I shall have with you on Sunday afternoon, and then I will say to you what I have to say." That parting address to which they were always accustomed to look forward with such pleasure never came. But it is not to be wondered at, if they remarked with peculiar interest, that the last subject which he had set them for an exercise was Domus Ultima; that the last translation for Latin verses was from the touching lines on the death of Sir Philip Sydney, in Spenser's Ruins of Time;—that the last words with which he closed his last lecture on the New Testament were in commenting on

the passage of St. John :—"It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."—"So, too," he said, "in the Corinthians, 'For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.'—Yes," he added, with marked fervency, "the mere contemplation of Christ shall transform us into His likeness."

In the afternoon he took his ordinary walk and bathe, enjoying the rare beauty of the day, and he stopped again and again to look up into the unclouded blue of the summer sky, "the blue depth of æther" which had been at all times one of his most favourite images in nature, "conveying," as he said, "ideas so much more beautiful, as well as more true, than the ancient conceptions of the heavens as an iron firmament." At dinner he was in high spirits, talking with his several guests on subjects of social or historical interest, and recurring with great pleasure to his early geological studies, and describing with much interest, his recent visit to Naseby with Carlyle, "its position on some of the highest table-land in England,—the streams falling on the one side into the Atlantic, on the other into the German Ocean,—far away, too, from any town,—Market Harborough, the nearest into which the cavaliers were chased, late in the long summer evening, on the fourteenth of June, you know."

In the evening he took a short stroll, as usual, on the lawn in the further garden, with the friend and former pupil,* from whom the account of these last few days has been chiefly derived. His conversation with him turned on some points in the school of Oxford Theology, in regard to which he thought him to be in error; particularly he dwelt seriously, but kindly, on what he conceived to be false notions of the Eucharist, insisting, especially that our Lord forbids us to suppose that the highest

* W. C. Lake, afterwards Dean of Durham.

spiritual blessings can be conferred only or chiefly through the reception of material elements—urging with great earnestness, when it was said that there might be various modes of spiritual agency, "My dear Lake, God be praised, we *are* told the great mode by which we are affected—we have His own blessed assurance, 'The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.'"

At nine o'clock was a supper, which, on the last evening of the summer half-year, he gave to the Sixth Form boys of his own house; and they were struck with the cheerfulness and liveliness of his manner, talking of the end of the half-year, and the pleasure of his returning to Fox How in the next week, and observing, in allusion to the departure of so many of the boys, "How strange the chapel will look to-morrow."

The school business was now completely over. The old school-house servant, who had been about the place many years, came to receive the final accounts, and delighted afterwards to tell how his master had kept him a quarter of an hour talking to him with more than usual kindness and confidence.

One more act, the last before he retired that night, remains to be recorded—the last entry in his Diary, which was not known or seen till the next morning, when it was discovered by those to whom every word bore a weight and meaning, which he who wrote it had but little anticipated.

Saturday evening, June 11th.—The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to live to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed. And then—what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age. In one sense, how nearly can I now say, "Vixi." And I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully

mortified; I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh; especially that great work,* if I might be permitted to take part in it. But above all, let me mind my own personal work—to keep myself pure and zealous and believing—labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it.

It was between five and six o'clock on Sunday morning that he awoke with a sharp pain across his chest, which he mentioned to his wife, on her asking whether he felt well—adding that he had felt it slightly on the preceding day, before and after bathing. He then again composed himself to sleep; but her watchful care, always anxious, even to nervousness, at the least indication of illness, was at once awakened, and on finding from him that the pain increased, and that it seemed to pass from his chest to his left arm, her alarm was so much roused from a remembrance of having heard of this in connection with Angina Pectoris, and its fatal consequences, that in spite of his remonstrances, she rose and called up an old servant, whom they usually consulted in cases of illness, from her having so long attended the sick-bed of his sister Susannah. Reassured by her confidence that there was no ground for fear, but still anxious, Mrs. Arnold returned to his room. She observed him as she was dressing herself, lying still, but with his hands clasped, his lips moving, and his eyes raised upwards, as if engaged in prayer, when all at once he repeated, firmly and earnestly, "And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed;" and soon afterwards, with a solemnity

* To prevent any possibility of misconception, it may be as well to refer to chapter iv. vol. i. p. 202.

of manner and depth of utterance which spoke more than the words themselves, "But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons."

From time to time he seemed to be in severe suffering; and, on the entrance of the old servant before mentioned, said, "Ah! Elizabeth, if I had been as much accustomed to pain as dear Susannah was, I should bear it better." To his wife, however, he uttered no expressions of acute pain, dwelling only on the moments of comparative ease, and observing that he did not know what it was. But the more than usual earnestness which marked his tone and manner, especially in repeating the verses from Scripture, had again roused her worst fears; and she ordered messengers to be sent for medical assistance, which he at first requested her not to do, from not liking to disturb at that early hour the usual medical attendant, who had been suffering from indisposition. She then took up the Prayer Book, and was looking for a Psalm to read to him, when he said quickly, "The fifty-first,"—which she accordingly read by his bedside, reminding him, at the seventh verse, that it was the favourite verse of one of the old almswomen, whom he was in the habit of visiting; and at the twelfth verse, "O give me the comfort of Thy help again, and stablish me with Thy free spirit"—he repeated it after her very earnestly. She then read the prayer in the "Visitation of the Sick," beginning, "The Almighty Lord, who is a most strong tower," &c., kneeling herself at the foot of the bed, and altering it into a common prayer for them both.

As the clock struck a quarter to seven, Dr. Bucknill (the son of the usual medical attendant) entered the room. He was then lying on his back,—his countenance much as usual,—his pulse, though regular, was very

quick, and there was cold perspiration on the brow and cheeks. But his tone was cheerful. "How is your father?" he asked, on the physician's entrance: "I am sorry to disturb you so early; I knew that your father was unwell, and that you had enough to do." He described the pain, speaking of it as having been very severe, and then said, "What is it?" Whilst the physician was pausing for a moment before he replied, the pain returned, and remedies were applied till it passed away; and Mrs. Arnold, seeing by the measures used that the medical man was himself alarmed, left the room for a few moments to call up her second son, the eldest of the family then at Rugby, and impart her anxiety to him; and during her absence her husband again asked what it was, and was answered that it was spasm of the heart. He exclaimed, in his peculiar manner of recognition, "Ha!" and then on being asked if he had ever in his life fainted—"No, never." If he had ever had difficulty of breathing?—"No, never." If he had ever had sharp pain in the chest?—"No, never." If any of his family had ever had disease of the chest?—"Yes, my father had—he died of it." What age was he?—"Fifty-three." Was it suddenly fatal?—"Yes, suddenly fatal." He then asked, "If disease of the heart was a common disease?" "Not very common." "Where do we find it most?"—"In large towns, I think." "Why?" (Two or three causes were mentioned.) "Is it generally fatal?"—"Yes, I am afraid it is."

The physician then quitted the house for medicine, leaving Mrs. Arnold now fully aware from him of her husband's state. At this moment she was joined by her son, who entered the room with no serious apprehension, and, on his coming up to the bed, his father, with his usual gladness of expression towards him, asked, "How is your deafness, my boy?" (he had been suffering from

it the night before)—and then, playfully alluding to an old accusation against him, "You must not stay here; you know you do not like a sick-room." He then sat down with his mother at the foot of the bed, and presently his father said in a low voice: "My son, thank God for me;" and as his son did not at once catch his meaning, he went on, saying—"Thank God, Tom, for giving me this pain; I have suffered so little pain in my life, that I feel it is very good for me: now God has given it to me, and I do so thank Him for it." And again, after a pause, he said,—alluding to a wish which his son had often heard him express, that if he ever had to suffer pain, his faculties might be unaffected by it,—"How thankful I am that my head is untouched." Meanwhile his wife, who still had sounding in her ears the tone in which he had repeated the passage from the Epistle to the Hebrews, again turned to the Prayer Book, and began to read the Exhortation, in which it occurs in the "Visitation of the Sick." He listened with deep attention, saying emphatically—"Yes," at the end of many of the sentences. "There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ."—"Yes." "By suffering patiently troubles, adversities, and sickness."—"Yes." "He entered not into His glory before He was crucified."—"Yes." At the words "everlasting life," she stopped, and his son said,—"I wish, dear Papa, we had you at Fox How." He made no answer, but the last conscious look, which remained fixed in his wife's memory, was the look of intense tenderness and love with which he smiled upon them both at that moment.

The physician now returned with the medicines, and the former remedies were applied; there was a slight return of the spasms, after which he said: "If the pain is again as severe as it was before you came, I do not

know how I can bear it." He then, with his eyes fixed upon the physician, who rather felt than saw them upon him, so as to make it impossible not to answer the exact truth, repeated one or two of his former questions about the cause of the disease, and ended with asking, "Is it likely to return?" and, on being told that it was, "Is it generally suddenly fatal?"—"Generally." On being asked whether he had any pain, he replied that he had none, but from the application of the external remedies; and then, a few moments afterwards, inquired what medicine was to be given; and on being told, answered, "Ah, very well." The physician, who was dropping the laudanum into a glass, turned round, and saw him with a calm expression of countenance but with his eyes shut. In another minute he heard a rattle in the throat, and a convulsive struggle—flew to the bed, caught his head upon his shoulder, and called to one of the servants to fetch Mrs. Arnold. She had but just left the room before his last conversation with the physician, in order to acquaint her son with his father's danger, of which he was still unconscious, when she heard herself called from above. She rushed upstairs, told her son to bring the rest of the children, and with her own hands applied the remedies that were brought, in the hope of reviving animation, though herself feeling, from the moment that she saw him, that he had already passed away. He was indeed no longer conscious. The sobs and cries of his children as they entered and saw their father's state, made no impression upon him—the eyes were fixed—the countenance was unmoved: there was a heaving of the chest—deep gasps escaped at prolonged intervals—and just as the usual medical attendant arrived, and as the old school-house servant, in an agony of grief, rushed with the others into the room, in the hope of seeing his master once more, he breathed his last.

It must have been shortly before eight A.M. that he expired, though it was naturally impossible for those who were present to adjust their recollections of what passed with precise exactness of time or place. So short and sudden had been the seizure, that hardly any one out of the household itself had heard of his illness before its fatal close. His guest, and former pupil (who had slept in a remote part of the house), was coming down to breakfast as usual, thinking of questions to which the conversation of the preceding night had given rise, and which, by the great kindness of his manner, he felt doubly encouraged to ask him, when he was met on the staircase by the announcement of his death. The masters knew nothing till the moment, when, almost at the same time at the different boarding-houses, the fatal message was delivered in all its startling abruptness, "that Dr. Arnold was dead."

What that Sunday was in Rugby, it is hard fully to represent: the incredulity—the bewilderment—the agitated inquiries for every detail—the blank, more awful than sorrow, that prevailed through the vacant services of that long and dreary day—the feeling as if the very place had passed away with him who had so emphatically been in every sense its head—the sympathy which hardly dared to contemplate, and which yet could not but fix the thoughts and looks of all on the desolate house, where the fatherless family were gathered round the chamber of death.

Five of his children were awaiting their father's arrival at Fox How. To them the news was brought on Monday morning, by the same pupil who had been in the house at his death, and who long would remember the hour when he reached the place, just as the early summer dawn—the dawn of that forty-seventh birthday—was breaking over that beautiful valley, every shrub

and every flower in all its freshness and luxuriance speaking of him who had so tenderly fostered their growth around the destined home of his old age. On the evening of that day, which they had been fondly preparing to celebrate with its usual pleasures, they arrived at Rugby in time to see their father's face in death.

He was buried on the following Friday, the very day week, since, from the same house, two and two in like manner, so many of those who now joined in the funeral procession to the chapel, had followed him in full health and vigour to the public speeches in the school. It was attended by his whole family, by those of his friends and former pupils who had assembled from various parts during the week, and by many of the neighbouring clergy and of the inhabitants of the town, both rich and poor. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Moultrie, Rector of Rugby, from that place which, for fourteen years, had been occupied only by him who was gone, and to whom every part of that chapel owed its peculiar interest ; and h is remains were deposited in the chancel immediately under the Communion-table.

Once more his family met in the chapel on the following Sunday, and partook of the Holy Communion at his grave, and heard read the sermon preached by him in the preceding year, on Faith Triumphant in Death. And yet one more service in connection with him took place in the chapel, when, on the first Sunday of the next half-year, the school, which had dispersed on the eve of his death, assembled again within its walls under his successor, and witnessed in the funeral services, with which that day was observed, the last public tribute of sorrow to their departed master.

Nowhere could the shock have been so overwhelming as in the immediate circle of his friends and pupils. But

the sensation occasioned by his death was far wider than the limits of his personal acquaintance. In London, and still more in Oxford, where his name had always excited so much interest—where the last impression of him had been one of such life and energy, and of such promise for the future—the tidings were received, by men of the most various parties, with the shock which accompanies the announcement of a loss believed to be at once general and irreparable. Few men, it was felt, after having been centres of love and interest to a circle in itself so large, have been known and honoured in a circle yet larger, and removed from both, by an end so sudden and solemn. Some notion of the general sympathy may be formed by the notices of his death in most of the periodicals of the years 1842, 43, 44, amongst which may be especially mentioned the organs of the two most opposite parties, the extreme Radical and the extreme Oxford School, with both of which in life he had had so little of friendly intercourse. As a testimony of gratitude to his services in the cause of education, a public subscription was set on foot, under the superintendence of a committee, consisting of noblemen and gentlemen of different political and ecclesiastical parties, the proceeds of which were applied, after the erection of a monument in Rugby chapel, to the foundation of scholarships to be enjoyed in the first instance by his sons in succession, and afterwards dedicated to the promotion of general study at Rugby, and of the pursuit of history at Oxford.

But however wide was the sense of his loss, and the tribute of respect to his memory, it was only in the narrower range of those who knew him, especially of those who had been brought up under his charge, that the solemnity of the event could be fully appreciated. Many were the testimonies borne by them to the greatness of their loss, which it is impossible here to record. But it

may be permitted to close this narrative with a letter to his widow from a former pupil, whose name has already occurred in these pages, which it has been thought allowable to publish (though of course only the utterance of the first feelings of private sorrow), as giving the impression left upon one who had been parted from him for three years in a distant country, and to whom his fellow scholars will, it is felt, willingly leave the expression of thoughts and hopes in which so many will be able more or less to share.

Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, Nov. 16, 1842.

MY DEAR MRS. ARNOLD,

If you knew the true affection I had for him whom we have lost, you would not forbid my writing of my grief to one most near and dear to him when here below. No one inspirited and encouraged my undertaking here as he did; no letters were so sure to bring fresh hopes and happiness as those which can never again come from him. It was not so much what he said in them, as the sense which they conveyed, that he still was, as he had ever been, the same earnest, faithful friend. It was this which made one feel that, while he was alive, it would indeed be pusillanimous to shrink from maintaining what was true and right. This I felt the last time I ever saw him, in the autumn of 1839. He rose early and spent the last hour with me, before we separated for ever; he to his school work and I to my journey here. We were in the dining-room, and I well remember the autumnal dawn—it was calm and overcast, and so impressed itself on my memory, because it agreed with the more than usual quietness—the few words of counsel which still

serve me from time to time; the manner in which the commonest kindnesses were offered to one soon to be out of their reach for ever; the promise of support through evil fortune or good, in few words, once repeated, exceeding my largest deserts; and then the earnest blessing and farewell from lips never again to open in my hearing. His countenance and manner and dress—his hand, and every movement—are all before me now more clearly than any picture; and you will understand full well how a quiet scene like this has an impressiveness unrivalled by the greatest excitements. The uncertain consciousness that this parting might be the last hung about it at the time; and preserved the recollection of it, till now that the sad certainty gives a new importance to the slightest particular.

I feel how unequal I am to offer you any consolation that you do not already possess, in the far more solemn and painful parting to which you have been called. But how unhappy would it have been, had you foreseen that each day was drawing nearer and nearer to that fatal event, as surely as you now know that every passing hour is an hour nearer to a happy reunion. Fear not but that he will be himself again. Some good men fall asleep in Jesus so full of infirmities, that they cannot but be greatly changed both in body and mind by the healing miracle of the Resurrection. But will not those who die, as Moses and Elias did, in the fulness of their labours and their strength, be as quickly recognised as were Moses and Elias by the faithful in God's Holy mount? As our Saviour's wounds were healed on the morning of the Resurrection, so shall his mortal disease be healed, and all that we most loved in him shall become immortal. The tone of earnestness shall be there, deepened perhaps into a more perfect beauty by a closer intercourse with the Son of Man, when his ears have heard

the "Verily, verily, I say unto you," that once used to be heard upon the earth—the cheerfulness shall be there without a cloud to dim it throughout all eternity,—and how will the most aspiring visions of reformation that ever filled his mind on earth be more than accomplished in that day of the restitution of all things! How will he rejoice in his strength and immortality, as he busies himself to perform the whole counsel of God, no longer doubted or disputed by men! What member of the Divine Body will glory more than he will in the catholic and perfect union of men with each other and with God!

My dear Mrs. Arnold, you have been heretofore a kind friend to one who is neither forgetful nor ungrateful. But, when thus gazing up into heaven after him, I remember that you are his, I pray with a double earnestness that you may follow him, and that when your time is come, you may present to him the greatest blessing that can now be added to his full cup of joy, yourself and your children perfect before the throne of God. Accept this blessing from your true and sincere friend,

JOHN PHILIP GELL.

APPENDIX A.

PRAYERS,

WRITTEN BY DR. ARNOLD FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS IN RUGBY SCHOOL.

I. PRAYER READ EVERY MORNING IN THE SIXTH FORM.

(See chap. iii. vol. i. p. 107.)

O Lord, who by Thy holy Apostle, hast taught us to do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus and to Thy glory, give Thy blessing, we pray Thee, to this our daily work, that we may do it in faith, and heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men. All our powers of body and mind are Thine, and we would fain devote them to Thy service. Sanctify them and the work in which they are engaged; let us not be slothful, but fervent in spirit, and do Thou, O Lord, so bless our efforts that they may bring forth in us the fruits of true wisdom. Strengthen the faculties of our minds and dispose us to exert them, but let us always remember to exert them for Thy glory, and for the furtherance of Thy kingdom, and save us from all pride, and vanity, and reliance upon our own power or wisdom. Teach us to seek after truth, and enable us to gain it; but grant that we may ever speak the truth in love:—that, while we know earthly things, we may know Thee, and be known by Thee, through and in Thy Son Jesus Christ. Give us this day

Thy Holy Spirit, that we may be Thine in body and spirit in all our work and all our refreshments, through Jesus Christ Thy son, our Lord. Amen.

II. PRAYER USED ON SUNDAY EVENING IN THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

O Lord our God, we are once again arrived at the evening of Thy holy day. May Thy Spirit render it truly blest to us!

We have attended the public service of Thy Church; Thou knowest, O Lord, and our own consciences each know also, whether while we worshipped Thee in form, we worshipped Thee in spirit and in truth. Thou knowest, and our own consciences know also, whether we are or are likely to be any the better for what we have heard with our outward ears this day.

Forgive us, Lord, for this great sin of despising the means of grace which Thou hast given us. Forgive us for all our carelessness, inattention, and hardness of heart; forgive us for having been far from Thee in mind, when our lips and outward expressions seemed near to Thee.

Lord, will it be so for ever? Shall we ever hear and not heed? And when our life is drawing near to its end, as this day is now, shall we then feel that we have lived without Thee in the world, and that we are dying unforgiven? Gracious Father, be pleased to touch our hearts in time with trouble, with sorrow, with sickness, with disappointment, with anything that may hinder them from being hard to the end, and leading us to eternal ruin.

Thou knowest our particular temptations here. Help us with Thy Holy Spirit to struggle against them. Save us from being ashamed of Thee and of our duty. Save us from the base and degrading fear of one another. Save us from idleness and thoughtlessness. Save us from the sin of falsehood and lying. Save us from unkindness and selfishness, caring only for ourselves and not for Thee, and for our neighbours.

Thou who knowest all our weaknesses, save us from ourselves, and our own evil hearts. Renew us with Thy Spirit to walk as becomes those whom Thou hast redeemed, through Thy Son Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

III. PRAYER USED AFTER CONFIRMATION AND COMMUNION.

O Lord, we thank Thee for having preserved us safe from all the perils and dangers of this day: that Thou hast given us health and strength, food and clothing, and whilst there are so many who are poor, so many who are sick, so many who are in sorrow, that Thou hast given us so richly such manifold and great blessings.

Yet more, O Lord, we thank Thee for Thy mercies to us in Thy Son Jesus Christ. We thank Thee for Thy infinite love shown in our redemption, that Thou hast opened, through Thy beloved Son, the kingdom of Heaven to all believers. We thank Thee for the full assurance of hope which Thou hast given us, that if our earthly tabernacle be dissolved, we have yet a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Thou hast shown to us nothing but goodness, O Lord, for this life and for life eternal; and yet we have sinned, and are sinning against Thee daily. We are forfeiting all Thy blessings, and turning them into a curse. Forgive us, for Jesus Christ's sake, all and each, for all our many sins in thought, word, and deed; whether known to others, or to our own conscience alone, or forgotten even by our own careless hearts, but known and recorded by Thee, against the great day of judgment.

One thing more, O Lord, we pray for, without which all these blessings shall only condemn us the more heavily. O Lord, increase and keep alive in us Thy faith. Let not the world, and our own health, and the many good things which Thou hast given us, prove a snare unto us. Let us endure, as seeing by faith, Thee who art invisible.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst take our nature upon Thee, and art now standing as the Son of Man at the right hand of the Majesty on high, reveal Thyself to our minds and hearts, as Thou didst to the bodily eyes of Thy martyr Stephen. As Thou didst comfort and strengthen him in his suffering, so, O Lord, do Thou warn and chasten us in our enjoyments; making us to know and feel that in Thee is our only life, and that, if we cleave not to Thee and have not Thee abiding in us, we are dead now, and shall be dead for ever.

Quicken in us the remembrance of our baptism: how we were pledged to become Thy true servants and soldiers to our

lives' end. Dispose us all to renew this pledge from the bottom of our hearts, both those of us who are going to receive the rite of confirmation soon, and those of us who have received it already, and those of us who may expect to receive it hereafter. Quicken in as many of us as have either this day or heretofore been partakers in the communion of Thy body and blood, the remembrance of that blessed sacrament, that we gave ourselves therein to be wholly Thine, in body, soul, and spirit, that we might evermore dwell in Thee, and Thou in us.

O Holy Spirit of God, who art the only author of all spiritual life, quicken us with Thy power, and preserve and quicken us in the life which is Thy gift. Forgive us that we have so often grieved Thee, and preserve us from grieving Thee so long and so often, that Thou wilt depart from us for evermore, and leave us to a state beyond repentance, and beyond forgiveness. Teach us to remember that every day which we spend carelessly and unprofitably, we are grieving Thee, and tempting Thee to leave us. Let not our prosperity harden our hearts to our destruction. Screen us from the horrible sin of casting a stumbling-block in our brother's way, of tempting him to evil, or discouraging him from good by our example, or by our laughter, or by our unkindness and persecution.

O Lord Almighty, this day is now drawing to its end. May the means of grace which Thou hast given us in it work good in us for to-morrow, and the days to come. May Thy blessing be with us on this first day of the week, to guide us and to strengthen us even to its end.

Bless all our friends in all places, and keep them in Thy faith and fear: bless Thy universal church militant here on earth, and grant that all who confess with their mouth the Lord Jesus, may believe on Him in their hearts to life everlasting. Bless our Queen and our country; that we may be a Christian people, not in word only, but in power. Bless this school, that it may be a place of godly education, to Thy glory and the salvation of our own souls. Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit that we may labour in our several duties towards one another and towards Thee, as befits those whom thou hast redeemed by the blood of Thy dear Son.

Finally, we thank Thee for all those, whether we have known them on earth, or whether they were strangers to us, who have departed this life in Thy faith and fear; and who are

safe and at rest till the day of Thy coming. Increase their number, O Lord, and enable us through Thy grace to be of their company, that when thou comest in Thy glorious majesty, and shalt call us all to judgment, we may stand with all Thy faithful people at Thy right hand, and may hear Thee call us "blessed," and bid us enter into Thy kingdom to see God face to face.

IV. PRAYER USED IN THE SICK-ROOMS.

O Lord and heavenly Father, we come before Thee with our humble thanks for all Thy mercies towards us, more especially for the means of grace which Thou hast afforded us in this interruption to our usual course of health. We thank Thee for thus reminding us that our enjoyment of the blessings of this world will not last for ever—that the things in which we commonly take delight will one day cease to please us. We thank Thee that by calling us off for a little while from our common employments and amusements, Thou givest us time to think how we are passing our life, and what those joys are which if we once learn to know them will abide with us for ever. Lord, deliver us from all impatience and from all fear for our bodies, and fill us at the same time with spiritual fear; let us not be afraid of pain or sickness, but let us be afraid of Thee, and not waste the opportunity which Thou art now affording us. Give us grace to think under the visitations of light sickness whether we are fit to be visited with dangerous sickness; let us consider what we should do if, while our body were weakened, our mind should be clouded also, so that we could not then pray to Thee for succour. Now, therefore, O Lord, teach us to call on Thee, while we can call on Thee, to think on Thee while our reason is yet in its vigour. Teach us to look into our heart and life, to consider how Thou wouldst judge us, to ask Thy forgiveness through Thy Son Jesus Christ, for all that Thou seest amiss in us, and by the help of Thy Holy Spirit to overcome all that is evil in our heart, and to learn and practise all that is good. Restore us in Thy good time to our usual health, and grant that this interruption to it may be sanctified to our souls' health, so making it not an evil to us, but an infinite blessing, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

V. THANKSGIVING ON A BOY'S RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, we give Thee our humble and hearty thanks for Thy goodness shown to Thy servant whom Thou hast been pleased to visit with sickness. We thank Thee for the prospect which Thou hast given him of recovery of his full health and strength, as well as for the present abatement of his disorder. Grant that Thy mercies may be felt by him and by us; that they may not lead us to tempt Thy long-suffering by continued hardness of heart, but may make us desirous of showing our gratitude to Thee by living according to Thy will. May we remember how nearly health and sickness come together, and that the time will surely come to us when we shall be raised up from sickness no more.

While Thou yet sparest us, give us grace to turn to Thee in earnest, that we may not have to turn to Thee when it is too late with a vain regret and despair. Grant this, O Lord, for Thy dear Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Lord.

The following prayers were contributed by Dr. Arnold, in 1842, to a Book of Family Prayers for every Day in the Year (published by Mr. Whittlemore, Brighton), in answer to a request made to him by the Editor, and they are here inserted by the kind permission of the publisher. The subjects of them were doubtless suggested by two wants, which he often lamented, in the public services of the Liturgy, viz. a more direct reference to the blessings of the natural seasons, and also an offering of thanksgivings and prayers for the blessings of law and government, unconnected with any such political allusions as occur in the four State Services appended to the Book of Common Prayer.

I. JOHN, IV. 35.

O Lord God, who givest us the promise of food for our bodies, and makest the seed sown to grow up and ripen and

yield its fruits in its season, do Thou be pleased to give us the true bread of life, and to bless and ripen in us the seed sown by Thy Holy Spirit in our hearts, that it may bring forth fruit unto life eternal. Give us, we beseech Thee, the true bread of life, Thy beloved Son. May we ever hunger after Him, and ever be filled. May we feed upon Him, by faith, receiving into our hearts His most precious body and blood, even the virtue of His sacrifice which alone cleanseth from all sin. May we cleave unto Him, and grow into Him, that we may be one with Him and He with us. Ripen in us also, we pray Thee, the seed of Thy Holy Spirit. Make us to cherish every good resolution which He suggests to us, and dread the great sin of grieving Him. Save us from hardness of heart which will not listen to Him; from carelessness and lightness of heart which forgets Him; from worldliness and overmuch business, which cares for and loves other things more. Bless Thy spiritual works even as Thy natural works, and gather in Thy corn into Thy garner, to Thy glory and our salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

II. EVENING.

O Lord, who hast given us the summer sun to gladden us with his light and to ripen the fruits of the earth for our support, and who biddest him to set when his work is done, that he may rise again to-morrow; give Thy blessing to us Thy servants, that the lesson of the works of Thy hand may be learnt by us Thy living works, and that we may run our course like the sun which is now gone from us.

Let us rise early and go late to rest, being ever busy and zealous in doing Thy will. Let our light shine before men, that they may glorify Thee our heavenly Father. Let us do good all our days, and be useful to and comfort others. And let us finish our course in faith, that we too may rise again to a course which shall never end, through the only merits of Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

III.

O Lord, we beseech Thee, teach us to mark the flight of time, and learn from the course of the natural seasons to take a lesson for the benefit of our souls.

The summer is nearly ended, and if Thou seest fit to

deprive us of our time of harvest, or if we have neglected to do our part towards raising the fruits of the earth for our sustenance, then we can no more make good our neglect, and it will be too late to wish that we had been wiser. O Lord, our lives are fast running away, like the natural year; we have received Thy good gifts, the sun and the rain of Thy grace, that we should bring forth spiritual fruits. Now is the time of the harvest; now mayst Thou come to see whether or no the seed which has been sown in us is bringing forth fruit in its season. Every day, O Lord, mayst Thou expect to find fruit in us; our spiritual harvest should be ever ready for the sickle. Yet how many days hast Thou come seeking fruit in us and finding none. How many days have we spent in sin, or in that which Thou callest sin, though we deem it innocent, in following our own ways, and our own pleasures, and neither working nor enjoying to Thy glory, because we thought not of Thee, nor of Thy beloved Son.

So, in one sense, O Lord, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. One summer, many summers have been so ended —many times when we might have brought forth fruit and did not—many birthdays have returned to us, and yet have not found us nearer Thee, although we were nearer to death and judgment.

Yet not for nothing, O Lord, does any man grieve Thy Holy Spirit and turn away from thy loving call. Refusing Thy strength, we become weaker; refusing to live by faith, heavenly things become darker to us; despising Thy long-suffering, our hearts become harder; we are not what we once were; we are stained with many fresh sins, encumbered with many infirmities: we have built again the things which Christ destroyed; and next year we shall not be what we are now, but harder; and Thou hast said, there is a state in which it is impossible to be renewed unto repentance.

O Lord, save us from this dreadful state, a state of condemnation even before the judgment. O Lord, yet once more we pray Thee to deliver us; for Thy Son's sake, whose name we bear, and by whose blood we are redeemed, have mercy upon us. Cleanse our hearts from their manifold sins. Give strength to our feeble purposes. Deliver us from the malice of our enemy, to whom we have betrayed ourselves. Deliver us from sin which cannot be repented of; from the last hardness of heart to be melted only by Thy judgments when the time of mercy is over. O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst warn Thy dis-

ciples when they failed to watch with Thee, that they should watch and pray lest they entered into temptation, grant us the help of Thy Holy Spirit, to do Those things which Thou commandest us. Help us to watch and help us to pray. Keep alive in us the resolutions which fade so quickly. Call to prayer the murmuring heart that tries to escape from Thy service, and when we kneel down and our lips utter words of prayer, do Thou then restrain our wandering thoughts, and fix our whole soul and spirit in one earnest sense of our own perishing condition and of Thine almighty and ever-present love to us. And now, O Lord, the words which we have spoken, let us not deceive ourselves by them; let not our lips have prayed and our hearts be silent. Forgive the unworthiness of all our service, and cleanse us from the sin which cleaves to us in body, soul, and spirit, by Thy most precious blood, and by the grace of Thy Holy Spirit. And O God most holy, receive our prayers in the name of Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

IV.

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem : they shall prosper that love thee.

PSALM cxxii.

O Lord, who by Thy Holy Apostle hast commanded us to make prayers and intercessions for all men, we implore Thy blessing, more especially upon this our country, upon its government, and upon its people.

May Thy Holy Spirit be with our rulers, with the Queen, and all who are in authority under her. Grant that they may govern in Thy faith and fear, striving to put down all evil, and to encourage and support all that is good. Give Thy Spirit of wisdom to those whose business it is to make laws for us. Grant that they may understand and feel how great a work Thou hast given them to do; that they may not do it lightly or foolishly, or from any evil passion, or in ignorance, but gravely, soberly, and with a godly spirit, enacting always things just, and things wise, and things merciful, to the putting away of all wrong and oppression, and to the advancement of the true welfare of thy people. Give to us and all this nation a spirit of dutiful obedience to the laws, not only for wrath but also for conscience' sake. Teach us to remember Thy Apostle's

charge, to render to all their dues, tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, not defrauding or suffering to defraud those who in the receiving of custom and tribute are Thy ministers, attending continually upon this very thing.

Give peace in our time, O Lord! Preserve both us and our government from the evil spirit of ambition and pride, and teach us to value, and to labour with all sincerity to preserve peace with all nations, not indulging in taunts and railings against other people, but showing forth a spirit of meekness, as becomes those who call themselves Christ's servants. Save us from all those national sins which expose us most justly to Thy heavy judgments. From unbelief and profaneness, from injustice and oppression, from hardness of heart and neglect of the poor, from a careless and worldly spirit, working and enjoying with no thought of Thee; from these and all other sins, be Thou pleased to preserve us, and give us each one for himself a holy watchfulness, that we may not by our sins add to the guilt and punishment of our country, but may strive to keep ourselves pure from the blood of all men, and to bring down Thy blessing upon ourselves and all who belong to us.

These things and all else which may be good for our temporal and for our spiritual welfare, we humbly beseech Thee to grant in the name and for the sake of Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

APPENDIX B.

It has been thought worth while to select a few of the subjects which Dr. Arnold chose for exercises at Rugby, both as an illustration of what has been said on this point in the chapter on his School Life; and also because, at least to those who knew him, they would suggest, perhaps, as much as anything which could be given, his favourite images and trains of thought. They were of course varied with translations from the authors he most admired, and he used from time to time to give criticisms on different books or poems. Many of the subjects, as will be seen, are capable of various applications, which he used to indicate to the boys when he set the subject. The subjects of the last half-year of his life have been given entire, and those who have read the account of that period will trace the connection of many of them with some of the thoughts then uppermost in his mind.

SUBJECTS FOR PROSE EXERCISES.

1. The difference between advantages and merits.
2. On the excellences of Translation, and some of its difficulties.
3. I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning,
Alas ! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

4. Conversation between Thomas Aquinas, James Watt, and Sir Walter Scott.

5. How far the dramatic faculty is compatible with the love of truth.

6. The principal events and men of England, France, Germany, and Holland, A.D. 1600.

7. The ideal is superior to the real.

8. The good and evil which resulted from the Seven Years' War.

9. Cogitamus secundum naturam, loquimur ex præceptis, agimus e consuetudine. (Bacon.)

10. Magnus esse debet historiam legentibus fructus, superioris ævi calamitates cum hâc nostrâ humanitate et tranquilitate conferentibus.

11. Parum valet rerum ipsarum scientia, nisi accedat ingenii vigor, quæ informem molem in veram doctrinam effingat.

12. Henricus Jenkyns, jam extremâ senectute, quæ in tam longâ vitâ memoriâ dignissima viderit, nepotibus enarrat.

13. An bene constitutum sit debitoris non bona tantum, sed etiam corpus creditori esse obnoxium.

14. Franco-Gallorum exercitus, devictâ inferiori Ægypto, superiorem et urbem Thebas ingreditur.

15. De sæculo, quo Esaias vaticinia sua edidit.

16. Diversi nuntii a Novoburiensi prælio Londinum et Oxoniam pervenientes.

17. Oxoniæ descriptio, qualem redivivus describeret Herodotus. (Greek.)

18. Quæ in quascunque regiones peregrinantibus precipuè notanda.

19. Alexander Babylonem ingreditur, neque ita multò post morbo correptus, inter summum suorum fletum et dolorem animum expirat.

20. Africa provincia, postquam Romanis subjecta esset, quas potissimum vices usque ad hanc ætatem subierit.

21. Non ea est vitæ nostræ ratio ut sciamus omnia, neque ut de omnibus incerti dubitemus ; sed ut neque scientes planè, neque ignorantes, probabili causâ moti credamus.

22. Definiantur voces, quæ sequuntur, *τὸ τίμιον*, *τὸ καλὸν*, *ἐκκλησία*, fides : necnon, voces Anglicæ,—"revolution," "philosophy," "art," "religion," "duty," "romantic," "sublime," "pretty."

23. Judæus quidam Athenas devectus Socrati de republicâ

et puerorum institutione disputanti forte auditorem se et interrogatorem præbet.

24. De veris rerum miraculis.

25. De primævis animalibus et terræ hujus mirandis vicibus.

26. Europam per æstatem anni 1815 circumvectus, quem rerum statum apud singulos populos offendisset.

27. Descriptio monasterii, quæ sit singularum domi partium distributio, qualemque ibi vitam degant monachi.

28. De celeberrimis quæ in omni memoriâ scriptæ sunt legibus.

29. Calendarium naturale.

30. Ea demum vera est voluptas quæ non tam spe delectat, quam recordatione præteritâ—("Look not on pleasures as they come, but go").

SUBJECTS FOR VERSE.

1. Pendent opera interrupta.

2. Venus eadem quæ Libitina.

3. Prytaneum.

4. Byzantinum sive Romanum Imperium inter novas Europæ respublicas solum antiquitatis monumentum superstes manet.

5. Africa, bonarum artium nutrix, nunc barbarie premitur.

6. *Ἔρωτες σοφίας πάρεδροι.*

7. Mediterranei Asiæ campi.

8. Richardi Cromwellii in Senatum reditus.

9. Vulgo ferunt beatas esse nuptias, quas sol illuminat; inferias, quibus irrorant nubes.

10. The Land's End.

11. Supremi fructus anni.

12. Siccitate laborant agri.

13. Festum Omnium Animarum, sive Dies in memoriam Christianorum defunctorum celebratus.

14. *Ναῦς ἀφανισθεῖσα.*

15. Epicurus scholam in hortulo suo instituit.

16. Polycarpi Martyrium.

17. Magna est funerum religio.

18. Oculis capto mens tamen intus viget.

19. Christianus, trajecto flumine, ob pericula viæ feliciter superata, grates agit. (Pilgrim's Progress.)

20. (The Seven Sleepers.) De septem illis pueris qui cum

per CLXXX. annos dormiissent, tum autem miraculo expergefacti sunt.

21. Duodecim vultures a Romulo visæ.

22. Ulysses in ipso mortis limine cum matris umbrâ colloquitur.

23. Demosthenis suprema fata.

24. Fasti Christiani.

25. Adventus Domini qualis ab ecclesiâ singulis annis celebratur.

26. Urbis Romæ vicissitudines.

27. Hortus Anglicus.

28. Prospectabat pulcherrimum sinum, antequam Vesuvius mons ardescens faciem loci verteret. (Tac. Ann. IV. 67.)

29. Pastores duo, hic mare ille dulcis aquæ flumina, alternis versibus laudant.

30. Ne plus ultra.

PROSE SUBJECTS, FROM FEBRUARY TO JUNE, 1842.

1. De fœnore et de legibus fœnebribus.

2. Duo viatores, ob ipso fonte profecti, Rhodani cursum animi causâ usque ad mare explorant.

3. Quis rerum fuerit status circa annum post Christum sexcentesimum.

4. "Nunc dimittis." (Christianus, ipsis Apostolis æqualis, jam ad centesimum annum provectus, grates Deo agit ob fidem per universum ferè terrarum orbem pervulgatam.)

5. John, xvi. 22. If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin. (English Prose.)

6. De sectis Judæorum, Pharisæis, Sadducæis, et Essenibus; necnon de Publicanis et quos vocant Judaizantibus sive Christianis Judaismum affectantibus.

7. Νεωτερὶζουσι τοῖς ὀλίγοις ἀντιλέγει ὁ Θρασύβουλος. (Greek.)

8. Quintilius Varus cum legionibus in Germaniâ occidione occisus.

9. Caius Trebatius Testa a Britanniâ Ciceronis litteris (Ep. ad. Div. lib. vii.) respondet.

10. De vitâ et moribus Sultani Mamudi.

11. De seditione inter Athenienses quâ quadringenti illi viri rempublicam invaserunt.

12. Macedonum et Russorum regna inter se comparantur.

13. Quæritur quæ sit philosophia et quam ob causam ei a pluribus invideatur.

VERSE SUBJECTS, FROM FEBRUARY TO JUNE, 1842.

1. Abydos a Philippo expugnata.
2. Gray's Hymn to Adversity.
3. Sophonisba.
4. Fodinæ mercenarii subito terræ lapsu pœne obruti post longum et gravissimum vitæ discrimen tandem ad lucem proferuntur.
5. Hannibal Italiam relinquit.
6. Novi Ulyssis errores—Columnæ Herculis, Iberia, Oceanus.
7. Scipio Africanus in cellâ Jovis secum meditatur.
8. Translation from Cowper's Task, Book IV.
9. Kehama poculum immortalitas impius arripit.
10. Translation from Pope's Third Moral Epistle.
11. Prometheus Liberatus.
12. Fortuna.
13. Halcyones.
14. Puteus in Monte Zion defossus vivas aquarum venas in lucem aperit (in allusion to an Artesian well lately sunk in the dry rock of Jerusalem).
15. Porcia, Catonis Filia, Bruti Uxor.
16. Domus ultima.

APPENDIX C.

EPITAPHS.

WRITTEN BY DR. ARNOLD, TO THE MEMORY OF A PUPIL, AND AN ASSISTANT-MASTER IN RUGBY CHAPEL.

M. S.

HENRICI SPARKES HATCH,*
SCHOLÆ RUGBIENSIS ALUMNI
QUEM BONARUM LITERARUM STUDIIS FELICITER INCUMBENTEM
SUA QUOQUE DISCIPLINA CARERE NOLUIT CHRISTUS;
SED LENI PRIMO MANU ACCEPTUM ATQUE EXCITATUM
DIVINÆQUE SUÆ VOCI INTER LÆTA OMNIA ASSUEFACTUM,
GRAVI TANDEM DOLORE LENTIQUE MORBI CRUCIATIBUS,
QUÆ EST CHRISTIANORUM INSTITUTIO,
DIU TENTATUM
AD SUUM SUORUMQUE EXEMPLAR INFORMAVIT,
INFORMATUM BREVI AD SE ACCESSIVIT.
VOS AUTUM TAM BONI SANCTIQUE ADOLESCENTIS ÆQUALES,
SI QUANDO EUM IMMATURA ABREPTUM MORTE
VESTRO AMICORUM CHORO DEESSE DOLEBITIS,
AT EIDEM, EXACTO CERTAMINE, VICTORI
EXAUCTORATO PRIMIS STIPENDIIS CHRISTI MILITI
PORTAM CŒLI QUIETEM NOLITE INVIDERE.
DESIDERANDUS QUIDEM INTERIIT, SED NON LUGENDUS,
QUIPPE TALIUM EST REGNUM DEI.
VIXIT ANNOS XIX. MENSES IX. DIEM I.
OBIIT A.D. V. IDUS OCTOBR. ANNO SALUTIS MDCCCXXXV.
PRIMUS IN HOC LOCO SEPULTUS EST.

* See Letters CIII. CIX. Sermons, vol. vi.—Death and Salvation.

M. S.

ALEXANDRI FREDERICI MERIVALE, A.M.
COLLEGII SS. TRINITATIS
APUD CANTABRIGIENSES
OLIM SOCII
ET HUJUSCE SCHOLÆ
PER TRES ANNOS E MAGISTRIS.
QUI PUBLICA ET PRIVATA MUNERA
OPTIMÈ AUSPICATUS
QUIPPE QUI CHRISTUM SOLUM AUSPICEM
NOVISSET,
INOPINATO CORREPTUS MORBI IMPETU,
RECENTISSIME NUPTAM UXOREM
MORIENS RELIQUIT,
INFELICEM INFELIX
NISI QUOD CHRISTIANAM CHRISTIANUS.
DOMINUS AUTEM QUEM DILIGIT CASTIGAT.
OBIIT A.D. III. ID. JUN. MDCCCXLI. ÆTAT. XXVII.
STOKIÆ CANONICORUM JUXTA EXONIAM
JACET SEPULTUS.

APPENDIX D.

EXTRACTS FROM TRAVELLING JOURNALS.

It will have been already gathered from Dr. Arnold's letters, how great a pleasure he took in travelling. It was, in fact, except so far as his domestic life can be so considered, his chief recreation, combining, as it did, opportunities for following out his delight in History with his love of external nature, both in its poetical and scientific aspect. In works of art he took but little interest, and any extended researches in physical science were precluded by want of time, whilst from natural history he had an instinctive but characteristic shrinking. "The whole subject," he said, "of the brute creation is to me one of such painful mystery, that I dare not approach it." But geography and geology in all their forms, plants, and flowers, not from any botanical interest, but for their own sakes,—beauty of architecture and of scenery,—had an attraction for him, which it is difficult adequately to express; and, when to these were added the associations of great historical events, it may well be conceived how enthusiastic was his delight in his short summer tours, and how essential a part of

his life they became, whether in present enjoyment, or past recollection.

It was his practice when travelling, to keep very minute journals, which—as his tours were, partly from necessity and partly from choice, extremely rapid—he wrote always on the spot, or immediately after, and often whilst actually in the act of travelling. And, being addressed throughout to his absent wife or children, as the case might be, they partake partly of the character of a private diary, or of private letters, but rather of conversation, such as he would have held with those whom he was addressing, had they been actually with him.

It is obvious that no selections from journals of this description can give any adequate notion of the whole, of which they are fragments,—of the domestic playfulnesses,—the humorous details in verse or prose, of travelling adventures,—the very jolts of the carriage, and difficulties of the road,—the rapid sketches of the mere geographical outline of the country,—the succession of historical associations, — the love, brought out more strongly by absence, for his own church and country,—the strain of devout thought and prayer pervading the whole,—which, when taken altogether, give a more living image of the man himself, than anything else which he has left. But to publish the whole of any one of the many volumes through which these journals extend, was for many reasons impossible, and it has therefore been thought desirable to select, in the following extracts, such passages as contained matters of the most general interest, with so much of the ordinary context as might serve to obviate the abruptness of their introduction, and in the hope that due allowance will be made for the difference in their character, as they are read, thus torn from their natural place, instead of appearing in the general course of his thoughts and observations, as they

were suggested by the various scenes and objects through which he was passing.

I. TOUR IN THE NORTH OF ITALY, 1825.

Chiavasso, July 3, 1825.

1. I can now understand what Signor A—— said of the nakedness of the country between Hounslow and Laleham, as all the plains here are covered with fruit trees, and the villages, however filthy within, are generally picturesque either from situation, or from the character of their buildings and their lively white. The architecture of the churches, however, is quite bad, and certainly their villages bear no more comparison with those of Northamptonshire, than St. Giles's does with Waterloo Place. There are more ruins here than I expected, ruined towers, I mean, of modern date, which are frequent in the towns and villages. The countenances of the people are fine, but we see no gentlemen anywhere, or else the distinction of ranks is lost altogether, except with the court and the high nobility. In the valley of Aosta, through which we were travelling all yesterday, the whole land, I hear, is possessed by the peasants, and there are no great proprietors at all. I am quite satisfied that there is a good in this, as well as an evil, and that our state of society is not so immensely superior as we flatter ourselves. I know that our higher classes are immensely superior to any one here; but I doubt whether our system produces a greater amount of happiness, or saves more misery than theirs; and I cannot help thinking, that, if their dreadful superstition were exchanged for the Gospel, their division of society would more tend to the general good than ours. Their superstition is indeed most shocking, and yet with some points in which we should do well to imitate them. I like the simple crosses and oratories by the roadside, and the texts of Scripture which one often sees quoted upon them; but they are profaned by such a predominance of idolatry to the Virgin and of falsehood and folly about the Saints, that no man can tell what portion of the water of life is still retained for those who drink it so corrupted. I want more than ever to see and talk with some of their priests, who are both honest and sensible—if, indeed, any man can be so, and yet belong to a system so abominable.

July 25, 1825.

2. On the cliff above the Lake of Como.—We are on a mule track that goes from Como along the eastern shore of the lake, and as the mountains go sheer down into the water, the mule track is obliged to be cut out of their sides, like a terrace, half way between their summits and their feet. They are covered with wood, all chestnut, from top to bottom, except where patches have been found level enough for houses to stand on, and vines to grow; but just where we are it is quite lonely; I look up to the blue sky, and down to the blue lake, the one just above me, and the other just below me, and see both through the thick branches of the chestnuts. Seventeen or eighteen vessels, with their white sails, are enlivening the lake, and about half a mile on my right the rock is too steep for any thing to grow on it, and goes down a bare cliff. A little beyond, I see some terraces and vines, and bright white houses; and farther still, there is a little low point, running out into the lake, which just affords room for a village, close on the water's edge, and a white church tower rising in the midst of it. The opposite shore is just the same, villages and mountains, and trees, and vines, all one perfect loveliness. I have found plenty of the red cyclamen, whose perfume is exquisite.

On the edge of the Lake of Como.—We have made our way down to the water's edge to bathe, and are now sitting on a stone to cool. No words can describe the beauty of all the scenery; we stopped at a walk at a spot, where the stream descended in a deep green dell from the mountains, with a succession of falls; the dell so deep, that the sun could not reach the water, which lay every now and then resting in deep rocky pools, so beautifully clear, that nothing but strong prudence prevented us from bathing in them; the banks of the dell, all turf and magnificent chestnuts, varied with rocks, and the broad lake bright in the sunshine stretched out before us.

II. TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

August 9, 1826.

The cheapness of education is certainly a great thing for Scotland; and the new Edinburgh Academy promises to be as economical as the High School. They are both day schools; and parents mostly, therefore, reside in Edinburgh whilst their

children are at school. About fourteen, youths enter at college, and at twenty-one they enter on their professions, at least those of Law and Physic; but at college they board at home, or with some relation, or in some cheap boarding-house; thus the expenses are limited to the mere fees for attendance on lectures, which of course are trifling, but not more moderate than in Oxford; nay, a pupil at Oxford gets his college tuition comparatively cheaper, considering how much more an Oxford tutor can do, and does commonly, than a Professor who merely reads Lectures. The advantages of the Edinburgh system are, however, very considerable; in many respects I wish we could adopt them, or rather blend them with those points in which we are certainly far superior. The friendships of an English public school and university can rarely, I should think, be formed on the Scotch system: but on the other hand the domestic affections are more cherished. Jeffrey said that all nations remarked the want of filial affection towards their fathers in England; the looking upon them as harsh and niggardly, and the want of entire love and confidence towards them, was peculiarly English—and he attributed it to the estrangement from home, and the habits of expense which are at once generated by our system of education; the one loosening the intimacy and close knowledge of one another, which should subsist between father and son, the other supplying a perpetual food for mutual complaints and unkindness. Assuredly this is true in some measure, and is an evil arising out of our system of education which had never struck me before. It certainly furnishes an additional reason for doing everything to reduce the expenses of our system; and there is this also to be said—if a boy in Scotland wastes the advantages given him, at least the loss to his father is not great in a pecuniary point of view; but in England a little fortune is sunk in a boy's education, and how often is the fruit returned absolutely nothing. On the other hand, in the most favourable cases, there can be no comparison between what Oxford and Cambridge can do for a man, and what he can gain at Edinburgh—nor indeed is the comparison quite fair, because we rarely leave the University till a year or two later than is the case in Scotland; and in *the most favourable cases*, a year between twenty-one and twenty-two is of incalculable benefit.

III. TOUR TO ROME THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

Paris, March, 1827.

1. In church to-day there was a prayer for the king and royal family of France, but they were prayed for simply in their personal capacity, and not as the rulers of a great nation, nor was there any prayer for the French people. St. Paul's exhortation is to pray, not for kings, *and their families*, but for kings and *all who are in authority*, "that we may lead a peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." So for ever is this most pure command corrupted by servility and courtliness.

Joigny, April 6, 1827.

2. Sens has a fine cathedral, with two very beautiful painted rose-windows in the transepts, and a monument of the Dauphin, father to the present king, which is much spoken of. Here the cheating of the blacksmiths went on in full perfection, and is really a very great drawback to the pleasure of travelling in France. The moment we stop anywhere, out comes a fellow with his leathern apron, and goes poking and prying about the carriage in hopes of finding some job to do; and they all do their work so ill, that they generally never fail to find something left for them by their predecessor's clumsiness. Again, I have been struck with the total absence of all gentlemen, and of all persons of the education and feelings of gentlemen. I am afraid that the bulk of the people are sadly ignorant and unprincipled, and then liberty and equality are but evils. A little less aristocracy in our country and a little more here, would seem a desirable improvement; there seem great elements of good amongst the people here,—great courtesy and kindness, with all their cheating and unreasonableness. May He who only can, turn the hearts of this people, and of all other people, to the knowledge and love of Himself in His Son, in whom there is neither Englishman or Frenchman, any more than Jew or Greek, but Christ is all and in all! And may He keep alive in me the spirit of charity, to judge favourably and feel kindly towards those amongst whom I am travelling; inasmuch as Christ died for them as well as for us, and they too call themselves after His name.

Approach to Rome, April, 1827.

3. When we turned the summit and opened on the view of the other side, it might be called the first approach to Rome. At the distance of more than forty miles, it was of course impossible to see the town, and besides the distance was hazy; but we were looking on the scene of the Roman History; we were standing on the outward edge of the frame of the great picture, and, though the features of it were not to be traced distinctly, yet we had the consciousness that there they were before us. Here, too, we first saw the Mediterranean; the Alban hills, I think, in the remote distance, and just beneath us, on the left, Soracte, an outlier of the Apennines, which has got to the right bank of the Tiber, and stands out by itself most magnificently. Close under us, in front, was the Ciminian Lake, the crater of an extinct volcano, surrounded, as they all are, with their basin of wooded hills, and lying like a beautiful mirror stretched out before us. Then there was the grand beauty of Italian scenery, the depth of the valleys, and the endless variety of the mountain outline, and the towns perched up on the mountain summits, and this now seen under a mottled sky which threw an ever varying shadow and light over the valley beneath, and all the freshness of the young spring. We descended along one of the rims of this lake to Ronciglione, and from thence still descending on the whole to Monterossi. Here the famous Campagna begins, and it certainly is one of the most striking tracts of country I ever beheld. It is by no means a perfect flat, except between Rome and the sea; but rather like the Bagshot Heath country—ridges of hills with intermediate valleys, and the road often running between high steep banks, and sometimes crossing sluggish streams sunk in a deep bed. All these banks were overgrown with the broom, now in full flower; and the same plant was luxuriant everywhere. There seemed no apparent reason why the country should be so desolate; the grass was growing richly everywhere, there was no marsh anywhere visible, but all looked as fresh and as healthy as any of our chalk downs in England. But it is a wide wilderness; no villages, scarcely any houses, and here and there a lonely ruin of a single square tower, which I suppose used to serve as strongholds for men and cattle in the plundering warfare of the Middle Ages. It was after crowning the top of one of these hills, a little on the Roman side of Baccano, at five minutes after six, according to my watch, that we had the first view of

Rome itself. I expected to see St. Peter's rising above the line of the horizon as York Minster does, but instead of that, it was within the horizon, and so was much less conspicuous, and, only a part of the dome being visible from the nature of the ground, it looked mean and stumpy. Nothing else marked the site of the city, but the trees of the gardens about it, sunk by the distance into one dark mass, and the number of white villas, specking the opposite bank of the Tiber for some little distance above the town, and then suddenly ceasing. But the whole scene that burst upon our view, when taken in all its parts, was most interesting. Full in front rose the Alban hills, the white villas on their sides distinctly visible even at that distance, which was more than thirty miles. On the left were the Apennines, and Tivoli was distinctly to be seen on the summit of its mountain, on one of the lowest and nearest points of the chain. On the right and all before us lay the Campagna, whose perfectly level outline was succeeded by that of the sea, which was scarcely more so. It began now to get dark, and, as there is hardly any twilight, it was dark soon after we left La Storta, the last post before you enter Rome. The air blew fresh and cool, and we had a pleasant drive over the remaining part of the Campagna till we descended into the valley of the Tiber, and crossed it by the Milvian bridge. About two miles farther on we reached the walls of Rome, and entered by the Porta del Popolo.

Rome, April, 1827.

4. . . . . After dinner Bunsen called for us in his carriage and took us to his house first on the Capitol, the different windows of which command the different views of ancient and modern Rome. Never shall I forget the view of the former; we looked down on the Forum, and just opposite were the Palatine and the Aventine, with the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars on the one, and houses intermixed with gardens on the other. The mass of the Colosseum rose beyond the Forum, and, beyond all, the wide plain of the Campagna to the sea. On the left rose the Alban hills bright in the setting sun, which played full upon Frascati and Albano, and the trees which edge the lake; and, farther away in the distance, it lit up the old town of Lavicum. Then we descended into the Forum, the light fast fading away and throwing a kindred soberness over the scene of ruin. The soil has risen from rubbish at least fifteen feet, so it is no wonder that the hills look lower

than they used to do, having been never very considerable at the first. There it was, one scene of desolation, from the massy foundation-stones of the Capitoline Temple, which were laid by Tarquinius the Proud, to a single pillar erected in honour of Phocas, the Eastern Emperor, in the fifth century. What the fragments of pillars belonged to, perhaps we never can know; but that I think matters little. I care not whether it was a Temple of Jupiter Stator, or the Basilica Julia, but one knows that one is on the ground of the Forum, under the Capitol, the place where the tribes assembled, and the orators spoke; the scene, in short, of all the internal struggles of the Roman people. We passed on to the Arch of Titus. Amongst the reliefs, there is the figure of a man bearing the golden candlestick from the Temple of Jerusalem, as one of the spoils of the triumph. Yet He who abandoned His visible and local Temple to the hands of the heathen for the sins of His nominal worshippers, has taken to Him His great power and has gotten Him glory by destroying the idols of Rome as He had done the idols of Babylon; and the golden candlestick burns and shall burn with an everlasting light, while the enemies of His holy name, Babylon, Rome, or the carcase of sin in every land which the eagles of His wrath will surely find out, perish for ever from before Him. We returned to our inn to dress, and then went again to Bunsen's evening party. We came home about eleven; I wrote some Journal, and went to bed soon after twelve. Such was my first day in Rome! and if I were to leave it to-morrow, I should think that one day was well worth the journey. But you cannot tell how poor all the objects of the North of Italy seem in comparison with what I find here; I do not mean as to scenery or actual beauty, but in interest. When I leave Rome I could willingly sleep all the way to Laleham; that so I might bring home my recollection of this place "unmixed with baser matter."

May 2, 1827.

5. . . . . After dinner we started again in our carriage to the Ponte Molle, about two miles out of Rome. All the way the road runs under a steep and cliffy bank, which is the continuation of the Collis Hortulorum in Rome itself, and which turns off at the Ponte Molle, and forms the boundary of the Tiber for some way to the north, the cliffs, however, being succeeded by grass slopes. On the right bank, after crossing the Monte

Molle, the road which we followed ran south-west towards St. Peter's and the Vatican, between the Tiber and the Ponte Mario. The Monte Mario is the highest point of the same line of hills, of which the Vatican and Janiculum form parts: it is a line intersected with many valleys of denudation, making several curves, and as it were little bays and creeks in it, like the hills on the right bank of the Thames behind Chertsey, which coming forward at St. Anne's, fall back in a very irregular line behind Stroud and Thorpe Green, and then come forward again with a higher and steeper side close to the Thames at Cooper's Hill. The Monte Mario is like Cooper's Hill, the highest, boldest, and most prominent part of the line; it is about the height and steepness too of Cooper's Hill, and has the Tiber just at the foot of it, like the Thames at Anchorwick. To keep up the resemblance there is a sort of terrace at the top of the Monte Mario planted with cypresses, and a villa, though dilapidated, crowns the summit, as also at our old friend above Egham. Here we stood, on a most delicious evening, the ilex and the gum-cistus in great profusion about us, the slope below full of olives and vines, the cypresses over our heads, and before our eyes all that one has ever read of in Roman History—the course of the Tiber between the low hills that bound it, coming down from Fidenæ, and receiving the Allia and the Anio; beyond, the Apennines, the distant and higher summits still quite white with snow; in front, the Alban hills; on the right, the Campagna to the sea, and just beneath us the whole length of Rome, ancient and modern—St. Peter's and the Colosseum rising as the representatives of each—the Pantheon, the Aventine, the Quirinal, all the well-known objects distinctly laid before us. One may safely say that the world cannot contain many views of such mingled beauty and interest as this.

6. . . . . From the Aventine we again visited the Colosseum, which I admired most exceedingly, but I cannot describe its effect. Then to the Church of St. John, at the Lateran gate, before which stands the highest of the Egyptian obelisks, brought by Constantine to Rome. Near to this church also is the Scala Santa, or pretended staircase of Pilate's house at Jerusalem. It is cased with wood, and people may only ascend to it on their knees, as I saw several persons doing. Then we went to St. Maria Maggiore, to Maria degli Angeli at the baths of Diocletian, and from thence I was deposited again at ——. I care very little for the sight of their churches,

and nothing at all for the recollection of them. St. John at the Lateran is, I think, the finest; and the form of the Greek Cross at St. Maria degli Angeli is much better for these buildings than that of the Latin. But precious marbles, and precious stones, and gilding, and rich colouring are to me like the kaleidoscope, and no more; and these churches are almost as inferior to ours, in my judgment, as their worship is to ours. I saw these two lines painted on the wall in the street to-day, near an image of the Virgin:

> Chi vuole in morte aver Gesu per Padre,
> Onori in vita la sua Santa Madre.

I declare I do not know what name of abhorrence can be too strong for a religion which, holding the very bread of life in its hands, thus feeds the people with poison. I say "the bread of life;" for in some things the indestructible virtue of Christ's Gospel breaks through all their pollutions of it; and I have seen frequent placards also—but printed papers, not printed on the walls, and therefore, perhaps, the work of some good individual. "Iddio ci vede. Eternita." This is a sort of seed scattered by the wayside, which certainly would not have been found in heathen Rome.

7. . . . . I fear that our countrymen, and especially our unmarried countrymen, who live long abroad, are not in the best possible moral state, however much they may do in science and literature; which comes back to my old opinion, that such pursuits will not do for a man's main business, and that they must be used in subordination to a clearly-perceived Christian end, and looked upon as of most subordinate value, or else they become as fatal as absolute idleness. In fact, the house is spiritually empty, so long as the pearl of great price is not there, although it may be hung with all the decorations of earthly knowledge. But, in saying this I do not allude to ——, but to a class; I heard him say nothing amiss except negatively; and I have great reason to thank him for his civility. But it is so delightful to meet with a man like Bunsen, with whom I know that all is right, that perhaps the contrast of those with whom I cannot feel the same certainty is the more striking.

8. We found the Savignys at home, and I had some considerable talk with Savigny about the Roman Law, which was satisfactory to me on this account,—that I found that I knew enough of the subject to understand what its difficulties were,

and that in conversing with the most profound master of the Roman Law in Europe, I found that I had been examining the right sources of information. He thought that the Tribes voted upon laws down to a late period of the Emperor's government.

Rome, May, 1827.

9. Lastly, we ascended to the top of the Colosseum, Bunsen leaving us at the door to go home; and I seated myself with ——, just above the main entrance, towards the Forum, and there took my farewell look over Rome. It was a delicious evening, and everything was looking to advantage: the huge Colosseum just under me,—the tufts of ilex and alaternus, and other shrubs that fringe the ruins everywhere in the lower parts,—while the outside wall, with its top of gigantic stones, lifts itself high above, and seems like a mountain barrier of bare rock, inclosing a green and varied valley. I sat and gazed upon the scene with an intense and mingled feeling. The world could show nothing grander; it was one which for years I had longed to see, and I was now looking at it for the last time. I do not think you will be jealous, dearest, if I confess that I could not take leave of it without something of regret. Even with you and our darlings, I would not live out of our dear country, to which I feel bound alike by every tie of duty and affection; and to be here a vagrant, without you, is certainly very far from happiness. Not for an instant would I prolong my absence from Laleham, yet still I feel, at leaving Rome, very differently from what I ever felt at leaving any other place not more endeared than this is by personal ties; and when I last see the dome of St. Peter's, I shall seem to be parting from more than a mere town full of curiosities, where the eye has been amused, and the intellect gratified. I never thought to have felt thus tenderly towards Rome; but the inexpressible solemnity and beauty of her ruined condition has quite bewitched me; and to the latest hour of my life I shall remember the Forum, the surrounding hills, and the magnificent Colosseum.

In a ferry-boat on the Po. May 16, 1827.

10. Here we are in our carriage in a great boat, with another carriage alongside of us, in which is a priest of some dignity, as I imagine, with two servants. The Po has been

uncivil to us, and first of all broke down the bridge of Placentia, and obliged us to go round by Pavia, and then has made such a flood that we cannot land at the usual place, but are going to have a voyage of nearly a mile up the river. The scene is very Trentish; the wide and very dirty river; the exceedingly rich and fat plains, the church towers on the banks, and the exceeding clumsiness of the boats—so unlike those of the Thames. Meanwhile I gain some time for Journal, which I am in great need of. The whole of yesterday morning, from nine to half-past two, I spent in the Library at Parma, collating Thucydides. At a little before four we left Parma, and at a little before nine we reached Placentia. I must not omit to mention the remarkable beauty of the fire-flies last night, just as we entered Placentia. The wide meadows before we reached the town were sparkling with the shifting light of hundreds of these little creatures, whose irregular movements and perpetual change resembled a fairy dance, in which each elf carried a lamp in his hand, alternately lighting and extinguishing it by magic power. I never saw them before in such abundance. The change of climate from Rome is very perceptible. We have no olives here, and few figs, and the flowers in the fields and hedges are mostly the same as our own: though I still see our garden gladiolus in the corn-fields, and the dog-roses are in full bloom. From Placentia here we have been again on old ground—still the great plain of Lombardy, which we have now followed for 120 miles without one hill—and we are going to follow it for 50 more on the other bank of the Po from here to Como. Its richness is apparently unequal, and about Placentia it seems much inferior to what it is about Bologna, Modena, and Reggio. We have just crossed about three miles of the Sardinian dominions in our way to the Po: and for this little bit we have again had trouble with the Custom House about my books: for it seems the Sardinian Government is afraid of light as well as its neighbours. There has evidently been a great deal of rain here lately, and all the streams from the Apennines are full. We should not have been able to cross the Trebbia had there not been a bridge built about two years since, and the same may be said of the Taro. These increasing facilities of communication are certainly very creditable to the governments, and of good omen for the people; as they may tend to give them some activity of mind, and some knowledge of what is going on at some little distance from their own homes; and thus they may in time be fit for liberty. But

I cannot think that any good and wise man can regret the failure of the Piedmontese and Neapolitan revolutions of 1821. It would be a hopeless state of things to see the half-informed and thoroughly unprincipled lawyers, merchants, and literati of Italy, put into the possession of power. With Prussia the case is totally different; but the king there has done so much good, that we may hope favourably of what he will do to make his people independent of the personal character of their sovereign. Successors like himself he cannot reckon on; and the true magnanimity of a sovereign is to resign to his people the exclusive power of doing good, and to be content that they should do it to themselves. By the way, I suppose it was this sentiment in my Life of Trajan that —— found so shocking; but be it so; at that rate I cannot write what will not be shocking —and most ashamed I should be so to write as that such men should approve of it. The Po has been now civil enough to redeem his incivility, so I shall part with him on good terms.

On the mountain side, above the Lake of Como (second visit).

May 19, 1827.

11. I am now seated, dearest M——, very nearly in the same spot from which I took my sketch with —— in 1825; and I am very glad to be here again, for certainly the steamboat had given no adequate impression of the beauties of this lake, and I did not wish to go away from it—admiring it less than I did the last time. But now, seated under its chestnut woods, and looking down upon its clear water, it appears as beautiful as ever. Again I see the white sails specking it, and the cliff running down sheer into it, and the village of Tomo running out into it on its little peninsula, and Blevio nearer to me, and the houses sometimes lining the water's edge, and sometimes clustering up amidst the chestnuts. How strange to be sitting twice within two years in the same place, on the shores of an Italian lake, and to be twice describing the self-same scenery. But now I feel to be taking a final leave of it, and to be viewing the inexpressible beauty of these lakes for the last time. And I am fully satisfied—for their images will remain for ever in my memory, and one has something else to do in life than to be for ever running about after objects to delight the eye or the intellect. "This I say, brethren; the time is short;" and how much is to be done in that time! May God, who has given me so much enjoyment, give me

grace to be duly active and zealous in His service; that I may make this relaxation really useful, and hallow it as His gift, through Jesus Christ. May I not be idle or selfish, or vainly romantic; but sober, watchful, diligent, and full of love to my brethren.

IV. TOUR IN GERMANY.

June 9, 1828.

1. Early this morning we left Aix, and came on to Cologne. The country, which about Aix is very pretty, soon degenerates into great masses of table-land, divided at long intervals by the valley of the Roer, in which is Juliers, or Julich, where we breakfasted, and that of the Ernst, in which is Bergheim. All this was dull enough, but the weather mean time was steadying and settling itself, and the distances were getting very clear, and at last our table-land ended, and sank down into a plain, and from the edge of it, as we began to descend, we burst upon the view of the valley of the Rhine, the city of Cologne, with all its towers, the Rhine itself distinctly seen at the distance of seven miles,—the Seven Mountains above Bonn on our right, and a boundless sweep of the country beyond the Rhine in front of us. To be sure, it was a striking contrast to the first view of the valley of the Tiber from the mountain of Viterbo; but the Rhine in mighty recollections will vie with anything, and this spot was particularly striking: Cologne was Agrippa's colony, inhabited by Germans, brought from beyond the river, to live as the subjects of Rome; the river itself was the frontier of the Empire—the limit as it were of two worlds, that of Roman laws and customs and that of German. Far before us lay the land of our Saxon and Teutonic forefathers—the land uncorrupted by Roman or any other mixture; the birthplace of the most moral races of men that the world has yet seen—of the soundest laws—the least violent passions, and the fairest domestic and civil virtues. I thought of that memorable defeat of Varus and his three legions,* which for ever confined the Romans to the western side of the Rhine, and preserved the Teutonic nation—the regenerating element in modern Europe—safe and free.

* This, and the defeat of the Moors by Charles Martel, he used to rank as the two most important battles in the world.

On the Elbe, a little before sunset. July, 1828.

2. We are now near Pirna, that is, near the end of the Saxon Switzerland; the cliffs which here line the river on both sides—a wall of cliff rising out of wood, and crowned with wood—will in a very short time sink down into plains, or at the best into gentle slopes, and the Elbe will wind through one unvaried flat from this point till it reaches the sea. There is to me something almost affecting in the striking analogy of rivers to the course of human life, and my fondness for them makes me notice it more in them than in any other objects in which it may exist equally. The Elbe rises in plains; it flows through plains for some way; then for many miles it runs through the beautiful scenery which we have been visiting, and then it is plain again for all the rest of its course. Even yet, dearest, and we have reached our middle course in the ordinary run of life, how much more favoured have we been than this river; for hitherto we have gone on through nothing but a fair country, yet so far like the Elbe, that the middle has been the loveliest. And what if our course is henceforth to run through plains as dreary as those of the Elbe, for we are now widely separated, and I may never be allowed to return to you; and I know not what may happen, or may even now have happened to you. Then the river may be our comfort, for we are passing on as it passes, and we are going to the bosom of that Being who sent us forth, even as the rivers return to the sea, the general fountain of all waters. Thus much is natural religion,—not surely to be despised or neglected, though we have more given us than anything which the analogy of nature can parallel. For He who trod the sea, and whose path is in the deep waters, has visited us with so many manifestations of His grace, and is our God by such other high titles, greater than that of creation, that to him who puts out the arm of faith, and brings the mercies that are round him home to his own particular use, how full of overflowing comfort must the world be, even when its plains are the dreariest and loneliest! Well may every one of Christ's disciples repeat to Him the prayer made by His first twelve, "Lord increase our faith!" and well may He wonder—as the Scripture applies such a term to God—that our faith is so little. Be it strengthened in us, dearest wife, and in our children, that we may be all one, now and evermore, in Christ Jesus.

V. TOUR IN SWITZERLAND AND NORTH OF ITALY.

July 16, 1829.

1. How completely is the Jura like Cithæron, with its νάπαι and λειμῶνες, and all that scenery Euripides has given to the life in the Bacchæ. Immediately beyond the post-house at S. Cergues, the view opens,—one that I never saw surpassed, nor can I ever; for if America should afford scenes of greater natural beauty, yet the associations cannot be the same. No time, to civilized man, can make the Andes like the Alps: another Deluge alone could place them on a level. There was the Lake of Geneva, with its inimitable and indescribable blue,—the whole range of the mountains which bound its southern shore,—the towns that edge its banks,—the rich plain between us and its waters,—and immediately around us the pines and oaks of the Jura, and its deep glens, and its thousand flowers,—out of which we looked on this Paradise.

Genoa, July 29, 1829.

2. Once again I am on the shore of the Mediterranean. I saw it only from a distance when I was last in Italy, but now I am once more on its very edge, and have been on it and in it. True it is, that the Mediterranean is no more than a vast mass of salt water, if people choose to think it so; but it is also the most magnificent thing in the world, if you choose to think it so; and it is as truly the latter as it is the former. And as the pococurante temper is not the happiest, and that which can admire heartily is much more akin to that which can love heartily, ὁ δὲ ἀγαπῶν, θεῷ ἥδη ὅμοιος,—so, my children, I wish that if ever you come to Genoa, you may think the Mediterranean to be more than any common sea, and may be unable to look upon it without a deep stirring of delight.

On the Lake of Como, August 3, 1829.

3. I fancy how delightful it would be to bring one's family and live here; but then, happily, I think and feel how little such voluptuous enjoyment would repay for abandoning the line of usefulness and activity which I have in England, and how the feeling myself helpless and useless, living merely to look about me, and training up my children in the same way, would soon make all this beauty pall, and appear even wearisome. But to see it as we are now doing, in our moments of

recreation, to strengthen us for work to come, and to gild with beautiful recollections our daily life of home duties;—this, indeed, is delightful, and is a pleasure which I think we may enjoy without restraint. England has other destinies than these countries,—I use the word in no foolish or unchristian sense,—but she has other destinies; her people have more required of them; with her full intelligence, her restless activity, her enormous means, and enormous difficulties; her pure religion and unchecked freedom; the form of society, with so much of evil, yet so much of good in it, and such immense power conferred by it;—her citizens, least of all men, should think of their own rest or enjoyment, but should cherish every faculty and improve every opportunity to the uttermost, to do good to themselves and to the world. Therefore these lovely valleys, and this surpassing beauty of lake and mountain, and garden and wood, are least, of all men, for us to covet; and our country, so entirely subdued as it is to man's uses, with its gentle hills and valleys, its innumerable canals and coaches, is best suited as an instrument of usefulness.

Zurich, August 7, 1829.

4. Once more I must recross the Alps to Chiavenna, which certainly is amongst the most extraordinary places I ever beheld. Its situation resembles that of Aosta and Bellinzona, and I think, if possible, it surpasses them both. The mountains by which it is enclosed are formed of that hard dark rock which is so predominant in the lower parts of the Alps on the Italian side, and which gives them so decided a character. Above Chiavenna their height is unusually great, and their magnificence, both in the ruggedness of their form and the steepness of their cliffs, as in the gigantic size of the fragments which they have thrown down into the valley, and in the luxuriance of their chestnut woods, is of the very highest degree. The effect too is greater, because the valley is so much narrower than that of the Ticino at Bellinzona, or of the Dorea Baltea at Aosta; in fact the stream is rather a torrent than a river, but full and impetuous, and surprisingly clear, although the snowy Alps from which it takes its source rise at a very little distance; but their substance apparently is harder than that of the Alps about Mont Blanc, and the torrents, therefore, are far purer than the Dorea or the Arve. In the very midst of the town of Chiavenna, now covered with terrace walls and vineyards to its very summit, stands an

enormous fragment of rock, once detached from the neighbouring mountains, and rising to the height, I suppose, of seventy or eighty feet. It was formerly occupied by a fortress built on its top by the Spaniards, in their wars in the north of Italy; but it all looks quiet and peaceful now. Miss H., her brother, and I wandered about before dinner to take a scramble amidst the rocks and chestnuts. We followed a path between the walls of the vineyards wide enough for one person only, till it led us out amid the rocks, and then continued to wind about amongst them, leading to the little grotto-like dwellings which were scattered amongst them, or built on to the enormous fragments which cover the whole mountain-side. On the tops of these fragments, however, as well as between them, a vegetation of fine grass has contrived to establish itself, and the chestnuts twist their knotty roots about in every direction till they find some fissure by which they can strike down into the soil. It is impossible, therefore, to picture anything more beautiful than a scramble about these mountains. You are in a wood of the most magnificent trees, shaded from the sun, yet not treading on mouldering leaves or damp earth, but on a carpet of the freshest spring turf, rich with all sorts of flowers. You have the softness of an upland meadow and the richness of an English park, yet you are amidst masses of rock, now rearing their steep sides in bare cliffs, now hung with the senna and the broom, now carpeted with turf, and only showing their existence by the infinitely-varied form which they give to the ground, the numberless deep dells, and green amphitheatres, and deliciously smooth platforms, all caused by the ruins of the mountain which have thus broken and studded its surface, and are yet so mellowed by the rich vegetation which time has given them, that they now only soften its character.

This to me unrivalled beauty of the chestnut woods was very remarkable in two or three scenes which we saw the next day; one before we set out for the Splugen, when we drove a little way up the valley of Chiavenna, to see a waterfall. The fall was beautiful in itself, as all waterfalls must be, but its peculiar charm was this, that instead of falling amidst copsewood, as the falls in Wales and the north of England generally do, or amidst mere shattered rocks, like that fine one in the Valais near Martigny—here, on the contrary, the water fell over a cliff of black rock into a deep rocky basin, and then as it flowed down in its torrent it ran beneath a platform of the

most delicious grass, on which the great chestnut trees stood about as finely as in an English park, and rose almost to a level with the top of the fall, while the turf underneath them was steeped in a perpetual dew from the spray. The other scene was on the road to Isola, on the way to the Splugen, in the valley of the Lina. It is rather a gorge than a valley, so closely do the mountains approach one another, while the torrent is one succession of falls. Yet just in one place, where the road by a succession of zigzags had wound up to the level of the top of the falls, and where the stream was running for a short space as gentle and as limpid as one of the clear rapid chalk streams of the south of Hampshire, the turf sloped down gently from the road to the stream, the great chestnut trees spread their branches over it, and just on its smooth margin was a little chapel, with those fresco paintings on its walls which are so constant a remembrance of Italy. Across the stream there was the same green turf and the same chestnut shade, and if you did not lift up your eyes high into the sky, to notice the barrier of insurmountable cliff and mountain which surrounded you on each side, you would have had no other images before you than those of the softest and most delicate repose, and of almost luxurious enjoyment.

Champagne, August 12, 1829.

Between Brienne and Arcis the valley was full of villages, and they were large and comfortable-looking, almost every cottage having a good garden. These valleys in Champagne are on a small scale what Egypt is on a large scale; highly cultivated, and with a crowded population along the streams, because all the country on either side of the valley is an uninhabitable desert. Arcis is a very poor town, and from thence to Chalons it was a country not be paralleled, I suppose, in civilized Europe, except it be in Castile in Spain. A waste it was not, for it was all cultivated, but the dreariness of a boundless view all brown and dry, cornfields either cleared or ready for the harvest, without a tree or a green field, or a house, was exceedingly striking, and Champagne is worth seeing for the very surpassing degree of its ugliness. They are, however, in several places, beginning to plant firs, and if this be followed, the aspect and value of the country will be greatly improved. Chalons, at a distance, looks well; and the green valley and fine stream of the Marne are quite delicious to eyes accustomed to one brown extent of plain or table-land during thirty miles.

VI. TOUR IN NORTH OF ITALY.

Chamberri, July 17, 1830.

1. The state of feeling displayed by Sismondi, and the rest of the party, filled me with thoughts that might make a volume. It was, I fear, certainly unchristian and ultra-liberal;—looking to war with very little dismay, but anxious to spread everywhere what they considered liberal views, "les Idées du Siècle," and so intolerant of anything old, that Sismondi made it a matter of reproach to our Government that Guernsey and Jersey still retained their old Norman laws. They were strongly anti-Anglican, regarding England as the great enemy to all improvement all over the world. Now as to mending —— and ——, that is not our concern; but for ourselves, it did fill me with earnest thoughts of the fearful conflict that must soon take place between the friends and enemies of the old system of things, and the provoking intermixture of evil in the latter, which makes it impossible to sympathize wholly in their success. I was struck, too, with the total isolation of England from the European world. We are considered like the inhabitants of another planet, feared, perhaps, and respected in many points, but not loved, and in no respect understood or sympathized with. And how much is our state the same with regard to the Continent. How little do we seem to know or value their feelings,—how little do we appreciate or imitate their intellectual progress. . . . . Is it never to be, that men shall be at once Christians and really liberal and wise: and shall the improvement of our social condition always be left to unhallowed hands to effect it? I conclude with the lament of the Persian noble:—*ἐχθίστη ὀδύνη πολλὰ φρονέοντα μηδενὸς κρατέειν;** or rather, I should say, it would be *ἐχθίστη ὀδύνη*, did we not believe that there was One in whom infinite wisdom was accompanied with infinite power; and whose will for us is that we should follow after what is good ourselves but should not wonder or be disappointed if "another take the city and it be called after his name." There is a want of moral wisdom among the continental Liberals, as among their opponents both abroad and at home, which makes one tremble to follow such guides. I gave my Thucydides to Sismondi; would that he could read it and profit by it; for, sad to say, Thucydides seems to me to have been not only a fairer and an abler man, but one of a far sounder moral sense, and deeper principle, than the modern

* "The bitter pain of seeing and not being able to control."

Liberals. Between what a Scylla and Charybdis does the state of society seem to be wavering, the brute ignorance and coarse commonplace selfishness of the Tories, and the presumption and intellectual fever of the Liberals. "To the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness; but to them who believe, both Jews and Greeks, CHRIST, the power of God, and the wisdom of God." Ἀμὴν ναὶ ἔρχου Κύριε Ἰησοῦ.

Varese, July 24, 1830.

2. We arrived here, at the Star inn, the post, about a quarter after five, got a hasty dinner, and —— and I were in our carriage, or rather in a light cabriolet hired for the purpose, a little after six, to drive about two miles out, to the foot of the mountain of S. Maria. At the foot of the mountain we began to walk, the road being a sort of paved way round the mountain in great zigzags, and passing by in the ascent about twenty chapels or arches, introductory to the one at the summit. Over the first of these was written "Her foundations are upon the holy hills;" and other passages of Scripture were written over the succeeding ones. In one of these chapels, looking in through the window, we saw that it was full of waxen figures as large as life, representing the apostles on the day of Pentecost; and in another there was a sepulchre hewn out of the rock, and the apostles coming, as on the morning of the Resurrection, "to see the place where Jesus lay." I confess, these waxen figures seemed to me anything but absurd; from the solemnity of the place altogether, and from the goodness of the execution, I looked on them with no disposition to laugh or to criticize. But what I did not expect was the exceeding depth and richness of the chestnut shade, through which the road partially ran, only coming out at every turning to the extreme edge of the mountain, and so commanding the view on every side. But when we got to the summit, we saw a path leading up to the green edge of a cliff on the mountain above, and we thought if we could get there we should probably see Lugano. Accordingly, on we walked; till just at sunset we got out to the crown of the ridge, the brow of an almost precipitous cliff looking down on the whole mountain of S. Maria del Monte, which on this side presented nothing but a large mass of rock and cliff, a perfect contrast to the rich wood of its other side. But neither S. Maria del Monte, nor the magnificent view of the plain of Lombardy—one mass of rich verdure, enlivened with its thousand white houses and church towers—were the objects which

we most gazed upon. We looked westward full upon the whole range of mountains, behind which, in a cloudless sky, the sun had just descended. It is utterly idle to attempt a description of such a scene. I counted twelve successive mountain outlines between us and the farthest horizon; and the most remote of all, the high peaks of the Alps, were brought out strong and dark in the glowing sky behind them, so that their edge seemed actually to cut it. Immediately below our eyes, plunged into a depth of chestnut forest, varied as usual with meadows and villages, and beyond, embosomed amidst the nearer mountains, lay the Lake of Lugano. As if everything combined to make the scene perfect, the mountain on which we stood was covered, to my utter astonishment, with the Daphne cneorum, and I found two small pieces in flower to ascertain the fact, although generally it was out of bloom. We stood gazing on the view, and hunting about to find the Daphne in flower, till the shades of darkness were fast rising; then we descended from our height, went down the mountain of S. Maria, refreshing ourselves on the way at one of the delicious fountains which are made beside the road, regained our carriage at the foot of the mountain, and, though we had left our coats and neckcloths at Varese before we started, and were hot through and through with the skirmish, yet the soft air of these summer nights had nothing chilly in it, and we were only a little refreshed by the coolness during our drive home. I now look out on a sky bright with its thousand stars, and observed a little summer lightning behind the mountains. If any one wishes for the perfection of earthly beauty, he should see such a sunset as we saw this evening from the mountain above S. Maria del Monte.

Mule track above the Lake of Como, under the chestnuts (third visit), July 25, 1830.

3. Once more, dearest M——, for the third time, seated under these delicious chestnuts, and above this delicious lake, with the blue sky above, and the green lake beneath, and Monte Rosa and the S. Gothard, and the Simplon rearing their snowy heads in the distance. It would be a profanation of this place to use it for common journal; I came out here with —— party to enjoy the association which this lake in a peculiar manner has connected with it to my mind. Last year it did not signify that I was not here, for you were with me; but, with you absent, I should have grieved to have visited Como, and not have come to this sweet spot. I see no change

in the scenery since I was last here in 1827, and I feel very little, if any, in myself. Yet for me "summer is now ebbing;" since I was here last, I have passed the middle point of man's life, and it is hardly possible that I should be here again without feeling some change. If we were here with our dear children, that itself would be a change, and I hardly expect to be again on this very spot, without having them. But what matters, or rather what should matter change or no change, so that the decaying body and less vigorous intellect were but accompanied with a more thriving and more hopeful life of the spirit? It is almost awful to look at the overwhelming beauty around me, and then think of moral evil; it seems as if heaven and hell, instead of being separated by a great gulf from one another, were absolutely on each other's confines, and indeed not far from every one of us. Might the sense of moral evil be as strong in me as my delight in external beauty, for in a deep sense of moral evil, more perhaps than in anything else, abides a saving knowledge of God! It is not so much to admire moral good; that we may do, and yet not be ourselves conformed to it; but if we really do abhor that which is evil, not the persons in whom evil resides, but the evil which dwelleth in them, and much more manifestly and certainly to our own knowledge, in our own hearts—this is to have the feeling of God and of Christ, and to have our spirit in sympathy with the Spirit of God. Alas! how easy to see this and say it—how hard to do it and to feel it! Who is sufficient for these things? No one, but he who feels and really laments his own insufficiency. God bless you, my dearest wife, and our beloved children, now and evermore, through Christ Jesus.

July 29, 1830.

4. The Laquais de Place, at Padua, was a good one of his kind, and, finding that his knowledge of French was much less than mine of Italian, if that be possible, we talked wholly in Italian. He said that the taxes were now four times as heavy as under the old Venetian government, or under the French. He himself, when a young man, had volunteered into the republican army, after the overthrow of the Venetian aristocracy in 1797, and had fought at Marengo, where he was wounded. He said they had in Padua a Casa di Ricovero, or asylum for the infirm and infant poor; and here also, he said, relief was given to men in full age and vigour, when they were thrown

out of employment. I asked how it was supported. He said, chiefly by bequests; for whenever a man of property died, the priest who attended him never failed to suggest to him that he should leave something to the Casi di Ricovero; and he seemed to think it almost a matter of course that such a recommendation should be attended to. It seems, then, that in the improved state of society, the influence of the Catholic clergy is used for purposes of general charity, and not for their own advantage; and who would not wish that our clergy dared to exercise something of the same influence over our higher classes, and could prevent that most unchristian spirit of family selfishness and pride, by which too many wills of our rich men are wholly dictated? But our Church bears, and has ever borne, the marks of her birth. The child of regal and aristocratical selfishness and unprincipled tyranny, she has never dared to speak boldly to the great, but has contented herself with lecturing to the poor. "I will speak of thy testimonies even before kings, and will not be ashamed," is a text which the Anglican Church, as a national institution, seems never to have caught the spirit of. Folly, and worse than folly is it, to think that preaching what are called orthodox doctrines before the great is really preaching to them the Gospel. Unless the particular conclusions which they should derive from those doctrines be impressed upon them; unless they are warned against the particular sins to which they are tempted by their station in society, and urged to the particular duties which their political and social state requires of them, the Gospel will be heard without offence, and, *therefore*, one may almost say, without benefit. Of course I do not mean offence at the manner in which it is preached, nor offence indeed, at all, in the common sense of the word; but a feeling of soreness that they are touched by what they hear, a feeling which makes the conscience uneasy, because it cannot conceal from itself that its own practice is faulty.

Latch, August 3, 1830.

5. In the market-place at Meran there is a large statue of, the Virgin, to commemorate two deliverances from the French in 1796, and in 1799, when the enemy on one occasion came as far as Botzen, and on the other as far as Glurns and Eyers. But this is so exactly a thing after the manner of Herodotus, that I must for a few lines borrow his language.

Ἕστηκε δὲ ἐν μέσῃ τῇ ἀγορᾷ ἄγαλμα ξύλινον Ἀθήνης ἀλεξικάκου· ἔστι δὲ τὸ ἄγαλμα καὶ γραφῇ καὶ ἔργῳ εἰκασμένον· καὶ τῇ μὲν κεφαλῇ τῆς θεοῦ περικέεται στέφανος ἀστέρων, τῇ δὲ στήλῃ πολλὰ ἐπιγέγραπται, τὴν αἰτίην τοῦ ἀναθήματος ἀποδεικνύμενα. Ἦν γάρ ποτε μέγας ἀνὰ πάσην, ὡς εἰπεῖν, Εὐρώπην πόλεμος· συχναὶ δὲ ἐγένοντο πολέων ἀναστάσιες, ἔτι δὲ μᾶλλον ἀγρῶν δηώσεις καὶ ἀνθρώπων φόνοι. Ἐν μὲν ὧν τούτῳ τῷ πολέμῳ μέγιστα δὴ πάντων ἔργα ἀπεδέξαντο οἱ Γαλάται· καὶ πολὺς ἐπέκειτο πασῇσι τῇσι περιωκημένῃσι πόλισιν ὁ ἀπ' αὐτῶν κίνδυνος. Οὗτοι οἱ Γαλάται Αὐστριανοῖς ἐπολέμουν. τοῦ δὲ Αὐστριανῶν βασιλέος τὸ Τιρωλικὸν ἔθνος ἦν ὑπήκοον. Οἱ δὲ Αὐστριανοὶ πολλῇσιν ἤδη μάχῃσι νικηθέντες, κακῶς ἔπασχον· καὶ περὶ τῆς ἑαυτῶν ἀρχῆς ἤδη καθίστατο ὁ ἀγών. Καὶ τῆς μὲν Τιρωλίδος γενναίως ὑπερεμάχοντο οἱ ἐπιχώριοι, πλήθει δὲ ὑπερβαλλόμενοι τοὺς Γαλάτας ἐς τὴν χώρην ἐσεδέκοντο. Οὗτοι δὲ τὰ μὲν ἄλλα δηώσαντες ἐς τὴν τῶν Μεράνων οὐκ ἀφίκοντο, εἴτε συντυχίῃ τινὶ, εἴτε τῆς θεοῦ οὕτω διαθείσης. Ἀλλά γε οἱ Μέρανοι ἐς θεῖόν τι ἀναφέροντες τὸ πρῆγμα, καὶ οὐ τύχῃ μᾶλλον ἢ θεῶν εὐνοίᾳ σωθῆναι τότε ἡγούμενοι, τό τε ἄγαλμα τῇ θεῷ ἀνέθηκαν, καὶ ἔτι ἐς τὸ νῦν αἰεὶ, ὡς δι' αὐτὴν περιγιγνόμενοι, διαφερόντως τιμῶσι.

August 11, 1830.

My dearest M——, this book [a new MS. volume of the journal] ought surely to begin with good omens, as it begins on our wedding-day. How much of happiness and of cause for the deepest thankfulness is contained in the recollections of this day; for in the ten years that have elapsed since our marriage, there has been condensed, I suppose, as great a portion of happiness, with as little alloy, as ever marked any ten years of human existence. It is impossible to look back, and to look forwards, without some feelings of awe and apprehension; for the future cannot be more full of earthly happiness than the past, and, in all human probability, must, in one way or another, be less so. Perhaps it is best that it should be; for one cannot help feeling the enormous disproportion between desert and blessing; and though this is not a true feeling, for desert has nothing to do with it, yet the unfitness for blessings is a real and just consideration; a sickly state cannot bear such delicious fare; a constitution that has so much to struggle with should be braced with a harder discipline for the conflict. And yet how vain would any such considerations be to alleviate the actual misery of a change: then nothing could, I think, tend so much to support me as the simple consideration of Christ's example. He pleased not Himself, nor entered into His rest till He had gone through the worst extremity of evil. Perhaps, however, the best way

of taking such anniversaries as this is, not by speculating on the future, or on how we could bear a change, but by remembering *now*, in our season of happiness, that it is but an earnest of more, if we receive it with true thankfulness, and that let come what will, all will work to good if, while it is day, we labour to work the work that is set before us. May I remember this; and remember too, that God's work is to believe on Him whom He hath sent: that is, not only to do my earthly business honestly and zealously, but to do it as a Christian, humbly and piously,—not trusting in any degree in myself, but labouring for that strength which is made most perfect in him who feels his own weakness. God bless us both, my dearest M——, and our dearest children, through Christ Jesus.

[This account of his visit to Niebuhr, being written in the carriage on the journeys of the subsequent days, was interspersed with remarks on the route, which have been omitted.]

August, 1830.

6. . . . . In person Niebuhr is short, not above five feet six, or seven, I should think, at the outside; his face is thin, and his features rather pointed, his eyes remarkably lively and benevolent. His manner is frank, sensible, and kind, and what Bunsen calls the Teutonic character of benevolence is very predominant about him, yet with nothing of what Jeffrey called, on the other hand, the beer-drinking heaviness of a mere Saxon. He received me very kindly, and we talked in English, which he speaks very well, on a great number of subjects. I was struck with his minute knowledge of the Text and MSS. of Thucydides, and with his earnest hope, several times repeated, that we might never do away with the system of classical education in England. I told him of Sismondi's nonsense about Guernsey and Jersey,* at which he was very much entertained, but said that it did not surprise him. He said that he was now much more inclined to change old institutions than he had been formerly,—but "possibly," said he, "I may see reason in two or three years to go back more to my old views." Yet he anticipated no evil consequences to the peace of Europe, even from a Republic in France, for he thought that all classes of people had derived benefit from experience.

Niebuhr spoke with great admiration of our former great men, Pitt and Fox, &c., and thought that we were degenerated;

* See page 330.

and he mentioned as a very absurd thing a speech of ——, who visited him at Bonn, that if those men were now to come to life, they would be thought nothing of with our present lights in political economy. Niebuhr asked me with much interest about my plans of religious instruction at Rugby, and said that in their Protestant schools the business began daily with the reading and expounding a chapter in the New Testament. He spoke of the Catholics in Prussia, as being very hypocritical, that is, having no belief beyond outward profession. Bunsen, he said, was going to publish a collection of German hymns for the Church service. Their literature is very rich in hymns in point of quantity, no fewer than 36,000, and out of these Bunsen is going to collect the best. Niebuhr's tone on these matters quite satisfied me, and made me feel sure that all was right. He spoke with great admiration of Wordsworth's poetry. He often protested that he was no revolutionist, but he said, though he would have given a portion of his fortune that Charles X. should have governed constitutionally, and so remained on the throne, "yet," said he, "after what took place, I would myself have joined the people in Paris, that is to say, I would have given them my advice and directions, for I do not know that I should have done much good with a musket." —Niebuhr spoke of Mr. Pitt, that to his positive knowledge, from unpublished State Papers, which he had seen, Pitt had remonstrated most warmly against the coalition at Pilnitz, and had been unwillingly drawn into the war to gratify George III. —My account of Niebuhr's conversation has been sadly broken, and I am afraid I cannot recollect all that I wish to recollect. He said that he once owed his life to Louis Bonaparte, who interceded with Napoleon when he was going to have Niebuhr shot; and promised Niebuhr that, if he could not persuade his brother, he would get him twenty-four hours' notice, and furnish him with the means of escaping to England. After this Niebuhr met Louis at Rome, and he said that he did not well know how to address him; but he thought that the service which he had received from him might well excuse him for addressing him as "Sire." He asked me into the drawing-room to drink tea, and introduced me to his wife. Niebuhr's children also were in the room, four girls and a boy, with a young lady, who, I believe, was their governess. They struck me as very nice mannered children, and it was very delightful to see Niebuhr's affectionate manner to them and to his wife. While we were at tea, there came in a young

man with the intelligence that the Duke of Orleans had been proclaimed king, and Niebuhr's joy at the news was quite enthusiastic. He had said before, that in the present state of society, a Republic was not to his taste, and that he earnestly hoped that there would be no attempt to revive it in France. He went home with me to my inn, and when I told him what pleasure it would give me to see any of his friends in England, he said that there was a friend of his, a nobleman, who was thinking of sending his son to be educated in England. The father and mother, he said, were pious and excellent people, and devoted to the improvement of their tenantry in every respect, and they wished their son to be brought up in the same views. And Niebuhr said that if this young man came to England, he should be very happy to avail himself of my offer. And he expressed his hope that you and I might be at Bonn again some day together, and that he might receive us under his own roof. He expressed repeatedly his great affection for England, saying that his father had accustomed him from a boy to read the English newspapers, in order that he might early learn the opinions and feelings of Englishmen. On the whole, I was most delighted with my visit, and thought it altogether a great contrast to the fever and excitement of ——. The moral superiority of the German character in this instance was very striking: at the same time I owe it to the French to say, that now that I have learnt the whole story of the late revolution, I am quite satisfied of the justice of their cause, and delighted with the heroic and admirable manner in which they have conducted themselves. How different from even the beginning of the first revolution, and how satisfactory to find that in this instance the lesson of experience seems not to have been thrown away.

August, 1830.

7. The aspect of Germany is certainly far more pleasing than that of France, and the people more comfortable. I cannot tell whether it really is so, but I cannot but wonder at Guizot placing France at the head of European civilization: he means because it is superior to Germany in social civilization, and to England in producing more advanced and enlarged individual minds. Many Englishmen will sneer at this notion, but I think it is to a certain degree well founded, and that our intellectual eminence in modern times by no means keeps pace with our advances in all the comforts and effectiveness of

society. And I have no doubt that our miserable system of education has a great deal to do with it. I maintain that our historians ought to be twice as good as those of any other nation, because our social civilization is perfect. . . . . Then, again, our habits of active life give our minds an enormous advantage, if we would work; but we do not, and therefore the history of our own country is at this day a thing to be done, as well as the histories of Greece and Rome. Foreigners say that our insular situation cramps and narrows our minds; and this is not mere nonsense either. If we were not physically a very active people, our disunion from the Continent would make us pretty nearly as bad as the Chinese. As it is, we are so distinct in habits and in feelings, owing originally in great measure to our insular situation, that I remember observing in 1815, that the English stood alone amidst all the nations assembled at Paris, and that even our fellow subjects, the Hanoverians, could understand and sympathize with the French better than with us. Now it is very true that by our distinctness we have gained very much,—more than foreigners can understand. A thorough English gentleman,—Christian, manly, and enlightened,—is more, I believe, than Guizot or Sismondi could comprehend; it is a finer specimen of human nature than any other country, I believe, could furnish. Still it is not a perfect specimen by a great deal; and therefore it will not do to contemplate ourselves only, or contenting ourselves with saying that we are better than others, scorn to amend our institutions by comparing them with those of other nations. Our travellers and our exquisites imitate the outside of foreign customs without discrimination, just as in the absurd fashion of not eating fish with a knife, borrowed from the French, who do it because they have no knives fit for use. But monkeyish imitation will do no good; what is wanted is a deep knowledge and sympathy with the European character and institutions, and then there would be a hope that we might each impart to the other that in which we are superior.

VII. TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

April, 1831.

1. Was at church (at Greenock) twice on Sunday, once at the Presbyterian church, and once at the Episcopal chapel.

My impressions, received five years ago, were again renewed and strengthened as to the merits of the Presbyterian Church and our own. The singing is to me delightful—I do not mean the music, but the heartiness with which all the congregation join in it. And I exceedingly like the local and particular prayers and addresses which the freedom of their services allows the minister to use. On the other hand, the people should be protected from the tediousness or dulness of their minister; and that is admirably effected by a Liturgy, and especially by such a Liturgy as ours. As to the repetitions in our Service, they arise chiefly from Laud's folly in joining two services into one; but the repetition of the Lord's Prayer I can hardly think objectionable; not that I would contend for it, but neither would I complain of it. Some freedom in the Service the minister certainly should have; some power of insertion to suit the particular time and place; some power of explaining on the spot whatever is read from the Scriptures, which may require explanation, or at any rate of stating the context. It does seem to me that the reforms required in our Liturgy and Service are so obvious, and so little affect the system itself, that their long omission is doubly blamable. But more remains behind, and of far greater difficulty:—to make the Church at once popular and dignified,—to give the people their just share in its government, without introducing a democratical spirit—to give the clergy a thorough sympathy with their flocks, without altogether lowering their rank and tone. When Wesley said to his minister, that they had no more to do with being gentlemen than with being dancing-masters, τὸ μὲν ὀρθῶς εἶπε, τὸ δὲ ἥμαρτεν. In Christ's communication with His apostles there is always a marked dignity and delicacy, a total absence of all that coarseness and vulgarity into which Wesley's doctrine would infallibly lead us. Yet even in Christ, the Lord and Master of His disciples, there is a sympathy, which is a very different thing from condescension, a spirit of unaffected kindness, and, I had almost said, of sociability which the spirit of gentlemanliness has doubtless greatly dulled in the Church of England. "I have called you friends," is a text which applies to the Christian minister in his dealings with his brethren and equals, in an infinitely stronger degree than it could do to Him, who was our Lord and Master, and whose calling us brethren was not of nature, but out of the condescension of His infinite love. And he who shall thus far keep and thus far get rid of the spirit of gentlemanli-

ness, would go near to make the Church of England all but perfect, no less in its popularity than in its real deserving of popularity, *καὶ περὶ μὲν τούτων εἰρήσθω ἐπὶ τοσοῦτο, ἄνειμι δὲ ἐπὶ τὸν ἄνω λόγον.*

July, 1831.

2. Again (at Glasgow) the Scotch minister's sermon struck me as addressed more *ad clerum* than *ad populum* ; and again more than ever I felt the superiority of our Service. I cannot say how doubly welcome and impressive I thought the Lord's Prayer, when the minister (to my surprise by the way) used it before the sermon. Nothing, it seems to me, can be worse than the introductory prayers of the Scotch Service, to judge from what I have hitherto heard: the intercessory prayer after the sermon is far simpler, and there the discretion given to the ministers is often happily used. But altogether, taking their Service as it is, and ours as it is, I would far rather have our own ; how much more, therefore, with the slight improvements which we so easily might introduce—if only. . . . . But even to the eleventh hour we will not reform, and therefore we shall be not, I fear, reformed, but rudely mangled or overthrown by men as ignorant in their correction of abuses as some of us are in our maintenance of them. Periodical visitations of extreme severity have visited the Church and the world at different times, but to no human being is it given to anticipate which will be the final one of all. Only the lesson in all of them is the same. "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" And in each of these successive "comings" of our Lord, how little is the faith which He has found even among His professed followers! May He increase this faith in me, and those who are dearest to me, ere it be too late for ever.

VIII. TOUR IN FRANCE.

Dover, August 11, 1837.

1. Twenty and twenty-two years ago I was backwards and forwards at this place, being then a young man with no wife or children, but with a mother whose house was my home, with a brother, aunt, and sisters. Ten, eight, and seven years ago, I used to be also passing often through here ; I had then lost my dear brother, and latterly by dearest mother, and I had a

wife and children; I had also a sister living here with her husband and children. Now, after another period of seven years, I am here once more; with no mother or aunt, with no remains left of my early home; my sister who did live here has lost her husband, and now lives at Rugby; but I have not only my dearest wife with me, but—a more advanced stage of life—three dear children are with us, and their pens are all busy with their journals like their mother's and mine. So Dover marks very strikingly the several periods of my life, and shows me how large a portion of my space here I have already gone through.

Then for the world at large. When I first came here, it was so soon after Napoleon's downfall, that I remember hearing from one of the passengers in the packet the first tidings of Labedoyere's execution. At my second and third visits, the British army still occupied the North of France. My second period of coming here, from 1825 to 1830, marked the last period of the old Bourbon reign in France, and the old Tory reign in England. When I first landed here, it was in the brief interval between the French and Belgian Revolutions; it was just after the triumphant election of 1830 in England, which overthrew the ministry of the Duke of Wellington, and led to the Reform Bill. And now we seem to be witnessing the revival of Toryism in England, perhaps of the old Bourbon principles in part of France. The tide is turned, and will advance no higher till the next flood; let us only hope that its ebb will not be violent; and in the meanwhile our neighbours have got rid of the white flag, and we have got rid of the rotten boroughs of Schedule A. This is a clear gain; it is a question whether the positive good which either of us have gained, is equal to the positive evil which we have destroyed; but still in the course of this world, Seeva the destroyer is ever needed, and in our imperfect state, the very deliverance from evil is a gratification and a good.

On Saturday last we were at our delicious Westmoreland home, at that dear Fox How, which I love beyond all other spots of ground in the world, and expatiating on the summit of our familiar Fairfield. There, on a cloudless sky, we were beholding the noble outline of all our favourite mountains: the Old Man, Wetherlam, Bow Fell, Sca Fell, Great Gable, the Langdale Pikes, the Pillar, Grassmoor, Helvellyn, Place Fell, High Street, Hill Bell; there we saw Ulleswater and Coniston, and our own Winandermere, and there too we looked over a

wide expanse of sea of the channel which divides England from Ireland. On Tuesday last we were at our dear Rugby home; seeing the long line of our battlements and our well-known towers backed by the huge elms of the school-field, which far overtopped them; and looking on the deep shade which those same elms, with their advanced guard of smaller trees and shrubs, were throwing over the turf of our quiet garden. And now, on Friday morning, we are at an inn at Dover, looking out on the castle and white cliffs which are so linked with a thousand recollections; beholding the sea, which is the highway from all the life of England to all the life of Europe, and beyond there stretches out the dim line of darker shadow which we know to be the very land of France.

And besides, in this last week, I have been at an Election; one of those great occasions of good or evil which are so largely ministered to Englishmen; an opportunity for so much energy, for so much rising beyond the mere selfishness of domestic interests, and the narrowness of mere individual or local pursuits; but an opportunity also for every base and bad passion; for corruption, for fear, for tyranny, for malignity. Such is an election, and such is all human life; and those who rail against these double-handed appointments of God, because they have an evil handle as well as a good* may desire the life of the Seven Sleepers, for then only can opportunities of evil be taken from us, when we lose also all opportunity of doing or of becoming good. However, even as an occasion of evil, there is no doubt that our elections are like an inoculating for a disorder, and so mitigating; the party spirit and the feuds which now spend themselves in bloodless contests, would, if these were away, find a far more deadly vent; they solve that great problem how to excite a safe and regulated political activity.

We also in the course of the week have been travelling on the great railway from Manchester to Birmingham. The distance is ninety-five miles, which we accomplished in five hours. Nothing can be more delightful, as well as more convenient. It was very beautiful, too, to be taken, as it were, into the

* "The Epicureans," he said, "did not meddle with politics, that they might be as quiet as possible from the strife of tongues. There are good people who do this now, remaining in willing ignorance of what is going on. But the mischief is, they cannot set their passions to sleep as they can their understanding; and when they do come to interfere, they are violent and prejudiced in proportion to their ignorance. Such men, to be consistent, should live like Simon Stylites."

deepest retirement of the country, surprising lone farmhouses and outlying copses with the rapid darting by of a hundred passengers, yet leaving their quiet unbroken; for no houses have as yet gathered on the line of the railway, and no miscellaneous passers at all times of the day and night serve to keep it ever in public. Only at intervals, four or five times a day, there rushes by the long train of carriages, and then all is as quiet as before.

We also passed through London, with which I was once so familiar; and which now I almost gaze at with the wonder of a stranger. That enormous city, grand beyond all other earthly grandeur, sublime with the sublimity of the sea or of mountains, is yet a place that I should be most sorry to call my home. In fact its greatness repels the notion of home; it may be a palace, but it cannot be a home. How different from the mingled greatness and sweetness of our mountain valleys; and yet he who were strong in body and mind, ought to desire rather, if he must do one, to spend all his life in London, than all his life in Westmoreland. For not yet can energy and rest be united in one, and this is not our time and place for rest, but for energy.

Chartres, August, 1837.

2. . . . . Chartres was a very fine termination of our tour. We stopped at the Hotel du Grand Monarque, on an open space just at the outside of the town, and from thence immediately made our way to the Cathedral. The high tower, so celebrated all over France, is indeed remarkably beautiful; but the whole church far surpassed my expectations. The portails of both transepts are rich in figures as large as life, like the great portail at Rheims; the rose-windows over them are very rich, and the windows all over the church are most rich in painted glass. The size is great—a very essential element, I think, in the merits of a cathedral—and all the back of the choir was adorned with groups of figures in very high relief, which had an extremely fine effect. These are all the proper and perpetual beauties of Chartres Cathedral; but we happened to see it on the Festival of the Assumption, when the whole church was full of people in every part, when the service was going on in the choir, and the whole building was ringing with the peals of the organ, and with the voices of the numerous congregation. Unchristian as was the service, so that one could have no sympathy with it in itself, yet it was delightful

to contrast the crowded state of the huge building,—nave, transepts, and aisles, all swarming with people, and the sharing of all in the service,—with the nakedness of our own cathedrals, where all, except the choir, is now merely a monument of architecture. There is no more provoking confusion to my mind, than that which is often made between the magnificence and beauty of the Romish Church and its superstitions. No one abhors more than I do the essence of Popery, *i.e.* Priestcraft; or the setting up a quantity of human mediators, interpreters, between God and man. But this is retained by those false Protestants who call themselves High Churchmen; while they have sacrificed of Popery only its better and more popular parts; its beauty and its impressiveness. On the other hand, the Puritans and Evangelicals, whilst they disclaim Popery, undervalue the authority and power of the *Church*, not of the Clergy, and have a bibliolatry, especially towards the Old Testament, quite as foolish and as mischievous as the superstition of the Catholics. The open churches, the varied services, the beautiful solemnities, the processions, the Calvaries, the crucifixes, the appeals to the eye and ear through which the heart is reached most effectually, have no natural connection with superstition. People forget that Christian worship is in its essence spiritual,—that is, it depends for its efficacy on no circumstances of time or place or form,—but that Christianity itself has given us the best helps towards making our worship spiritual to us, that is, sincere and lively, by the visible images and signs which it has given us of God and of heavenly things; namely, the Person of the Man Christ Jesus, and the Sacraments.

To forbear, therefore, from all use of the Humanity of Christ, as an aid to our approaching in heart to the Invisible Father, is surely to forfeit one of the merciful purposes of the Incarnation, and to fall a little into that one great extreme of error, the notion that man can either in his understanding, or in his heart, approach to the Eternal and Invisible God, without the aid of a μεσίτης or "interpres" (the English word, "Mediator," has become so limited in its sense, that it does not reach to the whole extent of the case); we want not an interpreter only, but a medium of communication,—some middle point, in which the intelligible may unite with the perfections of the unintelligible, and so may prepare us hereafter to understand Him who is now unintelligible.

I think that this is important, for many reasons, both as

regards Popery and our Pseudo-Popery, and Evangelicism and Unitarianism. The errors of all four seem to flow out of a confusion as to the great truth of our need of a μεσίτης, and of the various ways in which Christ is our One μεσίτης, and that with infinite perfectness.

IX. TOUR IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

Paris, July 14, 1839.

1. . . . . But really, when we went out on these leads and looked down on the whole mass of the trees of the Tuileries' garden, forming a luxuriant green bed below us, and saw over them the gilded dome of the Invalids, and the mass of the Tuileries, and the rows of orange trees, and the people sitting at their ease amongst them, and the line of the street not vanishing, as in London, in a thick cloud of smoke or fog, but with the white houses as far as the eye could reach distinct on the sky,—and that sky just in the western line of the street, one blaze of gold from the setting sun,—not a weak watery sun, but one so mighty that his setting was like the death of a Cæsar or a Napoleon,—of one mighty for good and for evil,—of one to be worshipped by ignorant men, either as God or Demon,—one hardly knew whether to rejoice or to grieve at his departure;—when we saw all this, we could not but feel that Paris is full of the most poetical beauty.

Cosne, July 16, 1839.

2. . . . . The wide landscape under this bright sky looks more than joyous, and the sun in his unobstructed course is truly giant-like. Here one can understand how men came to worship the sun, and to depict him with all images of power and of beauty,—armed with his resistless arrows, yet the source of life and light. And yet feeling, as none can feel more strongly, the evils of the state of England, yet one cannot but see also, that the English are a greater people than these,—more like, that is, one of the chosen people of history, who are appointed to do a great work for mankind. We are over bustling, but there is less activity here, without more repose. But, however, "it is not expedient, doubtless;" and have not we failed to improve the wonderful talents which have been given to us?

Arles, July 20, 1839.

3. We have just been walking round this town, after having first been down to the Rhone, and had a bathe in him, which, as we had seen so much of him, was, I thought, only a proper compliment to him. But I ought to go back in order, dearest M——, to the Pope's palace at Avignon, only this heat makes me lazy. There was an old porter, who opened to us the first gate, and led us into an enormous court full of soldiers, for it is now used as a barrack; then he opened a door into a long gallery,—perhaps 100 feet long,—through which we were to pass. . . . . The rooms beyond were scenes not to be forgotten; —prisons where unhappy men had engraved their names on the stones, and mottoes, mostly from Scripture, expressing their patience and their hope. One man had carved simply our Lord's name, as if it gave him a comfort to write it; there was I. H. S., and nothing more. Some of these dens had been the torture-rooms, and one was so contrived in the roof and walls as to deaden all sound; while in another there was a huge stone trough, in which the question "à l'eau bouillante" used to be put; and in yet another the roof was still blackened by the fires in which the victims had been burnt alive. One of these same rooms, long since disused by the Inquisition, had been chosen as the prison and scene of the murder of the victims of the aristocratical party in the massacre in 1790; and in it there was a sort of trap-door, through which the bodies were thrown down into the lowest room of the tower, which was then used as an ice-house. And the walls of the intermediate room were visibly streaked with the blood of those who were so thrown down after they had been massacred.*

July, 1839.

4. . . . . We are now between the Lion d'Or and Salon, on the famous Plaine de Craue, or Plain of Stones, one vast mass of pebbles, which cover the country for several leagues, and reduce it to utter barrenness. . . . . We are now in the midst of this plain of stones, utter desolation on every side, the magnificent line of the Alpines, as they are called, or Provence mountains, stretching on our left; and on our right, close along by the roadside, runs, full and fresh and lively, a stream of water, one of the channels of irrigation brought from the Durance, and truly giving life to the thirsty land. "He

* See note to Letter in chap. x. vol. ii.

maketh the wilderness a running water," might be said truly of this life in the midst of death. Here are two houses just built by the roadside, and opposite to them a little patch of ground just verdured, surrounded by a little belt of cypresses and willows! now, again, all is desolate—all but the living stream on our right, and some sheep wandering on the left amidst the stones, and living one sees not how. The sun has just set over this vast plain, just as at sea. Reeds and yellow thistles fringe the stream.

Salon, July 20, 1839.

5. We have stopped here on our way to Marseilles from Arles, and I really never saw anything more romantic than it is. There are tall trees, one very fine plane amongst them, in the middle of the street, and under their shade is a fountain playing, which makes a perpetual music—up above is the cloudless sky, and the almost full moon, and below, in full activity, is the population of Salon. They crowded round the carriage, as there was some difficulty in getting open the boot, and I could have fancied myself in Spain to see their dark faces and eyes, their grave manner, their white felt hats, worn alike by man and boy, and to hear their Provençal language, which sounds much more like Spanish than French, and is indeed quite as like one as the other, and the old fille of the inn might pass for Spanish anywhere. But what a difference is made by good laws and regular government; here all is peace and civility, while on the other side of the Pyrenees all is blood and hatred. The bedrooms here are French enough, but I suspect that there would be many things thoroughly Spanish if I were to pry into the mysteries of the kitchen and back settlements.

Left Salon 5.40. I am so glad we did not go on last night, dearest, for we should have lost a great deal. Salon is at the end of the Plain of Stones, overhung by the rocky hills in tiers of cliffs, but no longer bare, but covered with olives and mulberries. We made our way up to the top of these hills, and opened on a view of a character such as I have never seen. It was the French picture in point of breadth and richness, set in an Italian framework of mountains, and with the details, as to the buildings which are scattered over the valley and the profusion of olives and mulberries, very much as I imagine like Spain.

Point above St. Cergues, August 2, 1839.

6. . . . . I am come out alone, my dearest, to this spot —the point almost of our own view, to see the morning sun on Mont Blanc and on the Lake, and to look with more, I trust, than outward eyes on this glorious scene. It is overpowering, like all other intense beauty, if you dwell upon it; but I contrast it immediately with our Rugby horizon, and our life of duty there, and our cloudy sky of England—clouded socially, alas! far more darkly than physically. But beautiful as this is, and peaceful, may I never breathe a wish to retire hither, even with you and our darlings, if it were possible; but may I be strengthened to labour, and to do and to suffer in our own beloved country and Church, and to give my life, if so called upon, for Christ's cause and for them. And if—as I trust it will—this rambling, and this beauty of Nature in foreign lands, shall have strengthened me for my work at home, then we may both rejoice that we have had this little parting. And now I turn away from the Alps and from the south, and may God speed us to one another, and bless us and ours, in Him and in His Son now and for ever.

August 4, 1839.

7. . . . . It is curious to observe how nations run a similar course with each other. We are now on a new road made by some private speculators, with a toll on it, and they laud it much as a great improvement. And such it is really: yet it is quite like "Bit and Bit,"* at Whitemoss, for it goes over a lower part of the hill, instead of keeping the valley; so that forty years hence we may have "Radical Reform" in the shape of a road quite in the valley; and then come railroads by steam, and then perhaps railroads by air, or some other farther improvement. And "quis finis?" That we cannot tell; and we have great need, I know, to strengthen our moral legs, seeing that our physical legs are getting such great furtherances to their speed. But still do not check either,† but advance both; for though one may advance without the other, yet one

* Playful names which he gave to two roads between Rydal and Grasmere.

† The delight with which, from such associations as these, he regarded even the unsightliness of the great Birmingham Railway, when it was brought to Rugby, was very characteristic of him.—"I rejoice to see it," he said, as he stood on one of its arches, and watched the train pass on through the distant hedgerows—"I rejoice to see it, and think that feudality is gone for ever. It is so great a blessing to think that any one evil is really extinct. Bunyan thought that the giant Pope was disabled for ever. —and how greatly was he mistaken."

cannot be checked without the other; because to check the development of any of our powers, δυνάμεις, is in itself sinful.

Calais, August 7, 1839.

8. . . . . Of the mere face of the country, I have spoken enough already, and I am quite sure that English travellers do it great injustice. I see a great deal of travelling, particularly in the south, a great number of diligences, and a very active steam navigation on the Rhone, both up and down. The new suspension-bridges thrown over the Rhone, at almost every town from Lyons to Avignon, are a certain evidence of a stir amongst the people; and there is also a railway from Lyons to St. Etienne, and from Roanne to Lyons. I see crosses and crucifixes—some new—set up by the roadside, and treated with no disrespect; but I think I see, also, a remarkable distinctness here between the nation and the Church, as if it by no means followed that a Frenchman was to be a Christian. I saw this morning "École Chrétienne," stuck up in Aire, which implied much too clearly that there might be "Écoles non Chrétiennes." And this I have seen in French literature; religious men are spoken of as acting according to the principles of Christianity, just as if those principles were something peculiar, and by no means acknowledged by Frenchmen in general. I see again a state of property which does appear to me an incalculable blessing. I see a fusion of ranks, which may be an equal blessing. I do not know whether it is. Well-dressed men appear talking familiarly with persons of what we should call decidedly the lower classes.* Now, if this shows that the poorer man is raised in mind to the level of the richer, it is a blessing of the highest order; if it shows that the richer man has fallen to the level of the poorer, then I am not so sure that it is a blessing. But I have no right to say that it is so, because I do not know it; only we see few here whose looks and manners are what we should call those of a thorough gentleman; and though I do not believe that I am an aris-

* "If there is any one truth after the highest for which I would die at the stake," was one of his short emphatic sayings, "it would be Democracy without Jacobinism." Believing that the natural progress of society was towards greater equality, he had also great confidence in the natural instincts implanted in man—reverence for authority, and resistance to change—as checks on what he considered a Jacobinical disregard of existing ties or ancient institutions. "What an instructive work," he said, "might be written on God's safeguards against Democracy, as distinguished from man's safeguards against it."

tocrat, yet I should grieve beyond measure if our standard either of morals or of manners were to be lowered. Unquestionably to English eyes the women look far more ladylike than the men look like gentlemen: I speak only of the *look*, for a hasty traveller cannot judge farther. We have, I think, what France has not—as she has in her large population of proprietors, what we have not. But it seems to me that according to the ordinary laws of God's Providence, the state of France is more hopeful for the future, that society in its main points is more stable, and that time being thus gained, religious and moral truth will or may work their way, whenever it shall please God to prepare His instruments for the work. Whereas, in England, what moral power, without a direct and manifest interposition of God, can overcome the physical difficulties of our state of population and property? And if Old England perish as Old France perished in the first Revolution, let no man hope to see, even at an equal cost of immediate crime and misery, a New England spring up in its room, such as New France now is. If Old England perish, there perishes, not a mere accursed thing, such as was the system of Old France, which had died inwardly to all good long before the axe was laid to its root; but there perishes the most active and noble life which the world has ever yet seen—which is made up wholesomely of past and present, so that the centuries of English History are truly "bound each to each by natural piety." Now to destroy so great a life must be an utterly unblessed thing, from which there can come only evil. And would England, with her dense manufacturing and labouring population—with her narrow limits—and her intense activity, ever be brought into a state like that of agricultural France, with her peasant proprietors? No tongue or thought of man could imagine the evil of a destruction of our present system in England; wherefore may God give us His spirit of wisdom and power and goodness, to mould it into as happy accordance with the future as it is already with the past; to teach the life that is in it to communicate itself to the dead elements around it, for unless they are taken into the living body, and partake of its life, they will inevitably make it partake of their death. And now may God grant that I may be restored safely to that England to-morrow, and that I may labour to promote her good. "O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem—peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces."

Adieu, dearest wife, and may God bless us both now and ever!

X. TOUR TO ROME AND NAPLES THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY, 1840.

[The passages marked as quotations have been inserted from the memoranda of conversations kept by a former pupil who accompanied him and his wife on the greater part of this tour. Most of these being, like the Journal, connected more or less with the localities of the journey, would not, it was thought, be out of place here. It may be as well to add, that the extracts in No. 6 form one continuous portion, which was selected to give a better notion of the Journals in their original state than could be collected from mere fragments.]

Orleans, June 22, 1840.

1. Here we are at last in a place which I have so long wanted to see. It stands quite in a flat on the north or right bank of the Loire. One great street under two names, divided by the Square or Place of Martray, from north to south,—from the barrier on the Paris road to the river. We have now been out to see the town, or at least the cathedral, and the bridge over the Loire. The former is by far the finest Gothic building of the seventeenth century which I ever saw; the end of the choir is truly magnificent, and so is the exterior, and its size is great. We then drove to the bridge, a vast fabric over this wide river,—the river disfigured by sandbanks, as at Cosne, but still always fine, and many vessels lying under the quays for the river navigation.

"The siege of Orleans is one of the turning points in the history of nations. Had the English dominion in France been established, no man can tell what might have been the consequence to England, which would probably have become an appendage to France. So little does the prosperity of the people depend upon success in war, that two of the greatest defeats we ever had, have been two of our greatest blessings, Orleans and Bannockburn. It is curious, too, that in Edward II.'s reign, the victory over the Irish proved our curse, as our defeat by the Scots turned out a blessing. Had the Irish remained independent, they might afterwards have been united to us, as Scotland was; and had Scotland been reduced to subjection, it would have been another curse to us like Ireland."*

* "Bannockburn," he used to say, "ought to be celebrated by Englishmen as a national festival, and Athunree lamented as a national judgment."

June 24, 1840.

2. . . . . Now for Bourges a little more. In the crypt is a Calvary, and figures as large as life representing the burying of our Lord. The woman who showed us the crypt, had her little girl with her; and she lifted up the child, about three years old, to kiss the feet of our Lord. Is this idolatry? Nay, verily, it may be so, but it need not be, and assuredly is in itself right and natural. I confess I rather envied the child. It is idolatry to talk about Holy Church and Holy Fathers—bowing down to fallible and sinful men—not to bend knee, lip and heart, to every thought and every image of Him our manifested God.*

June 25, 1840.

Left Montluçon, and were well out of the town, 6.14, June 25th. A lovely morning in this lovely country. *τῶν δὲ ἐπιχωρίων ἡ ἐσθὴς τοιάδε τίς ἐστι· τὰς μὲν ἀναξυρίδας καὶ τοὺς χιτῶνας φοροῦσιν εἰρινέας, καὶ τὸ αὐτὸ ἔχοντας χρῶμα, κυάνεον βεβαμμένους, τὰς δὲ κυνέας ὑπερμεγέθεις τε καὶ κυκλοτέρεις, τὴν παρωροφίην ὡς εἰπεῖν, λέγω δὲ τὸ ὑπὲρ τὰς ὄφρυς ὑπερέχον, ἐχόντας εὐρυτάτην.* We are now turning off eastwards to leave this lovely valley of the Cher, stealing up one of its feeders towards Neris. On our left is the outer wall of the main valley, bare schistous hills, with very slight ravines: on our right is an *ὑπώρεια*, the boundary of our immediate valley. We passed a lovely scene just now; the bottom of a small combe, with fine oaks above on each slope, and haymaking, or rather mowing, going on busily between. The combe was so narrow that the trees on each side seemed to overshadow all of it. The geology I do not make out: I see granitic pebbles, but what the hills themselves are, I do not know. I think that it is the grit of the coal, and the Neris waters, I suppose, are like Harrogate. We have passed through Neris without stopping, on our way to Montaign, and are now on a table land between the valley of the Cher, and that of his feeder, the Aumance, which we crossed yesterday, at Meaulac. Then from the same ridge we looked down upon both streams, but now there is a table-land of some miles between them. It is a country of hedges and hedgerow trees, with scattered houses, very quiet and peaceful, but of course, being table-land, not beautiful. But

* See this more fully developed in Essay on Interpretation of Scripture, Serm. vol. ii., and note to Serm. 3, in vol. iii. p. 26.

as we entered Neris up a long hill overhanging the feeder of the Cher, or looking down the valley upon Montluçon, and the wide landscape beyond, it was most beautiful. Now we are descending into the valley of the Aumance, or rather of his feeders; a perfectly English country, like that between Coleshill and Litchfield; woods, hedges, hedgerow trees, corn, pasture, and a valley not wider than in England, which makes the resemblance. Arrived at Montaign 9.55. Left it at 10.2. We are now descending to Bonble, a feeder of the Allier. The country most beautiful, not mountainous, but of the best sort of hill and valley. The woods are fine, and the scattered oaks in the combes and everywhere are most picturesque. Here we cross the Bonble at S. Elvy to ascend through a forest of fine trees on the other hill-side. We have just caught a view of the Puy de Dome, Mont d'Or, &c., and are going to descend into the valley of the Sioule at Menat.—We have crossed the Sioule and are ascending; but I was not in the least prepared for the sort of scenery. The descent was through a narrow rocky valley, after having swept round the sides of the hills in an extremely good line. The hills here are just like those on the Rhine, the same slate, but much finer, because here the valleys being narrow, the height is somewhat in proportion. They have made a beautiful new bridge of two high arches over the Sioule, and are everywhere improving the line of road, another proof of the progress which France is making, certainly in physical prosperity,—I hope and believe also, in moral. This is Auvergne, the kernel, as it were, of France; but the language hitherto is quite intelligible to me, and the costume does not seem to have changed from that of Bourbonnais. Oxen are used for draught, and on these hills there is of course not much corn, and no vines, but there is a good deal of beech-wood on the higher points, at least on the side by which we descended. Right before us now, on an opposite hill, is a ruined castle, one of those dens of Cacus happily laid open to the day and untenanted; for no Jacobinism was ever so detestable as that of the feudal aristocracy, where every man derived his dominion from his own power, and used it for his own purposes. I dislike Jacobinical liberty, how much more, then, Jacobinical oppression.

June 25.

3. It is absurd to extol one age at the expense of another, since each has its good and its bad.* There was greater genius in ancient times, but art and science come late. But in one respect it is to be feared we have degenerated—what Tacitus so beautifully expresses, after telling a story of a man who, in the civil war in Vespasian's time, had killed his own brother, and received a reward for it; and then relates that the same thing happened before in the civil war of Sylla and Marius, and the man when he found it out killed himself from remorse, and then he adds, "tanto major apud antiquos ut virtutibus gloria, ita *flagitiis pœnitentia* erat." The deep remorse for crime is less in advanced civilisation. There is more of sympathy with suffering of all kinds, but less abhorrence of what is admitted to be crime.

June, 1840.

On board the Sardinian steamer, the Janus, in Marseilles Harbour, July 2nd, and this moment in movement, by my watch, at 1.50. The day is delicious,—not a cloud in the sky, the sea bluer than blue, the gentlest air fanning us, and the steamer not crowded. There is no lady on board besides M——, and but few gentlemen. The mountain barrier of this coast is always fine, and in many places the hills come down steep, and bare, and dry, to the sea;—but often, as now, there is an interval of plain between them and the water, covered with olives and scattered houses, a gorgeous belt round the

* He used frequently to dwell on this essentially mixed character of all human things; as, for example, in his principle of the application of Prophecy to human events or persons: so, too, his characteristic dislike of Milton's representation of Satan. "By giving a human likeness, and representing him as a bad man, you necessarily get some images of what is good as well as of what is bad; for no man is entirely evil. Even banditti have some generous qualities; whereas the representation of the Devil should be purely and entirely evil without a tinge of good, as that of God should be purely and entirely good without a tinge of evil; and you can no more get the one than the other from anything human. With the heathen it is different; their gods were themselves made up of good and of evil, and so might be well mixed up with human associations. The hoofs, and the horns, and the tail, were all useful in this way, as giving you an image of something altogether disgusting. And so Mephistophiles, in Faust, and the other contemptible and hateful character of the Little Master in Sintram, are far more true than the Paradise Lost."

waist of the rough Torso-like mountains. It is quite a new scene in my life to witness the almost more than earthly beauty of this navigation. Now we are passing just between the islands Javos and Risa and the land: the sea a perfect lake: the islands of fantastic rocky forms, and the main-land of the same character. We have now passed Cassis, and are just come to Cap l'Aigle;—in a short time we shall open upon La Ciotat,—a small town between Marseilles and Toulon. We are, as usual, close under the cliffs, which present their steep and scarred sides to the sea, bare for the most part, but here and there with some pines upon them. Now they are preparing dinner; not in a small and unsavoury cabin, but out on the deck under awnings;—and the table-cloth is of the whitest, and the plates are of our own blue and white china with the three men and the bridge; and the wine is in nice English decanters, and there is the nicest of desserts being spread, which it seems is to precede the dinner instead of following it. Dinner is over, and a right goodly dinner it has been: we sat down on deck a party of ten, two Englishmen besides ourselves, both agreeable enough in their way. And now we are just off Toulon, seeing those beautiful mountains behind the town, and the masts of the shipping rising over the low ground which forms the entrance into the road, and the green hills which lie towards Hyères, while the islands lie off as a low land, which I am afraid we are going to leave to our left, instead of passing between them and the land. Well, we are just coming to the point from which we shall see Hyères: for we are not going outside the islands, as I think, but between them and a projecting point of the coast, connected only by a low strip of sand or shingle with the main-land. And now the sun is almost setting, and from him to us there is one golden line through the water, and the mountains, sea, and sky, are all putting on a sober and a deeper tint. It is solemnly beautiful to see the sea under the vessel, just where the foam caused by the paddles melts away into the mass of blue: the restless but yet beautiful finite lost in the peaceful and more beautiful infinite. The historical interest of this coast and sea almost sink in their natural beauties; together, they give to this scene an interest not to be surpassed. And now, good-night, my darling—and all of you—you know how soon night comes here after the sun is down; and even now his orb is touching the mountains. May God's blessing be with you and with us, through Jesus Christ.

Genoa, July 4, 1840.

4. We are now farther from England than at any time in our former tour, dearest ——, but our faces are still set onwards, and I believe that the more I dislike Italy, or rather the Italians, so the more eagerly do I desire to see those parts of it which remind me only of past times, and allow me to forget the present. Certainly I do greatly prefer France to Italy, Frenchmen to Italians; for a lying people, which these emphatically are, stink in one's moral nose all the day long. Good and sensible men, no doubt, there are here in abundance; but no nation presents so bad a side to a traveller as this. For,—whilst we do not see its domestic life and its private piety and charity,—the infinite vileness of its public officers, the pettiness of the governments, the gross ignorance and the utter falsehood of those who must come in your way, are a continual annoyance. When you see a soldier here, you feel no confidence that he can fight; when you see a so-called man of letters, you are not sure that he has more knowledge than a baby; when you see a priest, he may be an idolater or an unbeliever; when you see a judge or a public functionary, justice and integrity may be utter strangers to his vocabulary. It is this which makes a nation vile, when profession, whether Godward or manward, is no security for performance. Now in England we know that every soldier will fight, and every public functionary will be honest. In France and in Prussia we know the same; and with us, though many of our clergy may be idolaters, yet we feel sure that none is an unbeliever.

Pisa, July 5, 1840.

5. . . . . But O the solemn and characteristic beauty of that cathedral, with its simple, semicircular arches of the twelfth century, its double aisles, and its splendour of marbles and decoration of a later date, especially on the ceiling. Then we went to the Baptistery, and lastly to the Campo Santo —a most perfect cloister, the windows looking towards the burying-ground within, being of the most delicate work. But that burying-ground itself is the most striking thing of all; it is the earth of the Holy City; for when the Pisan Crusaders were in Palestine, they thought no spoil which they could bring home was so precious as so many feet in depth of the holy soil, as a burying-place for them and their children. This was

not like Anson watching the Pacific from Tinian to Acapulco, in order to catch the Spanish treasure-ship.

Now, however, this noble burying-ground is disused, and only a few favoured persons are laid there by the special permission of the Grand Duke. The wild vine grows freely out of the ground, and clothes it better, to my judgment, than four cypresses, two at each end, which have been lately planted. The Campo Santo is now desecrated by being made a museum. The famous Cenotaphium Pisanum is here, a noble monument; but Julia's sons and Augustus's grandsons have no business on the spot which the Pisans filled with the holy earth of Jerusalem. The town itself is very striking; the large flat pavement filling up the whole street as at Florence, and the στόαι on each side, or else good and clean houses, varied with some of illustrious antiquity. And after all we were not searched at the gate of Pisa; it seems it has been lately forbidden by the government—a great humanity.` And now, dearest——, good-night, and God bless you and all our darlings, and wish us a prosperous journey of three days to the great city of cities; for Naples, I confess, does in comparison appear to me to be viler than vile, a city without one noble association in ancient days or modern.

July 6, 1840.

6. And now we are on the great road from Florence to Rome. Rome once again, but now how much dearer, and to me more interesting than when I saw it last, and in how much dearer company. Yet how sad will it be not to find Bunsen there, and to feel that Niebhur is gone. I note here in every group of people whom I meet, many with light, very light, eyes. Is this the German blood of the middle-age conquests and wars, or are the mass of the present Italians descended from the Roman slaves—Ligurians, Kelts, Germans, and from all other nations? However, of the fact of the many light eyes in Tuscany I am sure. The country is beautiful, and we are going up amidst oak woods chiefly. The hedges here are brilliant; the Sweet William pinks of the deepest colour; the broom, the clematis, and the gum-cistus Salvianus, that beautiful flower which I have never seen wild since 1827. Here is the beginning of the mountain scenery of Central Italy, only a very faint specimen of it; but yet bearing its character — the narrow valley, the road in a terrace above it, the village of

Staggia with its old walls and castle tower, the vines, figs, and olives over all the country, and the luxuriant covering of all the cliffs and roadside banks, the wild fig and wild vine. Arrived at Castiglioncello 1.45. Left it 1.53. Ascending gradually towards Sienna, which is at the top of the whole country, dividing the streams which feed the Arno from those that feed the Ombrone. The road here is a defile through oak woods, very beautiful; and after having got up through the wood, we are in a high plain, but with higher hills around us, and a great deal of wood. Here the country looks parched, for the soil is shallow.

Arrived at the gates of Sienna 3.16. I hope that I shall not have much time to write; nor have I, for the carriage is at the door. Left Sienna 4.50. We did not stop long, as is evident, but we dined, for two pauls each (about one franc), and we saw the cathedral, a thing very proper to do, and moreover the cathedral is fine and very rich, and has some pictures; amongst the rest, a set of pictures of the events of the life of my old friend Æneas Silvius, designed, it is said, by Raphael in his early youth. There were also some fine illuminations of some ancient music-books, and some very well executed mosaics. Yet I should be a false man if I professed to feel much pleasure in such things. What I did rejoice in was the view which we had, far and wide, from the heights of Sienna, a boundless range of Apennines. And coming out of Sienna, we had just had a shower of cicada drop from the trees upon the carriage, who hopped off when anything threatened them behind with an agility truly marvellous. And now we are descending from our height, amidst a vast extent of corn-fields just cleared, and the view is not unlike that from Pain à Bouchain, only some of the Apennines before us are too fine for the hills about Roanne. Let me notice now several things to the credit of the Italians hereabouts. First of all, the excessive goodness of the Albergo del' Ussaro at Pisa, where the master, who speaks English, changed my French money into Tuscan and Roman, a convenience to avoid the endless disputes about the exact value of the foreign coinage. Next, at Castiglioncello, the stage before Sienna, there is "Terzo Cavallo," and justly, seeing that the whole stage is up hill. I said to the ostler, "You have a right, I believe, here, to a third horse;" to which he said "Yes." But presently he added, "You are only two persons, and I shall send you with two;" and this he did without any

compromise of paying for two horses and a half: but we had two, and we paid only for two. And finally, the Sienna dinner, at four pauls, at the Aquila Nera, was worthy of all commendation.

As I have occasion to complain often of the Italians, it is pleasant to be able to make these exceptions. Sienna stands like Langres, and as we have been descending, two little streams have risen in the hill-sides right and left, and now they meet and form a green valley, into which we are just descended, and find again the hedgerows, the houses, and the vines. Arrived at Montaroni 5.57. Left at 6.4. And still, I believe, we are going to have another stage of descent to Buon Convento. Alas! an adventure has sadly delayed us, for though the stage be mostly descent or level ground, yet there was one sharp little hill soon after we left Montaroni, in the middle of which our horses absolutely would not go on, wherefore the carriage would go back, and soon got fast in the ditch. M—— got out very safely, and we got the carriage out of the ditch, but it was turned round in the doing it, and the road was so narrow that we could not turn it right again for a long time. Meanwhile, a passing traveller kindly carried a message back to the post for a Terzo, and after a while Terzo and a boy came to our aid, and brought us up the hill valiantly; and Terzo is now trotting on, a bright example to his companions.

July 7. Left Buon Convento 5.16. Again a lovely morning, dearest ——, and certainly if man does not glorify God in this country, yet, as we have just been reading,* "the very stones do indeed cry out." The country is not easy to describe, for the framework of the Apennines here is very complicated, the ribs of the main chain being very twisted, and throwing out other smaller ribs which are no less so, so that the valleys are infinitely winding; but, generally, we were on the Ombrone at Buon Convento, and at Torrinieri shall be on one of his feeders, which runs so as to form a very acute angle with him at his confluence. Between the two the ground is thrown about in swells and falls indescribable. The country is generally open corn land, just cleared, but varied with patches of copse, of heath, and of vines and other trees in the valleys, and the farm-houses perched about on the summit of the hills, with their odd little corn-stacks, some scattered all over the fields, and others making a belt round the houses. Il Cavallo Inglese at Buon

* *I.e.*, St. Luke xix. 40, formerly the 2nd lesson for July 7. They used to read the daily lessons of Scripture and the Te Deum every morning on starting.

Convento was a decent place as to beds, but roguish, as the small places always are, in their charges. The Terzo did well, and brought us well to Buon Convento after all. At this moment, Monte Alcino, on a high mountain on the right, is looking splendid under the morning sun, with its three churches, its castle, and the mass of trees beneath it. Arrived at Torrinieri 6.15. Left it 6.21 with four horses, but only three are to be paid for, which is all quite right; the fourth is for their own pleasure. We have just crossed the Orcia, and these great ascents, which require the Terzo, are but shoulders dividing one feeder of the Ombrone from another, the Orcia from the Tressa. We have had one enormous ascent, and a descent by zig and zag to a little feeder, and now we are up again to go down to another. On this intermediate height, rising out of a forest of olives, with its old wall, its church, with a fine Norman doorway, and its castle tower, stands S. Quirico, on no river, my M——, but a place beginning with a Q, when we "play at Geographical." We are just under its walls with a mass of ilex sloping down from the foot of the walls to the road; the machicolations of the walls are very striking. We are descending towards the Tressa, a vast view before us, bounded by the mountains of Radicofani. The hills which we are descending are thickly wooded on our right, with most picturesque towns, on their summits; while the deep furrows of this blue marl, through rock would doubtless be finer, are yet very striking in all the gorges and combes. Arrived at La Poderina, that most striking view, 7.45. Left it 7.53. We have crossed the Tressa, a rocky stream in a deep dell between noble mountains, on each side crowned with the most picturesque towns and castles. The postilion calls the river the Orcia, and I think he is right; the town is Rocca d'Orcia; it is the scene I had noticed in my former journal, and indeed it is not easy to be forgotten; but I had fancied the spot had been at Buon Convento. This stage is the only one as yet that could be called at all dull; much of it is through a low plain, without trees or vines, and therefore it is now bare; in this plain, however, there stands one of the finest of oaks by the roadside, a lonely and goodly true, which has the plain to itself. They are also doing a very good work, in making a line of road, quite in the plain, to avoid the many ups and downs of the present road, in crossing the valleys of the small streams which run down into the main valley. But although the immediate neighhourhood of the road is dull, yet how glorious are the mountains all around!

Arrived at Riccorsi 9.10. Left it 9.18. I was speaking of the mountains, and I am quite sure that a scene so picturesque as that which we have just above Riccorsi, in this stage, which people who read and sleep through the country call dull, can very rarely be rivalled in England. The mountains are very high, and their sides and banks and furrowing combes nobly spread out before you, covered mostly with oak forests, but the forest toward the plain thinning off into single trees till it gives place to the olives and vines; and near the summit there is a great scar or cliff, on which, or to which, sit or stick as they can, the houses of Campiglia, with its picturesque towers as usual. And now we are really going up to the head of the country, to the fantastic rocks of Radicofani, which turn the waters to the Ombrone and Tiber, and are visible from the Ciminian hills. Again the road itself is in the bare hill-side, with masses of rock here and there. But across the torrent, the mountain-sides are clothed more or less with trees, in some places thickly, and before us the hill-side is yellow with the still standing corn. The torrent beds, however, are here for the most part quite dry. Those creatures which dropped on our carriage yesterday, are here again in great numbers; they call them Cavaletti or Grigli; they are a species of cicada, but not those which croak on the trees, and which, I believe, are never seen on the ground. We have just crowned the summit, and see before us the country towards Rome, and the streams going to the Tiber. The valley of the Paglia for miles lies before us. Alas! to think of that unhappy Papal government, and of the degraded people subject to it. Arrived at Radicofani 10.45.

There is a good inn here, so we have stopped to get something to eat, and to give M—— some rest, which she greatly needs; and from here our way is in a manner all down hill. Glorious indeed is the view all around us, and there is also a nice garden under the house, where I see an oleander in bloom, although our height above the Mediterranean must be very great, and up here the corn is not ripe. The air is pure and cool enough, as you may suppose, but there is no chill in it, and the flies are taking liberties with my face, which are disagreeable. It is very strange to see so nice-looking an inn at this wild place, but the movement of the world does wonders, and it improves even the mountain of Radicofani. I have exposed myself to the attacks of those who cannot bear to hear of the movement of the nineteenth century improving

anything; however, I was thinking only of physical improvement in roads and inns, which is a matter not to be disputed. But in truth the improvement does go deeper than this, and though the work is not all of God (and did even Christianity itself except the intermeddling hand of Antichrist?) yet in itself it is of God, and its fruits are accordingly good in the main, though mixed with evil always, and though the evil sometimes be predominant: sometimes it may be alone to be found; just as in this long descent which I see before me to Ponte Centino there are portions of absolutely steep up-hill. It is a lying spirit undoubtedly that says "look backwards."

Viterbo, July 8th, 1840.—On May 9th, 1827, I entered Rome last, dearest ——; and it gives me a thrill to look out from my window on the very Ciminian hills, and to know that one stage will bring us to the top of them. But the Caffé bids me stop. Left Viterbo 5.30. A clever piccolo has aided our carriage well by leading Terzo round some very sharp turnings in the narrow streets. And now we are out amidst gardens and olives, with the Ciminian hills all green with their copsewood right before us. We are now amidst the copsewood; many single chestnuts and oaks are still standing; the tufts of gum-cistus Salvianus by the roadside mingled with the broom are most beautiful. Long white lines of cloud lie in the plains, so that the Sabine mountains seemed to rise exactly from the sea. And now a wooded point rises above us of a very fine shape, a sort of spur from the main ridge like Swirl Edge from Helvellyn. Here the oaks and chestnuts are fine. Thick wood on both sides of the road. Again we descend gradually towards Monterossi, Soracte, and the mountains behind it finer than can be told. We may now say that we are within what was the Roman frontier in the middle of the fourth century, U.C., for we have just crossed the little stream which flows by both Sutrium and Nepete, and they were long the frontier colonies towards Etruria. Here we join the Perugia and Ancona road, and after the junction our ways seem much improved. And now we are ascending a long hill into Monterossi, which seems to stand on a sort of shoulder running down from the hills of the Lake Sabitinus towards the Campagna. I suppose that this country must have been the περιοικὶς of Veii. The twenty-sixth milestone from Rome stands just at the foot of the hill going up into Monterossi. Here they are threshing their corn vigorously out in the sun; I should have thought that it must be dry enough anywhere.

Arrived at Monterossi 9.30, at the twenty-fifth milestone, 9.44. Here begins the Campagna, and I am glad to find that my description of it in vol. I. is quite correct. Here are the long slopes and the sluggish streams such as I have described them, and the mountain-wall almost grander than my recollection of it. And as our common broom was tufting all the slopes and banks when I was here last in April and May, so now, in July, we have our garden broom no less beautiful. I observe that since we have joined the Perugia road, everything seems in better style, both roads and posting, because that is the great road to Bologna and Ancona, and the Sienna road leads within the Roman States to no place of consequence. Here is one of the lonely Osterie of the Campagna, but now smartened up into the Hôtel des Sept Viennes, Sette Vene, strange to behold. Here we found our Neapolitan friend, who, not liking his horses, had them sent back to Monterossi, and was waiting for others. The postilions would have changed them for ours, deeming our necks, I suppose, of no consequence; but our Neapolitan friend most kindly advised me not to allow them to change, a piece of disinterested, or rather self-denying, consideration for which I felt much obliged to him. Strange it is to look at these upland slopes, so fresh, so airy, so open, and to conceive that malaria can be here. They have been planting trees here by the roadside, acacias and elms and shumacks, a nice thing to do, and perhaps also really useful, as trees might possibly lessen the malaria. We see the men who come to reap the crops in the Campagna sleeping under the shade by the roadside; we are going up the outer rim of the Baccano crater; the road is a "via cava," and the beauty of the brooms and wild figs is exquisite. Now we are in the crater, quite round, with a level bottom about one mile and a half in diameter. Arrived at Baccano, 10.35. Left it 10.45. And now we are going up the inner rim of the crater, and it is an odd place to look back on. I put up Catstabber, take my pen, and look with all my eyes, for here is the top of the rim, and Rome is before us, though as yet I see it not. We have just seen it, 11.5. S. Peter's within the horizon line, the Mons Albanus, the portal into the Hernican country, Præneste Tiber, and the valley of the Anio, towards Sublaqueum. Of earthly sights *τρίτον αὐτὸ*—Athens and Jerusalem are the other two—the three people of God's election, two for things temporal, and one for things eternal. Yet even in the things eternal they were allowed to minister. Greek cultivation and Roman

polity prepared men for Christianity, as Mahommedanism* can bear witness, for the East, when it abandoned Greece and Rome, could only reproduce Judaism. Mahommedanism, six hundred years after Christ, justifies the wisdom of God in Judaism; proving that the eastern man could bear nothing more perfect. Here I see perfectly the shoulder of land which joins the Alban Hills to the mountains by Prænestе, and through the gap over them I see the mountains of the Volscians. A long ridge lies before us between us and La Storta, but if we turned to the left before we ascended it, we could get down to the Tiber without a hill. And here I look upon Veii (Isola Farnese), and see distinctly the little cliff above the stream which was made available for the old walls. We are descending to the stream at Osteria del Fosso, which was one of those that flowed under the walls of Veii. And here at Osteria del Fosso we have the little cliffy banks which were so often used here for the fortifications of the ancient towns, and such as I have just seen in Veii itself. We are going up the ridge from Osteria del Fosso, and have just passed the eleventh milestone. These bare slopes, overgrown with thistles and fern are very solemn, while the bright broom cheering the road banks might be an image of God's grace in the wilderness, and a type that it most cheers those who keep to the straight road of duty. Past the tenth milestone, and here, apparently with no descent to reach to, is La Storta. Arrived at La Storta 12.4. Left it 12.14. Here is a Campagna scene. On the left a lonely Osteria, and on the right one of the lonely square towers of this district, old refuges for men and cattle in the Middle Ages. We descend gradually; the sides of the slopes both right and left (for we are on a ridge) are prettily clothed with copse-wood. I have just seen the Naples road beyond Rome, the back of the Monte Mario, the towers of the churches at the Porto del Popolo. And now, just past the fourth milestone, S. Peter's has opened from behind Monte Mario, and we go down by zig and zag towards the level of the Tiber. It brings us down into a pretty green valley watered by the Acqua Traversa, where, for the first time, we have a few vines on the slope above. The Acqua Traversa joins the Tiber above the Milvian bridge, so we cross him and go up out of his little valley on the right. And here we find the first houses which

* "The unworthy idea of Paradise in the Koran," he used to say, "justifies the ways of God in not revealing a future state earlier, since man in early ages was not fit for it."

seem like the approach to a city. There are the cypresses on the Monte Mario, and here is the Tiber and the Milvian bridge. We are crossing the Tiber now, and now we are in the AGER ROMANUS. Garden walls and ordinary suburb houses line the road on both sides, but the Collis Hortulorum rises prettily on the left, with its little cliffs, its cypresses, copsewood, and broom. The Porta del Popolo is in sight, and then Passport and Dogana must be minded, so here I stop for the present, 1.20.

ROME, July 9. Again this date, my dearest ——, one of the most solemn and interesting to me that my hand can ever write, and now even more interesting than when I saw it last.

The Pantheon I had never seen before, and I admire it greatly; its vastness, and the opening at the top which admitted the view of the cloudless sky, both struck me particularly. Of the works of art at the Vatican I ought not to speak, but I was glad to find that I could understand the Apollo better than when I saw it last.

S. Stefano Rotondo on the Cælian, so called from its shape, consists of two rows of concentric pillars, and contains the old mosaic of our Lord, of which I spoke in my former journal. It exhibits, also, in a series of pictures all round the church, the martyrdoms of the Christians in the so-called Persecutions, with a general picture of the most eminent martyrs since the triumph of Christianity. No doubt many of the particular stories thus painted will bear no critical examination; it is likely enough, too, that Gibbon has truly accused the general statements of exaggeration. But this is a thankless labour, such as Lingard and others have undertaken with respect to the St. Bartholomew massacre, and the Irish massacre of 1642. Divide the sum total of reported martyrs by twenty—by fifty, if you will—but after all you have a number of persons of all ages and sexes suffering cruel torments and death for conscience' sake and for Christ's, and by their sufferings manifestly, with God's blessing, ensuring the triumph of Christ's Gospel. Neither do I think that we consider the excellence of this martyr spirit half enough. I do not think that pleasure is a sin:* the Stoics

* He had, however, a great respect for the later Stoics:—"It is common to ridicule them," he said; "but their triumph over bodily pain was one of the noblest efforts after good ever made by man, without revelation. He that said to pain 'Thou art no evil to me, so long as I can endure thee,'—it was given him from God."

of old, and the ascetic Christians since, who have said so (see the answers of that excellent man Pope Gregory the Great, to Augustine's questions, as given at length by Bede) have, in saying so, overstepped the simplicity and the wisdom of Christian truth. But, though pleasure is not a sin, yet surely the contemplation of suffering for Christ's sake is a thing most needful for us in our days, from whom in our daily life suffering seems so far removed. And, as God's grace enabled rich and delicate persons, women, and even children, to endure all extremities of pain and reproach in times past, so there is the same grace no less mighty now; and if we do not close ourselves against it, it might in us be no less glorified in a time of trial. And that such time of trial will come, my children, in your days, if not in mine, I do believe fully, both from the teaching of man's wisdom and of God's. And, therefore, pictures of martyrdoms are, I think, very wholesome,—not to be sneered at, nor yet to be looked on as a mere excitement,—but a sober reminder to us of what Satan can do to hurt, and what Christ's grace can enable the weakest of His people to bear. Neither should we forget those who by their sufferings were more than conquerors, not for themselves only, but for us, in securing to us the safe and triumphant existence of Christ's blessed faith—in securing to us the possibility—nay, the actual enjoyment, had it not been for the Antichrist of the Priesthood—of Christ's holy and glorious ἐκκλησία, the congregation and commonwealth of Christ's people.

July 12, 1840.

10. . . . . And I see Sezza on its mountain seat; but here is a more sacred spot, Appii Forum, where St. Paul met his friends, when, having landed at Puteoli, he went on by the Appian road to Rome. Here the ancient and the present roads are the same,—here, then, the Apostle Paul with Luke and with Timothy, travelled along, a prisoner, under a centurion guard, to carry his appeal to Cæsar. How much resulted from that journey—the manifestation of Christ's name ἐν ὅλῳ τῷ πραιτωρίῳ, the four precious Epistles ad Ephesios, ad Philippenses, ad Colossenses, ad Philemona; and on the other hand, owing to his long absence, the growth of Judaism, that is, of priest-craft, in the eastern churches, never, alas! to be wholly put down.

July 13, 1840.

11. . . . . M—— says that she never saw so beautiful a spot as Mola di Gaeta. I should say so too, in suo genere; but Fox How and Chiavenna are so different, that I cannot compare them; so again, are Rome from S. Pietro in Montorio, —Oxford, from the pretty field,* or from St. John's Gardens,— London, from Westminster Bridge, and Paris, from the Quays. But Mola is one of those spots which are of a beauty not to be forgotten while one lives.

"At Mola is what is called Cicero's Villa. There is no greater folly than to attempt to connect particular spots in this uncertain way with great names; and no one, who represents to his own mind the succession of events and ages which have passed, will attempt to do it upon conjecture, the chances being thousands to one against correctness. There can be no traditions, from the long period when such things were forgotten and uncared for; and what seems to be tradition, in fact, originates in what antiquarians have told the people. People do not enough consider the long periods of the Roman empire after Augustus's time,—the century of the greatest activity under Trajan, and the Antonines, when the Republic and the Augustan age were considered as ancient times,—then Severus and his time,—then Diocletian and Theodosius,— when the Roman laws were in full vigour."

Naples, July 14, 1840.

12. While we are waiting for dinner, my dearest ——, I will write two or three lines of journal. Here we actually are, looking out upon what but presents images which, with a very little play of fancy, might all be shaped into a fearful drama of Pleasure, Sin, and Death. The Pleasure is everywhere,—nowhere is nature more lovely, or man, as far as appears, more enjoying; the Sin is in the sty of Capreæ, in the dissoluteness of Baiæ and Pompeii,—in the black treachery which, in this ill-omened country, stained the fame even of Nelson,—in the unmatchable horrors of the white Jacobins of 1799,—in the general absence of any recollection of piety, virtue, or wisdom —for "he that is not with me is against me." And the Death stands manifest in his awfulness in Vesuvius,—in his loathsomeness at the abominable Campo Santo. Far be it from me, or from my friends, to live or to sojourn long in such a place;

* See p. 248.

the very contradictory, as it seems to me, of the hill Difficulty, and of the house Beautiful, and of the Land of Beulah. But, behold, we are again in voiture, going along the edge of the sea in the port of Naples, and going out to Salerno. Clouds are on the mountains which form the south-east side of the bay; but Vesuvius is clear, and quite quiet,—not a wreath of smoke ascends from him. Since I wrote this, in the last five minutes, there is a faint curl of smoke visible. Striking it is to observe the thousand white houses round his base, and the green of copsewood which runs half way up to him, and up to the very summit of his neighbour, the Monte Somma,—and then to look at the desolate blackness of his own cone.

July 15, 1840.

13. We have just left Pompeii, after having spent two hours in walking over the ruins. Now, what has struck me most in this extraordinary scene, speaking historically? That is, what knowledge does one gain from seeing an ancient town destroyed in the first century of the Christian era, thus laid open before us? I do not think that there is much. I observed the streets crossing one another at right angles: I observed the walls of the town just keeping the crown of the hill, and the suburbs and the tombs falling away directly from the gates: I observed the shops in front of the houses—the streets narrow, the rooms in the houses very small; the dining-room in one of the best was twenty feet by eighteen nearly. The Forum was large for the size of the town; and the temples and public buildings occupied a space proportionably greater than with us. I observed the Impluvium, forming a small space in the midst of the Atrium. And I think, further, that Pompeii, is just a thing for pictures to represent adequately; I could understand it from Gell's book, but no book can give me the impressions or the knowledge which I gain from every look at the natural landscape. Then, poetically, Pompeii is to me, as I always thought it would be, no more than Pompeii; that is, it is a place utterly unpoetical. An Osco-Roman town, with some touches of Greek corruption—a town of the eighth century of Rome, marked by no single noble recollection, nor having—like the polygonal walls of Cicolano—the marks of a remote antiquity and a pure state of society. There is only the same sort of interest with which one would see the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah, but indeed there is less. One is not

authorized to ascribe so solemn a character to the destruction of Pompeii; it is not a peculiar monument of God's judgments, it is the mummy of a man of no worth or dignity—solemn, no doubt, as everything is which brings life and death into such close connexion, but with no proper and peculiar solemnity, like places rich in their own proper interest, or sharing in the general interest of a remote antiquity, or an uncorrupted state of society. The towns of the Cicolano are like the tomb of a child—Pompeii is like that of Lord Chesterfield.

July 18, 1840.

14. The panorama of mountains, and the infinite variety of light and shade caused by a very bright sun and very black clouds, cannot be described. Aquila is seen rising on its hills on the left bank of the Aternus, about nine miles off. Behold something of a section of the plain and valley, if I can make them intelligible. . . . . By the way I saw the Tratturo delle Pecore, or Cattle Path, "Callis," which Keppel Craven mentions, in our upland plain, a broad-marked track on the turf, which ran close by the road for a space, and then passed it. We are now down fairly in the valley, at the 125th mile, and the Gran Sasso d'Italia, or Monte Como, the highest of the Apennines, 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, spreads out his huge mass just behind the near hills of this valley. . . . I have endeavoured to represent his outline, and his enormous ribs and deep combes, but I must not forget his verdure; for as the sun shines upon him, the turf upon his swells and ridge looks green as Loughrigg, the peak looks as I have so often seen Fairfield when a slight snow has fallen—the snow lies where the steepness of the cliffs will let it lie. We are in a fresh valley amidst streams of running water: but there is malaria here. And now, 6.56, we are just beginning the ascent of the hill on which Aquila itself is built. Nothing can be fresher than everything around us—the vines on the hills, the deep green of the poplars and willows that fringe the streams, and the bright grass of a little patch of meadow. Then the mountains rise behind on all sides, their tops still gleaming with the sun which is set to us in the valley (129th mile, within a quarter of a mile of the entrance into Aquila), while the mountains to the N.W. are steeped in one of the richest glows of crimson that I ever saw. Passports at Aquila gate, or

rather at the gate of the old *περίβολος*; but Aquila has shrunk, and a long avenue through corn-fields leads from the gate of what was the town to the beginning of the part inhabited now.

July 19. Left Aquila 6.8, passing under the citadel and with the Gran Sasso facing us in all his brightness. I did not see his main summit last night after all, for it was behind, and the clouds covered it; so I have put it in slightly this morning. We have got to-day, not a Cheval but an Homme de Renfort, to help the carriage through the difficulties of the pass of Androdoco. And now, dearest, it is Sunday morning, and a brighter day never shone: the clouds and cold have vanished, and summer seems returned. May God bless you all, my darlings, and us your absent parents—to whom the roads of Italy on this day are far less grateful than the chapel of Rydal or of Rugby. It is here amongst strangers or enemies that I could most zealously defend the Church of England—here one may look only at its excellences; whereas at home, and amongst ourselves, it is idle to be puffing what our own business is rather to mend and to perfect.

July 20, 1840.

15. Rieti is so screened by the thousand elms to which its vines are trained, that you hardly can see the town till you are in it. It stands in the midst of the "Rosea Rura," this marvellous plain of the Velinus, a far fairer than the Thessalian Tempe. Immediately above it are some of the rocky but exquisitely soft hills of the country,—so soft and sweet that they are like the green hills round Como, or the delicate screen of the head of Derwentwater; the Apennines have lost all their harsher and keep only their finer features—their infinite beauty of outline, and the endless enwrappings of their combes, their cliffs, and their woods. But here is water everywhere, which gives a universal freshness to everything. Rieti, I see, stands just at an opening of the hills, so that you may catch its towers on the sky between them. We have crossed the Velino to its left bank, just below its confluence with the Torrano, the ancient Tereno, as I believe, up whose valley we have just been looking, and see it covered with corn, standing in shocks, but not carried. It has been often a very striking sight to see the little camp of stacks raised round a farm-house, and to see multitudes of people assembled, threshing their corn, or treading it out with mules' or horses' feet. Still

the towns stand nobly on the mountains. Behold Grecio before us,—two church towers, and the round towers of its old bastions, and the line of its houses on the edge of one cliff, and with other cliffs rising behind it. The road has chosen to go up a shoulder of hill on the left of the valley, for no other visible reason than to give travellers a station like the Bowness Terrace, from which they might have a general view over it. It is really like "the Garden of the Lord," and "the Seraph guard" might keep their watch on the summit of the opposite mountains, which, seen under the morning sun, are invested in a haze of heavenly light, as if shrouding a more than earthly glory. Truly may one feel with Von Canitz,* that if the glory of God's perishable works be so great, what must be the glory of the imperishable,—what infinitely more of Him who is the author of both! And if I feel thrilling through me the sense of this outward beauty—innocent, indeed, yet necessarily unconscious,—what is the sense one ought to have of moral beauty,—of God the Holy Spirit's creation,—of humbleness and truth, and self-devotion and love! Much more beautiful, because made truly after God's image, are the forms and colours of kind and wise and holy thoughts, and words, and actions; more truly beautiful is one hour of old Mrs. Price's† patient waiting for the Lord's time, and her cheerful and kind interest in us all, feeling as if she owed us anything—than this glorious valley of the Velinus. For this will pass away, and that will not pass away: but that is not the great point;—believe with Aristotle that this should abide, and that should perish; still there is in the moral beauty, an inherent excellence which the natural beauty cannot have; for the moral beauty is actually, so to speak, God, and not merely His work; His living and conscious ministers and servants are—it is permitted us to say so—the temples of which the light is God Himself.

July 20, 1840.

16. We have now one of the best possible specimens of the ancient mountain towns close above us. This is Torri, standing on the top of a hill, and stretching down towards the plain. Its churches are at the summit like an acropolis, and from thence its walls diverge down the hill, and are joined by

* See the story and poem in Serm. vol. iv. note B.

† An old woman in the Almshouses at Rugby, alluded to vol. i. p. 209, vol. ii. p. 283.

a cross wall, the base of the triangle, near, but not at the plain . . . . The walls are perfect, and, there being no suburbs, the town is quite distinctly marked, standing in a mass of olives around it; and below I see that it is not quite a triangle, but rather a triangle stuck on to a rude circle. Spoleto is still beautifully visible at the end of the plain behind us. I can conceive Hannibal's Numidians trying to carry it αὐτοβοεὶ after they had harried all this delicious plain; and if the colony shut its gates against them, and was not panic-struck by the terror of Thrasymenus, it did well, and deserved honour, as did Nola in like case, although Marcellus's son lied about his father's life no less valiantly than he did about his death.

Arrived at Ponte Centesimo 5.51. Left it 6.2. The valley narrow, and the oaks very nice on the hill-sides. The road ascends steeply from Ponte Centesimo along the side of the hills as a terrace. The road is now very beautiful, the hills on both sides are wooded, and the turf under them is soft in the morning sun. We have still the vines and the maize but I doubt whether we shall see many more olives; for from here to the top of the Apennines it will be too high for them, and they have the good taste not to grow in that mongrel Italy between the Apennines and the Alps. Here we cross a great feeder of the main stream, great in width of bed, but very small in his supply of water, while the main stream, like an honest man, seems to be no more than he is, has a little channel, but fills it with water. Behold meadows by the stream-side, and mowing going forward; and, O marvellous for a summer scent in Italy! the smell of fresh hay! It is quite lovely, the hill-sides like Rydal Park, and the valley like our great hay-fields, with cattle feeding freely; but still the Apennine character of endless dells and combes in the mountain-sides, which give a character of variety and beauty to the details of the great landscape, quite peculiar to central Italy. We have had no stage like this since we have entered Italy, and it goes on still with the same beauty. And now we have crossed our beautiful stream, and are going up a little valley to our right, in which stands Nocera. I did not notice when we arrived at Nocera, but we left at 7.30. If for a moment the country in the preceding stage could have made us forget that we were in Italy, the town of Nocera would soon have reminded us of it; standing on a hill as usual, and with all its characteristic style of building. A few olives, too, were and are still to be seen, and the vines are luxuriant. We went up a steep hill, and

down a steeper out of Nocera, to get out of the valley of the Nocera feeder, and to come again into the valley of our old friend the Calcignolo ; but now it is very wide, and we are not near his stream, but on the roots of the mountains, with a wide view right and left of upland slopes, corn, and vines, and the hills beautifully wooded, and the combes delicious, and water trickling down, or rather running in every little stream bed. We have had much up and down over the swellings and sinkings of the hill-sides and combes, but as Terzo is gone back, our way, I presume, will now be smoother. As I now sit between Guisano and Gualdo, I see the valley or upland plain in which we are stretching away quite to the central ridge, which sinks at that point perceptibly, so that the Apennines are here penetrated from the south with no trouble. Even here I see a few olives, but the vines and maize grow freely over the whole country, and the hills are beautifully wooded, so that a more delightful or liveable region is not easily to be found. Compare this pass of the Apennines with that between Isermia and Castel di Sangro, or with the tremendous descent from the Five-mile plain to Sulmona. We descend a steep hill into the combe, in which is Gualdo, and arrive at the post 9.0. I did not notice our leaving it, because there was a dispute about a Terzo. We have just passed a road, going to Gubbio Iguvium, so famous for its tables in the Umbrian language, but some of them written in the Latin character. Still ups and downs perpetual, but fresh water everywhere, which freshens the whole landscape, and it is truly beautiful. Still I see a few olives on the hill-side above us, but they must be nearly the last. Here is another such descent into the combe, on the opposite side of which stands Sigillo, and still here are the olives. Arrived at Sigillo 10.44. Left it 11.0. Still the same beautiful plain, corn, and maize, and festooning vines, although we are on high ground, and going to cross the main ridge of the Apennines with no Terzo ; and still olives, while fine oaks are scattered over the plain, and raise their higher foliage above the universal green of the young trees where the vines are trained. The road has continued stealing up along the sides of the hills till we are nearly arrived at the head of the valley, and also at the extremity of cultivation, for only a thin belt of vines now intervenes between us and the bare hill-side. And yet there are olives even here, and the oaks are quite beautiful ; and walnuts are intermixed with them. The road turns left across the valley, to go round a spur or shoulder which runs

out from the hills on the right; how or where we crossed the watershed I do not yet see.——We have turned our spur and the road goes right, and the watershed opens before us—just a straight line between the hills, and closing up the valley as with a dam;—exactly as in ascending Winster we find the top of the valley, just before going down upon Windermere. Yet one or two olives are to be found even here, and the vines and maize are everywhere. I know of no other such passage of a great mountain-chain, preserving actually up to the very watershed all the richness of a southern valley, and yet with the freshness of a mountain region too. And here we are on the "ipsissimum divortium," still amidst the trailing vines; and here is La Schezzia, on a stream which is going to the Adriatic.

Banks of the Metaurus, July 21, 1840.

17. "Livy says, 'the farther Hasdrubal got from the sea the steeper became the banks of the river.' We noticed some steep banks, but probably they were much higher twenty-three centuries ago; for all rivers have a tendency to raise themselves from accumulations of gravel, &c.; the windings of the stream, also, would be much more as Livy describes them, in the natural state of the river. The present aspect of this tract of country is the result of 2000 years of civilisation, and would be very different in those times. There would be much of natural forest remaining, the only cultivation being the square patches of the Roman messores, and these only on the best land. The whole plain would look wild, like a new and half-settled country. One of the greatest physical changes on the earth is produced by the extermination of carnivorous animals; for then the graminivorous become so numerous as to eat up all the young trees, so that the forests rapidly diminish, except those trees which they do not eat, as pines and firs."

July 23, 1840.

18. Between Faenza and Imola, just now, I saw a large building standing back from the road, on the right, with two places somewhat like lodges in front, on the roadside. On one of them was the inscription "Labor omnia vincit," and the lines about iron working, ending "Argutæ lamina serræ." On the other were Horace's lines about drinking, without fear of

"insanæ leges." Therefore, I suppose that these buildings were an iron-foundry, and a public or café; but the classical inscriptions seemed to me characteristic of that foolery of classicalism which marks the Italians, and infects those with us who are called "elegant scholars." It appears to me that in Christian Europe the only book from which quotations are always natural and good as inscriptions for all sorts of places, is the Bible; because every calling of life has its serious side, if it be not sinful; and a quotation from the Bible relating to it, is taking it on this serious side, which is at once a true side, and a most important one. But iron foundries and publics have no connection with mere book literature, which to the people concerned most with either, is a thing utterly uncongenial. And inscriptions on such places should be for those who most frequent them; a literary man writing up something upon them for other literary men to read, is like the impertinence of two scholars talking to each other in Latin at a coach dinner.

Bologna, July 23, 1840.

19. . . . . And now this is the last night, I trust, in which I shall sleep in the Pope's dominions; for it is impossible not to be sickened with a government such as this, which discharges no one function decently. The ignorance of the people is prodigious—how can it be otherwise? The booksellers' shops sad to behold—the very opposite of that scribe, instructed to the Kingdom of God, who was to bring out of his treasures things new and old—these scribes, not of the kingdom of God, bring out of their treasures nothing good, either new or old, but the mere rubbish of the past and the present. Other governments may see an able and energetic sovereign arise, to whom God may give a long reign, so that what he began in youth he may live to complete in old age. But here every reign must be short; for every sovereign comes to the throne an old man, and with no better education than that of a priest. Where, then, can there be hope under such a system, so contrived as it should seem for every evil end, and so necessarily exclusive of good? I could muse long and deeply on the state of this country; but it is not my business, neither do I see, humanly speaking, one gleam of hope. "1517," said Niebuhr, "must precede 1688;" but where are the symptoms of 1517 here? And if one evil spirit be cast out, there are but seven others yet more evil, it may be, ready to enter. Where-

fore, I have no sympathy with the so-called Liberal party here any more than has Bunsen. They are but types of the counter evil of Popery,—that is, of Jacobinism. The two are obverse and reverse of the coin,—the imprinting of one type on the one side, necessarily brings out the other on the other side; and so in a perpetual series; for Newmanism leads to Socialism, and Socialism leads to Newmanism,—the eternal oscillations of the drunken mima,—the varying vices and vileness of the slave, and the slave broken loose. "Half of our virtue," says Homer, "is torn away when a man becomes a slave," and the other half goes when he becomes a slave broken loose. Wherefore may God grant us freedom from all idolatry, whether of flesh or of spirit; that fearing Him * and loving Him, we may fear and bow down before no idol, and never worshipping what ought not to be worshipped, may so escape the other evil of not worshipping what ought to be worshipped. Good-night, my darlings.

July 24, 1840.

20. As we are going through this miserable state of Modena, it makes me feel most strongly what it is to be ἐλευθέρας πολέως πολίτης. What earthly thing could induce me to change the condition of an English private gentleman for any conceivable rank of fortune, or authority, in Modena? How much of my nature must I surrender; how many faculties must consent to abandon their exercise before the change could be other than intolerable! Feeling this, one can understand the Spartan answer to the Great King's satrap: "Hadst thou known what freedom was, thou wouldst advise us to defend it not with swords, but with axes." Now there are some, Englishmen unhappily, but most unworthy to be so, who affect to talk of freedom, and a citizen's rights and duties, as things about which a Christian should not care. Like all their other doctrines, this comes out of the shallowness of their little minds, "understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm." True it is, that St. Paul, expecting that the world was shortly to end, tells a man not to care even if he were in a state of personal slavery. That is an endurable evil which will shortly cease, not in itself only, but in its consequences. But even for the few years during which he

* "He fears God thoroughly, and he fears neither man nor Devil beside," was his characteristic description of a thoroughly courageous man.

supposed the world would exist, he says, "if thou mayst be made free, use it rather." For true it is that a great part of the virtues of human nature can scarcely be developed in a state of slavery, whether personal or political. The passive virtues may exist, the active ones suffer. Truth, too, suffers especially; if a man may not declare his convictions when he wishes to do so, he learns to conceal them also for his own convenience; from being obliged to play the hypocrite for others, he learns to lie on his own account. And as the ceasing to lie is mentioned by St. Paul, as one of the first marks of the renewed nature, so the learning to lie is one of the surest marks of nature unrenewed. . . . . True it is, that the first Christians lived under a despotism, and yet that truth, and the active virtues, were admirably developed in them. But the first manifestation of Christianity was in all respects of a character so extraordinary as abundantly to make up for the absence of more ordinary instruments for the elevation of the human mind. It is more to the purpose to observe, that immediately after the Apostolic times, the total absence of all civil self-government was one great cause which ruined the government of the Church also, and prepared men for the abominations of the priestly dominion; while, on the other hand, Guizot has well shown that one great cause of the superiority of the Church to the heathen world was because, in the Church alone, there was a degree of freedom and a semblance of political activity; the great bishops, Athanasius and Augustine, although subjects of a despotic ruler in the State, were themselves free citizens and rulers of a great society, in the management of which all the political faculties of the human mind found sufficient exercise. But when the Church is lost in the weakness and falsehood of a priesthood, it can no longer furnish such a field, and there is the greater need therefore of political freedom. But the only perfect and entirely wholesome freedom, is where the Church and the State are both free, and both one. Then, indeed, there is Civitas Dei, then there is ἀρίστη καὶ τελειοτάτη ἡ πολιτεία. And now this discussion has brought me nearly half through this Duchy of Modena, for we must be more than half way from Rubbiero to Reggio.

Canton Ticino, July 25, 1840.

21. We have now just passed the Austrian frontier, and are entered into Switzerland, that is, into the Canton Ticino—

Switzerland politically, but Italy still, and for a long time, geographically. In comparing this country with central Italy, I observe the verdure of the grass here, and the absence of the olive, and mostly of the fig, and the comparative rarity of the vine. Again, the villages are more scattered over the whole landscape, and not confined to the mountains; and the houses themselves, white and large and with overhanging roofs, and standing wide and free, have no resemblance to the dark masses of uncouth buildings which are squeezed together upon the scanty surface of their mountain platforms in central Italy. Here, too, is running water in every field—which keeps up this eternal freshness of green. But in central Italy all the forms are more picturesque, the glens are deeper, the hills are bolder, and at the same time softer, besides the indescribable charm thrown over every scene there by the recollection of its antiquities. Still I am not sure that I could justify to another person my own preference beyond all comparison of the country between Antrodoco and Terni over this between Como and Lugano. Mola di Gaeta, Naples, Terracina, and Vietri, having the sea in their landscape, cannot fairly be brought into comparison.

July 28, 1840.

Left Amsteg, 6.50. The beauty of the lower part of this valley is perfect. The morning is fine, so that we see the tops of the mountains, which rise 9000 feet above the sea directly from the valley. Huge precipices, crowned with pines, rising out of pines, and with pines between them, succeed below to the crags and glaciers. Then in the valley itself, green *hows*, with walnuts and pears, and wild cherries, and the gardens of these picturesque Swiss cottages, scattered about over them; and the roaring Reuss, the only inharmonious element where he is,—yet he himself not incapable of being made harmonious if taken in a certain point of view, at the very bottom of all. This is the Canton Uri, one of the Wald Staaten, or Forest Cantons, which were the original germ of the Swiss confederacy. But Uri, like Sparta, has to answer the question, What has mankind gained over and above the ever precious example of noble deeds, from Morgarten, Sempach, or Thermopylæ? What the world has gained by Salamis and Platæa, and by Zama, is on the other hand no question, any more than it ought to be a question what the world has gained by the defeat of Philip's armada, or by

Trafalgar and Waterloo. But if a nation only does great deeds that it may live, and does not show some worthy object for which it has lived—and Uri and Switzerland have shown but too little of any such—then our sympathy with the great deeds of their history can hardly go beyond the generation by which those deeds were performed; and I cannot help thinking of the mercenary Swiss of Novara and Marignano, and of the oppression exercised over the Italian bailiwicks and the Pays de Vaud, and all the tyrannical exclusiveness of these little barren oligarchies, as much as of the heroic deeds of the three men, Tell and his comrades, or the self-devotion of my namesake of Winkelried, when at Sempach he received into his breast "a sheaf of Austrian spears."

Steamer on the Lake of Luzern, July 29, 1840.

22. We arrived at Fluelen about half-past eight, and having had some food, and most commendable food it was, we are embarked on the Lake of Luzern, and have already passed Brunnen, and are outside the region of the high Alps. It would be difficult certainly for a Swiss to admire our lakes, because he would ask, What is there here which we have not, and which we have not on a larger scale? I cannot deny that the meadows here are as green as ours, the valleys richer, the woods thicker, the cliffs grander, the mountains by measurement twice or three times higher. And if Switzerland were my home and country, the English lakes and mountains would certainly never tempt me to travel to see them, destitute as they are of all historical interest. In fact, Switzerland is to Europe, what Cumberland and Westmoreland are to Lancashire and Yorkshire; the general summer touring-place. But all country that is actually beautiful, is capable of affording to those who live in it the highest pleasure of scenery, which no country, however beautiful, can do to those who merely travel in it; and thus, while I do not dispute the higher interest of Switzerland to a Swiss (no Englishman ought to make another country his home, and therefore I do not speak of Englishmen), I must still maintain that to me Fairfield is a hundred times more beautiful than the Righi, and Windermere than the Lake of the Four Cantons. Not that I think this is overvalued by travellers, it cannot be so; but most people undervalue greatly what mountains are when they form a part of our daily life, and combined not with our hours of leisure, of

wandering, and of enjoyment, but with those of home life, of work and of duty. Luzern, July 29.—We accomplished the passage of the lake in about three hours, and most beautiful it was all the way. And now, as in 1827, I recognize the forms of our common English country, and should be bidding adieu to mountains, and preparing merely for our Rugby lanes and banks, and Rugby work, were it not for the delightful excrescence of a tour which we hope to make to Fox How, and three or four days' enjoyment of our own mountains, hallowed by our English Church, and hallowed scarcely less by our English Law. Alas, the difference between Church and Law, and clergy and lawyers; but so in human things the concrete ever adds unworthiness to the abstract. I have been sure for many years that the subsiding of a tour, if I may so speak, is quite as delightful as its swelling; I call it its subsiding, when one passes by common things indifferently and even great things with a fainter interest, because one is so strongly thinking of home and of the returning to ordinary relations and duties.

Swiss Lowlands, July 29, 1840.

23. . . . . We have left the mountains and lakes of Switzerland, and are entering upon the Lowlands, which, like those of Scotland, are always unduly depreciated by being compared with their Highlands. The Swiss Lowlands are a beautiful country of hill or valley—never flat, and never barren; —a country like the best parts of Shropshire or Worcestershire. They are beautifully watered—almost all the rivers flowing out of lakes, and keeping a full body of water all the year, and they are extremely well wooded, besides the wooded appearance given to the country by its numerous walnut, pear, and apple trees. They are also a well-inhabited, and apparently a flourishing country; nor could I ever discern that difference between the Protestant and Catholic Cantons, under similar circumstances, which some of our writers have seen or fancied. As for the present aspect of the country—the corn is cutting, but not cut; and much of it has been sadly laid. Vines there are none hereabouts, nor maize, but plenty of good grass, apple and pear trees, and walnuts numberless,—hemp, potatoes, and corn. The views behind the mountains are and will be magnificent all the way till we get over the Hauenstein hills, the continuation of the Jura, and we are now ascending from the valley of the Reuss to get over to the feeder of the Aar—the great river of the Bernese Oberland and of Bern.

August 6, 1840.

24. Arrived at St. Omer.—And Pavé is dead, and we have left our last French town (except Calais), and all things and feelings French seem going to sleep in me,—cares of carriage —cares of passport—cares of inns—cares of postilions and of Pavé—and there revive within me the habitual cares of my life, which for the last seven weeks have slumbered. In many things the beginning and end are different, in few more so than in a tour. "Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt," is in my case doubly false. My mind changes twice, from my home self to my travelling self, and then to my home self back again. On this day seven weeks I travelled this very stage: its appearance in that interval is no doubt altered; flowers are gone by, and corn is yellow which was green; but I am changed even more—changed in my appetites and in my impressions; for then I craved locomotion and rest from mental work—now I desire to remain still as to place, and to set my mind to work again;—then I looked at everything on the road with interest, drinking in eagerly a sense of the reality of foreign objects—now I only notice our advance homeward, and foreign objects seem to be things with which I have no concern. But it is not that I feel any way tired of things and persons French, only that I do so long for things and persons English. I never felt more keenly the wish to see the peace between the two countries perpetual; never could I be more indignant at the folly and wickedness which on both sides of the water are trying to rekindle the flames of war. The one effect of the last war ought to be to excite in both nations the greatest mutual respect. France, with the aid of half Europe, could not conquer England; England, with the aid of all Europe, never could have overcome France, had France been zealous and united in Napoleon's quarrel. When Napoleon saw kings and princes bowing before him at Dresden, Wellington was advancing victoriously in Spain; when a million of men in 1815 were invading France, Napoleon engaged for three days with two armies, each singly equal to his own, and was for two days victorious. Equally and utterly false are the follies uttered by silly men of both countries, about the certainty of one beating the other. Οὐ πόλυ διαφέρει ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπου, is especially applicable here. When Englishmen and Frenchmen meet in war, each may know that they will meet in the other all a soldier's qualities—skill, activity, and undaunted courage, with bodies able to do the bidding of the spirit either in action

or in endurance. England and France may do each other incalculable mischief by going to war, both physically and morally; but they can gain for themselves, or hope to gain, nothing. It were an accursed wish in either to wish to destroy the other, and happily the wish would be as utterly vain as it would be wicked.

August 6, 1840.

25. Left Dover 7.45. What am I to say of this perfect road and perfect posting; of the greenness and neatness of everything, the delicate miniature, the scale of the country,—the art of the painter held in honour, and extending even to barns and railings,—of the manifest look of spring and activity and business which appears in everybody's movements? The management of the Commissioner at Dover in getting the luggage through the Custom House, was a model of method and expedition, and so was the attendance at the inns. All this fills me with many thoughts, amongst which the prevailing one certainly is not pride; for with the sight of all this there instantly comes into my mind the thought of our sad plague spots, the canker-worm in this beautiful and goodly fruit corrupting it within. But I will not dwell on this now,—personally, I may indulge in the unspeakable delight of being once again in our beloved country, with our English Church and English Law.

August 7, 1840.

26. Even whilst I write, the houses of the neighbourhood of London are being left behind, and these bright green quiet fields of Middlesex are succeeding one another like lightning. So we have passed London—no one can tell when again I may revisit it;—and foreign parts, having now all London between me and them, are sunk away into an unreality, while Rugby and Fox How are growing very substantial. We are now just at Harrow; and here, too, harvest, I see, has begun. And now we are in Hertfordshire, crossing the valley of the Coln at Watford. Watford station 5.54. Left it 5.56. Tring station 6.28. Left it 6.30. And now we are descending the chalk escarpment, and it may be some time before I set my eyes upon chalk again. Here, too, in Buckinghamshire, I see that the harvest is begun. Leighton Buzzard station 6.48. Left it 6.51. This speed is marvellous, for we have not yet been two hours on our journey, and here we are in the very bowels of

the kingdom, above 110 miles from Dover, and not quite 240 from you, my boys. Here is the iron sand, and we shall soon come upon our old friend the Oolite. The country looks delicious under the evening sun, so green and rich and peaceful. Wolverton station and the food 7.15. Left it 7.27. Blisworth station 7.53. Left it 7.56. And now we are fairly in Northamptonshire, and in our own Rugby country in a manner, because we come here on the Kingsthorpe clay.

August 9, 1840.

27. Left Milnethorpe 6.21. My last day's journal, I hope, dearest, and then the faithful inkstand which has daily hung at my button-hole may retire to his deserved rest. Our tea last night was incomparable; such ham, such bread and butter, such cake, and then came this morning a charge of 4*s.* 6*d.* for our joint bed and board; when those scoundrels in Italy, whose very life is roguery, used to charge double and treble for their dog fare and filthy rooms. Bear witness Capua, and that vile Swiss-Italian woman, whom I could wish to have been in Capua (Casilinum) when Hannibal besieged it, and when she must either have eaten her shoes, or been eaten herself by some neighbour, if she had not been too tough and indigestible. But, dearest, there are other thoughts within me as I look out on this delicious valley (we are going down to Levens) on this Sunday morning. How calm and beautiful is everything, and here, as we know, how little marred by any extreme poverty. And yet do these hills and valleys, any more than those of the Apennines, send up an acceptable incense? Both do as far as Nature is concerned—our softer glory and that loftier glory each in their kind render their homage, and God's work so far is still very good. But with our just laws and pure faith, and here with a wholesome state of property besides, is there yet the Kingdom of God here any more than in Italy? How can there be? For the Kingdom of God is the perfect development of the Church of God: and when Priestcraft destroyed the Church, the Kingdom of God became an impossibility. We have now entered the Winster Valley, and are got precisely to our own slates again, which we left yesterday week in the Vosges. The strawberries and raspberries hang red to the sight by the roadside; and the turf and flowers are more delicately beautiful than anything which I have seen abroad. The mountains, too, are in their softest haze; I have seen Old

Man and the Langdale Pikes rising behind the nearer hills most beautifully. We have just opened on Windermere, and vain it is to talk of any earthly beauty equalling this country in my eyes; when mingling with every form and sound and fragrance comes the full thought of domestic affections, and of national, and of Christian; here is our own house and home—here are our own country laws and language—and here is our English Church. No Mola di Gaeta, no valley of the Velino, no Salerno or Vietri, no Lago di Pie di Lugo, can rival to me this vale of Windermere, and of the Rotha. And here it lies in the perfection of its beauty, the deep shadows on the unruffled water—the haze investing Fairfield with everything solemn and undefined. Arrived at Bowness, 8.20. Left it at 8.31. Passing Ragrigg Gate 8.37. On the Bowness Terrace 8.45. Over Troutbeck Bridge, 8.51. Here is Ecclerigg, 8.58. And here Lowood Inn, 9.4½. And here Waterhead and our ducking-bench, 9.12. The valley opens—Ambleside, and Rydal Park, and the gallery on Loughrigg. Rotha Bridge, 9.16. And here is the poor humbled Rotha, and Mr. Brancker's cut, and the New Millar Bridge, 9.21. Alas! for the alders gone and succeeded by a stiff wall. Here is the Rotha in his own beauty, and here is poor T. Fleming's field, and our own mended gate. Dearest children, may we meet happily. Entered FOX HOW, and the birch copse at 9.25, and here ends journal.—Walter first saw us, and gave notice of our approach. We found all our dear children well, and Fox How in such beauty, that no scene in Italy appeared in my eyes comparable to it. We breakfasted, and at a quarter before eleven, I had the happiness of once more going to an English Church, and that Church our own beloved Rydal Chapel.

XI. TOUR IN SOUTH OF FRANCE.

July 4, 1841.

1. I have been reading Bunsen's Liturgy for the Holy or Passion Week, with his Introduction. He has spoken out many truths, which to the wretched theology of our schools would be startling and shocking: but they are not hard truths, but real Christian truths spoken in love, such as St. Paul spoke, and was called profane by the Judaizers for doing

so. It will be a wonderful day when the light breaks in upon our High Churchmen and Evangelicals: how many it will dazzle and how many it will enlighten, God only knows: but it will be felt, and the darkness will be broken up before it.

Between Angoulême and Bordeaux, July 7, 1841.

2. Left Barbiceaux 10.35, very rich and beautiful. It is not properly southern, for there are neither olives nor figs; nor is it northern, for the vines and maize are luxuriant. It is properly France, with its wide landscapes, no mountains, but slopes and hills; its luminous air, its spread of cultivation, with the vines and maize and walnuts, mixed with the ripe corn, as brilliant in colouring as it is rich in its associations. I never saw a brighter or a fresher landscape. Green hedges line the road; the hay, just cut, is fragrant; everything is really splendid for man's physical well-being:—it is Kent six degrees nearer the sun. Nor are there wanting church towers enough to sanctify the scene, if one could believe that with the stone church there was also the living church, and not the accursed Priestcraft. But, alas! a Priest is not a Church, but that which renders a Church impossible.

July 10, 1841.

3. . . . . I find that the dialect here is not Basque after all, but Gascon, that is, merely a Lingua Romana, more or less differing from the northern French. I fancied that I could understand some of the words, which I certainly could not have done in Basque. The postmaster of S. Paul les Dax, a good-humoured loquacious old gentleman, told me that "une femme" in their patois was "une henne," a curious instance of the H taking the place of the F, as in Spanish, Hijo for Filius. Close by the last post we saw the church spire of Pouy, the native place of Vincentius of Paula, a man worthy of all memory. I have just seen the PYRENEES, lowering down towards the sea, but with very high mountains to the left or eastward: we should have seen more of them if it had not been for the clouds, which are still dark and black to southward. These are the first mountains that I have seen since I last saw our own: between Westmoreland and the Pyrenees there are none. The near country is still the same, but less of the pine forest.

St. Jean de Luz, July 11, 1841.

4. It is this very day year that we were at Mola di Gaeta together, and I do not suppose it possible to conceive a greater contrast than Mola di Gaeta on the 11th of July, 1840, and St. Jean de Luz on the 11th of July, 1841. The lake-like calm of that sea, and the howling fury of this ocean,—the trees few and meagre, shivering from the blasts of the Atlantic, and the umbrageous bed of oranges, peaches, and pomegranates, which there delighted in the freshness of that gentle water ;—the clear sky and bright moon, and the dark mass of clouds and drizzle,—the remains of Roman palaces and the fabled scene of Homer's poetry, and a petty French fishing town, with its coasting Chasse Marées : these are some of the points of the contrast. Yet those vile Italians are the refuse of the Roman slaves, crossed by a thousand conquests ; and these Basques are the very primeval Iberians, who were the most warlike of the nations of the West, before the Kelts had ever come near the shores of the Mediterranean. And the little pier, which I have been just looking at, was the spot where Sir Charles Penrose found the Duke of Wellington alone at the dead of night, when, anxious about the weather for the passage of the Adour, he wished to observe its earliest signs before other men had left their beds.

July 12, 1841.

5. Spain. Just out of Irun, sitting on a stone by the roadside. We have left our carriage in France, and walked over the Bidassoa to Irun, which is about a mile and a half from the bridge. We went through the town, and out of it to some high ground, where we had the whole panorama. The views on every side are magnificent. There is the mouth of the Bidassoa, Fontarabia on one side and Audaye on the other : and the sea blue now, like the Mediterranean. Then on the other side are the mountains : San Marcial on its rocky summit, and the adjoining mountains with their sides perfectly green, deep-wooded combes, fern and turf on the slopes, mingled, as in our own mountains, with crags and cliffs. And just now I saw a silver stream falling down in a deep-wooded ghyll to complete the likeness. Around me are the crops of maize, and here, too are houses scattered over the country, but less neat-looking and fewer than in France. For the town itself, I shall speak of it hereafter.

Biobi.—We are just returned from Spain, and are again seated in our carriage to return to Bayonne. Now what have I seen in Spain worth notice? The very instant that we crossed the Bidassoa, the road, which in France is perfect, became utterly bad, and the street of Irun itself was intolerable. The town, in its style of building resembled the worst towns of central Italy; the galleries on the outside of the houses, the overhanging roofs, and the absence of glass. It strikes me that if this style prevails both in Spain and Italy, where modern improvement has not reached, it must be of very great antiquity; derived, perhaps, from the time when both countries were united under a common Government, the Roman: unless it is to be traced to the Spanish ascendency in Italy, which indeed it may be. Behind Irun, towards the interior, are two sugar-loaf mountains, very remarkable. The hill-sides are all covered with dwarf oaks—not ilex—which look, at a distance, like the apple-trees of Picardy, with just that round cabbage-like head.

Near Agen, July 14.

6. For some time past the road has been a terrace above the lower bank of the Garonne, which is flowing in great breadth and majesty below us. . . . .

From these heights, in clear weather, you can see the Pyrenees, but now the clouds hang darkly over them. . . . . One thing I should have noticed of Agen, that it is the birth-place of Joseph Scaliger, in some respects the Niebuhr of the seventeenth century, but rather the Bentley: morally far below Niebuhr; and though, like Bentley, almost rivalling him in acuteness, and approaching somewhat to him in knowledge, yet altogether without his wisdom.

Auch, July 14, 1841.

7. At supper we were reading a Paris paper, *Le Siècle*; but the one thing which struck me, and rejoiced my very heart, was an advertisement in it of a most conspicuous kind, and in very large letters, of La Sainte Bible, announcing an edition, in numbers, of De Sacy's French translation of it. I can conceive nothing but good from such a thing. May God prosper it to His glory, and the salvation of souls; it was a joyful and a blessed sight to see it.

Bourges, July 14.

8. . . . . We found the afternoon service going on at the Cathedral; and the Archbishop, with his priests and the choristers, were going round the church in procession, chaunting some of their hymns, and with a great multitude of people following them. The effect was very fine, and I again lamented our neglect of our cathedrals, and the absurd confusion in so many men's minds between what is really Popery and what is but wisdom and beauty, adopted by the Roman Catholics and neglected by us.

Paris, July 20, 1841.

9. I have been observing the people in the streets very carefully, and their general expression is not agreeable, that of the young men especially. The newspapers seem all gone mad together, and these disturbances at Toulouse are very sad and unsatisfactory. If that advertisement which I saw about La Sainte Bible be found to answer, that would be the great specific for France. And what are our prospects at home with the Tory Government? and how long will it be before Chartism again forces itself upon our notice? So where is the hope, humanly speaking, of things bettering, or are the λοιμοὶ and λιμοὶ, and πόλεμοι and ἀκοαῖ πολέμων, ready to herald a new advent of the Lord to judgment? The questions concerning our state appear to me so perplexing, that I cannot even in theory see their solution. We have not and cannot yet solve the problem, how the happiness of mankind is reconcilable with the necessity of painful labour. The happiness of a part can be secured easily enough, their ease being provided for by others' labour; but how can the happiness of the generality be secured, who must labour of necessity painfully? How can he who labours hard for his daily bread—hardly, and with doubtful success—be made wise and good, and therefore how can he be made happy? This question undoubtedly the Church was meant to solve; for Christ's Kingdom was to undo the evil of Adam's sin; but the Church has not solved it, nor attempted to do so: and no one else has gone about it rightly. This is the great bar to education. How can a poor man find time to be educated? You may establish schools, but he will not have time to attend them, for a few years of early boyhood are no more enough to give education, than the spring months can do the summer's work when the summer is all cold and

rainy. But I must go to bed, and try to get home to you and to work, for there is great need of working. God bless you, my dearest wife, with all our darlings.

Boulogne, July 23, 1841.

10. Our tour is ended, and I grieve to say that it has left on my mind a more unfavourable impression of France than I have been wont to feel. I do not doubt the great mass of good which must exist, but the active elements, those, at least, which are on the surface, seem to be working for evil. The virulence of the newspapers against England is, I think, a very bad omen, and the worship which the people seem to pay to Napoleon's memory is also deeply to be regretted. But it is the misfortune of France that her "past" cannot be loved or respected; her future and her present cannot be wedded to it; yet how can the present yield fruit, or the future have promise, except their roots be fixed in the past? The evil is infinite, but the blame rests with those who made the past a dead thing, out of which no healthful life could be produced. . . . .

. . . . . Much as I like coming abroad, I am never for an instant tempted to live abroad; not even in Germany, where assuredly I would settle, if I were obliged to quit England. But not the strongest Tory or Conservative values our Church or Law more than I do, or would find life less liveable without them. Indeed it is very hard to me to think that those can value either who can see their defects with indifference; or that those can value them worthily, that is, can appreciate their idea, who do not see wherein they fall short of their idea. And now I close this Journal for the present, praying that God may bless us, and keep us in worldly good or evil in Himself and in His Son. Amen.

RUGBY CHAPEL,

November, 1857.

Coldly, sadly descends
The autumn evening! The field
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of wither'd leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace,
Silent—hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play!
The lights come out in the street,
In the schoolroom windows; but cold,
Solemn, unlighted, austere,
Through the gathering darkness, arise
The chapel-walls, in whose bound
Thou, my father! art laid.

There thou dost lie in the gloom
Of the autumn evening. But ah!
That word, *gloom*, to my mind
Brings thee back in the light
Of thy radiant vigour again!
In the gloom of November we pass'd
Days not of gloom at thy side;
Seasons impair'd not the ray
Of thine even cheerfulness clear.
Such thou wast! and I stand
In the autumn evening, and think
Of bygone autumns with thee.

Fifteen years have gone round
Since thou arosest to tread,
In the summer morning, the road
Of death, at a call unforeseen,
Sudden! For fifteen years,
We who till then in thy shade
Rested as under the boughs
Of a mighty oak, have endured
Sunshine and rain as we might,
Bare, unshaded, alone,
Lacking the shelter of thee!

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly repressest the bad!
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the borderland dim
'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
Succourest!—this was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth?
Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,

Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing, and then they die—
Perish! and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost ocean, have swell'd,
Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

And there are some, whom a thirst
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
Not with the crowd to be spent—
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain.
Ah yes, some of us strive
Not without action to die
Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave!
We, we have chosen our path—
Path to a clear-purposed goal,
Path of advance!—but it leads
A long, steep journey, through sunk
Gorges, o'er mountains in snow!
Cheerful, with friends, we set forth—
Then, on the height, comes the storm!
Thunder crashes from rock
To rock, the cataracts reply;
Lightnings dazzle our eyes;
Roaring torrents have breach'd
The track—the stream-bed descends
In the place where the wayfarer once
Planted his footstep—the spray
Boils o'er its borders! aloft,
The unseen snow-beds dislodge
Their hanging ruins; alas,
Havoc is made in our train!
Friends who set forth at our side
Falter, are lost in the storm!
We, we only, are left!
With frowning foreheads, with lips

Sternly compress'd, we strain on,
On—and at nightfall, at last,
Come to the end of our way,
To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;
Where the gaunt and taciturn host
Stands on the threshold, the wind
Shaking his thin white hairs—
Holds his lantern to scan
Our storm-beat figures, and asks:
Whom in our party we bring?
Whom we have left in the snow?

Sadly we answer: We bring
Only ourselves! we lost
Sight of the rest in the storm!
Hardly ourselves we fought through,
Stripp'd, without friends, as we are!
Friends, companions, and train
The avalanche swept from our side.
But thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we,
Fearful, and we, in our march,
Fain to drop down and die.
Still thou turned'st, and still
Beckoned'st the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand!
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing! to us thou wert still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm.

Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.
And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;

Pure souls honour'd and blest
By former ages, who else—
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see—
Seem'd but a dream of the heart,
Seem'd but a cry of desire.
Yes! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd
Who all round me to-day
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile;
But souls temper'd with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God! or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind;
His, who unwillingly sees
One of his little ones lost—
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died!

See! in the rocks of the world
Marches the host of mankind,
A feeble, wavering line!
Where are they tending? A God
Marshall'd them, gave them their goal.
Ah, but the way is so long!
Years they have been in the wild!
Sore thirst plagues them; the rocks,
Rising all round, overawe.
Factions divide them—their host
Threatens to break, to dissolve.
Ah, keep, keep them combined!
Else, of the myriads who fill
That army, not one shall arrive!
Sole they shall stray; in the rocks
Labour for ever in vain,
Die one by one in the waste.

Men in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardour divine.
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! at your voice
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave!
Order, courage, return;
Eyes rekindling, and prayers
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

DR. ARNOLD'S PUBLISHED WORKS.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

I. *Six volumes of Sermons :—*

1st. Sermons preached at Laleham, 1829.

2nd. Sermons preached in the School Chapel at Rugby. With Five Sermons on the Social State of England, and an Essay on the Interpretation of Scripture, 1832. [These last are omitted in a smaller edition of this volume, entitled "Sermons preached in Rugby Chapel," 1832, which contains two sermons not in the larger edition.]

3rd. Selection of Sermons, 1832-34, with a Preface on the Study of Theology, and two Appendices on Atheism, and on the Doctrine of Apostolical Succession.

4th. Selection of Sermons, 1835-41, entitled "Christian Life, its Course, its Helps, and its Hindrances;" with a Preface on the Oxford School of Theology, and notes on Tradition, Rationalism, and Inspiration.

5th. Sermons preached 1841-42 (posthumous), entitled "Christian Life, its Hopes, its Fears, and its Close."

6th. Sermons, mostly on the Interpretation of Scripture (posthumous).

II. *Two Sermons on Prophecy*, with Notes, 1839.

III. *Fragments on Church and State* (posthumous).

HISTORICAL AND PHILOLOGICAL WORKS.

I. *Edition of Thucydides.* 1st edition, 1830, 33, 35; 2nd edition, 1840, 41, 42.

The First Volume contains a Preface on the previous editions of Thucydides (omitted in the second edition) and Appendices:

1. On the Social Progress of States. 2. On the Spartan Constitution. 3. (Omitted in the second edition) On the Constitution of the Athenian Tribes.

The Second contains a collation of a Venetian MS. and Appendices on the Date of the Pythian Games, and on the Topography of Megara, Corinth, Sphacteria, and Amphipolis.

The Third contains a Preface on the General Importance of Greek History to Political Science, and an Appendix on the Topography of Syracuse.

[Of these Essays, the First Appendix to Vol. I. and the Preface to Vol. III. are now published in the "Miscellaneous Works."]

II. *History of Rome*, in 3 volumes, 1838, 40, 42, which was broken off, by his death, at the end of the Second Punic War.

III. *History of the later Roman Commonwealth*, from the end of the Second Punic War to the Death of Julius Cæsar, and the Reign of Augustus; with a life of Trajan, written 1821-27, and republished from the Encyclopædia Metropolitana. Two volumes.

IV. *Introductory Lectures on Modern History.* 1842.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

(Mostly republished in one vol. octavo.)

I. *The Christian Duty of conceding the Roman Catholic Claims.* 1828.

II. *Englishman's Register*—Articles in, signed A. 1831.

III. *Tract on the Cholera*, addressed to the inhabitants of Rugby. 1831.

IV. *Letters to the Sheffield Courant, on the Social Distress of the Lower Orders.* 1831, 32.

V. *Preface on "Poetry of Common Life," to a Collection of Poetry under that name.* Published by J. C. Platt, Sheffield. 1832.

VI. *Principles of Church Reform, with Postscript.* 1833.

VII. *Letters to the Hertford Reformer, on Chartism, and on Church and State.* 1839, 40, 41.

VIII. *Lecture before Mechanics' Institute, at Rugby, on the Divisions of Knowledge.* 1839.

IX. *Paper on the Revival of the order of Deacons.* 1841.

In addition to these were various Articles in periodical journals:

1. On Southey's "Wat Tyler."
2. On Cunningham's "De Rancé." } British Critic, 1819-20.
3. On Niebuhr's "History of Rome." In Quarterly Review, vol xxxii. 1825.
4. On "Letters of an Episcopalian." Ed. Review, vol. xliv. 1826.
5. On "Dr. Hampden." Ed. Review, vol. lxiii. 1836.
6. On "Rugby School," and on "The Discipline of Public Schools, by a Wykehamist," in the Quarterly Journal of Education, vols. vii. ix. 1834-35.

The monument to Dr. Arnold's memory in Rugby Chapel was executed by Mr. Thomas. The Epitaph was written by Chevalier Bunsen, in imitation of those on the tombs of the Scipios, and of the early Christian inscriptions on similar subjects.

INDEX.

Abbott, Jacob, i. 321, 339; ii. 72.
Alexander, i. 182.
America, i. 322.
Animal Magnetism, ii. 81.
Antichrist, i. 70, 170, 223; ii. 88, 156.
Appii Forum, ii. 367.
Aristocracy, i. 173; ii. 104, 162, 312.
Aristotle, i. 16, 67; ii. 224.
Arnold, Thomas, Birth, i. 1; Education at school, 2; Entrance at Oxford, 6; Marriage and settlement at Laleham, 25; Election at Rugby, 49; Purchase of Fox How, 210; Professorship at Oxford, ii. 238, 251; Death, 286; Character as a boy, i. 3; as a young man, 18; at Laleham, 25; Religious belief, 27; General views in later life, 159; Domestic life, 204; Intercourse with friends, 206; with the poor, 208; Formation of his opinions, ii. 167.
Articles of the Church of England, i. 18, 315; ii. 179.
Arts, Degree in, i. 362; ii. 76.
Asia Minor, i. 359.
Association, British, ii. 142.
Athanasian Creed, ii. 106.
Atheism, i. 271, 365; ii. 48.
Attic Society, i. 18.
Austria, ii. 191.
Avignon, ii. 141, 347.

Babylon, i. 332.
Balston, Henry, illness and death, ii. 188, 208.
Barante, ii. 44.
Basque language, ii. 266.
Blackstone, Rev. F. C., i. 18.
Buccaneers, ii. 164.
Buckland, Professor, i. 17.
Bunsen, Chevalier, i. 41, 318, 348; ii. 114, 115, 122.
Bunyan, ii. 57.
Butler, ii. 56.
Byron's Cain, i. 263.

Canons, ii. 179.
Carlyle, Thomas, ii. 104, 158, 159, 267, 275, 280.

Caution, i. 276; ii. 242.
Chapel, Rugby, i. 149.
Chartism, ii. 115, 134, 140, 149.
Chartres, ii. 344.
China, war with, ii. 174.
Chivalry, i. 223.
Cholera, i. 241, 265; ii. 81.
Christian Knowledge Society, i. 277.
Church, endowment and building of, ii. 153.
Church extension, ii. 185.
——— government, i. 319.
——— consent of, ii. 65.
——— property, ii. 59.
——— of England, i. 319, 362; Divines of, ii. 56, 140.
Church Reform, first thoughts of, i. 44; Pamphlet on, 286.
Church Rates, ii. 59.
——— History of, i. 344; ii. 65.
——— views of its ends and nature, i. 193; ii. 12, 57, 116, 204, 207; in what sense a society, i. 239.
Church and State, work on, i. 46, 180; Identity of, i. 193, 316, 319; ii. 92, 378.
Civilization, i. 355; ii. 350.
Classics, i. 118.
Clerical profession, ii. 131; Education, i. 329; ii. 143.
Clubs, i. 338; ii. 220.
Cobbett, i. 67, 68, 350.
Coleridge, Mr. Justice, Letter from, i. 7; Elevation to the Bench, 343.
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, i. 15, 374; ii. 23, 50, 165.
Cologne, ii. 324; Archbishop of, ii. 92.
Colonization, i. 230; ii. 41, 163, 180, 275.
Colosseum, ii. 317.
Commentary, design of, i. 179, 279, 282.
Communion at Rugby, i. 141.
Como, Lake of, ii. 313, 323.
Confession, i. 325.
Confirmations, i. 140, 154; ii. 134.
Conservatism, i. 172, 222, 249; ii. 17.
Consumption, i. 365; ii. 188.
Conversion of barbarian nations, i. 46, 186.
Convicts, i. 230; ii. 41.
Corn Laws, i. 174, 258; ii. 157.
Cornish, Rev. George, i. 12.
Corpus Christi College, i. 7.
Corfu, ii. 173.
Crane, Plain of, ii. 138, 347.
Crucifixes, i. 269.
Cyprian, ii. 191, 234.
Cyrus, a type of Christ, ii. 168.

Daniel, Prophecies of, i. 67; ii. 164.
Davison, Rev. John, ii. 166.
Deacons, revival of, ii. 128, 186.
Delafield, Mrs. Francis, i. 337; ii. 53.
Demosthenes, i. 130.
Discipline, Church, i. 195.
Dissenters, i. 362; ii. 161, 226; Admission of to Universities, i. 329.
Dominic, ii. 35.
Dyson, Rev. Francis, i. 12.

Edinburgh Review, article in, ii. 8.
Egyptian hieroglyphics, ii. 122.
Elections, ii. 343.
Elbe, ii. 325.
Elphinstone's India, ii. 265.
Englishman's Register, i. 244, 253, 256, 259, 262; ii. 160.
Episcopacy, respect for, i. 234, 334; Not essential, 327; ii. 172.
Etruscans, ii. 19.
Eucharist, doctrine of, ii. 66.

Evangelicals, i. 77, 245, 253.
Evelyn, George, i. 219.
Evidences of Christianity, i. 267; Internal, ii. 193.
Evidences of Theism, i. 272, 363.
Examiner, office of, ii. 71.
Expulsion from public schools, i. 103.

Fagging, i. 104.
Fanaticism, ii. 34.
Festivals of the Church, i. 139.
Feudality, dislike to, i. 223; ii. 349.
Fifth Form at public schools, i. 346.
Fleury's Ecclesiastical History, i. 341.
Flogging, i. 102.
Florence, i. 69.
Flowers, love of, i. 212; ii. 181.
Foundationers of Rugby School, ii. 133.
Fox How, i. 210; ii. 42, 155, 190.
Franklin, Sir John, ii. 41.
France, ii. 86, 341, 350, 385.
Freemasonry, ii. 221.
Froude's Remains, ii. 109.

Gaius, Institutes of, ii. 51.
Gell, J. P., appointed principal of a college in Van Diemen's Land, ii. 122; Letter from, ii. 290.
Geology, i. 17; ii. 142.
Germany, ii. 324, 338.
Girls, education of, ii. 206.
Gladstone on Church and State, ii. 128.
Gladstone on Church Principles, ii. 204.
Goethe, ii. 60.
Grammars, i. 346; ii. 66, 110.
Greek history, i. 180.
Greek, influence of, i. 355; Ancient and modern, ii. 213.
Grotius, i. 342.
Guizot, i. 236; ii. 206, 338.

Hampden, Rev. Dr., i. 23; ii. 7, 24.
Hannibal, like Nelson, ii. 212; His march, 237.
Hare, Rev. Augustus, i. 18; His death, 326.
Hare, Archdeacon, i. 18.
Hawkins, Rev. Dr., i. 23; Prediction on the election at Rugby, 49, 163; Bampton Lectures, ii. 192.
Hearn, Rev. James, i. 32.
Hebrew, attempts to learn, i. 351; ii. 122.
Hebrews, Epistle to, doubts respecting, ii. 118.
Heresy, i. 315, 316.
Herodotus, i. 16, 130; ii. 89.
Hertford *Reformer*, letters to, ii. 86, 116.
Hey's Lectures, i. 341.
Horace, i. 133.
Hooker, ii. 56.
Homer, i. 130.
Hull, W. W., i. 18.

Idolatry, ii. 34, 350.
Illyrians, i. 338.
Impartiality in religion, ii. 60.
India, interest in, ii. 170, 264.
Innocent III., i. 345; ii. 254.
Inscriptions, ii. 375.
Inspiration, i. 72, 191.
Intellectual united with moral excellence, i. 115.
Interpretation of Scripture, i. 187; Essay on, 246, 269, 271.
Isle of Wight, ii. 39.

Ireland, i. 323, 332; ii. 30, 33; Scenery of, ii. 64.
Irvingism, i. 265; ii. 15.
Italy, ii. 215, 357.

Jacobinism, i. 173, 306, 330; ii. 142.
James, St., Epistle of, i. 252.
Jerusalem, Bishopric of, ii. 238.
Jesuits, ii. 99.
Jews, admission of, to Parliament, ii. 28, 30; Influence of, 255.
Jowett's Researches, i. 64.

Keble, Rev. John, i. 13; Advice and letter on doubts, 19; Poem, 25*a*; Christian Year, 64.

Laing on Norway, ii. 158.
Laleham, i. 23, 31.
Lamennais, ii. 241.
Latin Poets, i. 129.
Law, profession of, i. 50; ii. 62, 81.
Lee, Rev. J. P., ii. 135.
Legends of Roman History, ii. 87, 88.
Liberal principles, i. 174, 354, 367.
Lieber on education, ii. 20, 76.
Lightfoot, i. 342.
Livy, i. 181, 236, 369; ii. 237.
London, ii. 344.
London University, ii. 9, 11, 20, 69, 75, 81, 84, 95, 114.
Louis, St., i. 132.
Lowe, Rev. J., i. 18.
Lugano, ii. 331.

Macaulay, T. B., ii. 108.
Mahommedanism, ii. 365.
Marriage Bill, ii. 40.
Martyrs, strong feeling towards, i. 186; ii. 234, 366.
Masters, assistant, ii. 182.
Mathematics, i. 120.
Materialism, ii. 48.
Maurice, Rev. F., ii. 165, 279.
Mechanics' Institutes, i. 207, 335; ii. 114, 141, 157.
Mediterranean, ii. 384.
Medicine, ii. 48, 63, 81.
Merivale, Herman, ii. 95.
Millennium, i. 201, 266.
Milman's History of Jews, i. 237.
Milton's Satan, ii. 355.
Missionary, call to be a, ii. 170.
Moberly, Rev. Dr., i. 88; Letter from, 164.
Mola di Gaeta, ii. 368, 387.
Modena, ii. 378.
Modern languages, i. 120; History, 120.
Monte Mario, ii. 319.
Mountain scenery, i. 326; ii. 42.
Music, ii. 181.

Naples, ii. 368.
National debt, i. 175, 257.
Neutrality, ii. 49.
New Zealand, ii. 163, 170.
Newman, Rev. John Henry, ii. 6, 91.
Newspaper writing, ii. 86, 168.
Niebuhr, i. 40; ii. 165; Visit to, i. 236, 255; Death, 254; Third volume, 317; ii. 135; Life and letters, 135.
Nonjurors, ii. 99.

Oaths, ii. 205, 259.
Old Testament, views of, i. 187, 351, 360.
Ordination, ii. 117, 153.
Oriel College, i. 23.

Orleans, ii. 352.
Oscans, ii. 19.
Oxford school of theology, ii. 2, 34, 99, 156, 213, 244, 256, 278.
Oxford, i. 6, 51; ii. 3, 93, 187, 190, 196, 250.
Oxford Examinations, ii. 109.
Ottery, ii. 194.

Padua, i. 236.
Pantheon, ii. 366.
Papacy, ii. 254, 376.
Paris, ii. 86.
Party spirit, i. 175; ii. 80.
Paul, St., Epistles of, i. 187, 252; ii. 48, 51; Journey to Rome, ii. 267.
Pearson on the Creed, ii. 207.
Penrose, Rev. T., i. 25.
Pestilences, ii. 81.
Physical science, ii. 32, 182.
Pisa, ii. 357.
Pindar, i. 361.
Plato, i. 130, 182, 369.
Poetry in education, i. 231; ii. 44.
Pole's Synopsis, i. 342.
Politics, i. 172; ii. 378.
Political rights, ii. 162.
Political economy, i. 174.
Polybius, i. 370.
Pompeii, ii. 368.
Pompey, i. 184.
Poor, intercourse with, i. 206; ii. 54.
Poor Law, new, ii. 54, 126.
Popular principles, i. 174, 354, 367; ii. 157, 161, 162.
Prayers in Rugby School, ii. 293.
Price, B., letter from, i. 36.
Priesthood, doctrine of, i. 196, 328; ii. 53, 80, 92, 161, 192, 203, 367, 384; ii. 389.
Private schools, i. 358.
Privilege question, ii. 173.
Professorship at Oxford, ii. 247.
Prophets, use of, i. 249, 252.
Prophecy, early views of, i. 67; Two Sermons on, 193; ii. 103, 115, 168, 183.
Prussia, ii. 186; King of, ii. 262.
Public schools, state of, i. 84; Constitution of, 101; Change in, 164.

Quakers, ii. 16.

Railways, ii. 342.
Randall, Rev. James, i. 18.
Rationalism, ii. 47, 70.
Reactions, ii. 56.
Record newspaper, i. 250.
Reform Bill, i. 257, 259; ii. 343.
Reformation in England, i. 67; ii. 12, 252.
Revolution, French, i. 68, 250; Second French Revolution, 235, 240, 255.
Rieti, ii. 371.
Rivers, ii. 327.
Robespierre, ii. 35.
Roman History, i. 5, 39, 183; Plan of, ii. 18, 62; Motives in undertaking it, i. 39, 294; 1st volume of, ii. 104; 2nd, 173, 185, 195; 3rd, 211, 214.
Roman Empire, ii. 367.
Roman Catholicism, i. 70, 229; Abroad, ii. 312, 320, 345, 389.
Roman Catholic Relief Act, i. 215; Pamphlet in defence of, 215.
Rome; visits to, i. 41; ii. 315, 366.
——— advice on visiting, ii. 108.
Rothe on the Church, ii. 92.
Rugby Magazine, i. 342, 372.
Rugby, i. 206, 371; ii. 104, 186.
Rugby Chapel, ii. 391.

Russia, ii. 191.
Ryder, Bishop, i. 140, 207.
Sacraments, administration of, ii. 47.
Sacrifice, Eucharistic, ii. 222.
Salon, ii. 140, 348.
Sanderson on Government, ii. 91.
Sanscrit, ii. 196.
Savigny, ii. 320.
Scaliger, ii. 388.
Scepticism, i. 363; ii. 111.
Schism, i. 228, 327; ii. 226.
Scotch Presbyterian Church, ii. 339, 340.
Scripture, teaching, i. 133; Reading of, 151; Translation of in French, ii. 388.
Sectarianism, i. 195, 343.
Selwyn, Bishop, ii. 246, 265.
Sermons at Rugby, i. 143; 1st volume, i. 46, 80; 2nd, 144, 241; 3rd, 296; 4th, ii. 119, 207, 228; 5th, 232; Plan for collection of, i. 280.
Shakespeare, ii. 44.
Sheffield *Courant* Letters, i. 245, 265.
Sixth Form in Public Schools, i. 104.
Slavery, ii. 127, 377; In West Indies, i. 66.
Socrates, i. 182.
Southey, i. 321; ii. 23.
State services, ii. 185.
Stephen, James, ii. 217.
Strauss, ii. 52, 147.
Strype, i. 341.
Subscription, difficulties of, ii. 107, 117, 179, 185.
Succession, Apostolical. (See Priesthood.)
Sunday, i. 311.
Supremacy of the King, ii. 161.
Swiss, ii. 378.
Switzerland, ii. 378.
Syracusan Expedition, i. 182.
Sylla, i. 180, 185; ii. 35.
Taylor, Isaac, ii. 156.
——— Jeremy, ii. 56.
Te Deum, love for, i. 139.
Theological reading, i. 341; ii. 142.
——————— Plan for review, i. 344.
Thirlwall's Greece, ii. 165.
Thomas, St., confession of, i. 27, 138; ii. 282.
Thucydides, fondness for, i. 16, 125; ii. 78; Edition of, i. 40; Second edition, ii. 114.
Timothy, Epistles to, i. 371; ii. 19.
Tongues, gift of, i. 265; ii. 15.
Toulon, ii. 141.
Tracts for the Times, i. 327; ii. 37.
Tract xc., ii. 119, 242.
Tradition, ii. 15, 98.
Translation, i. 128; ii. 44; Of the Bible, i. 323.
Transportation, ii. 141.
Travelling, ii. 321, 380.
——————— Journals, ii. 310.
Tucker, Rev. J., i. 12, 299; ii. 227.

Unitarianism, i. 225, 305, 322; ii. 27, 70, 136.
University reform, ii. 67, 90.
Useful Knowledge Society, i. 243, 262.
Utilitarianism, i. 306; ii. 45.

Van Diemen's Land, College in, ii. 130, 180, 219, 220.
Venice, i. 236.
Vivâ voce examinations, ii. 101.

Warminster, i. 1, 2, 6.
War, horror of, ii. 191, 202.

Wardenship of Manchester declined, ii. 186.
Weather, interest in, ii. 73.
Wellington, Duke of, Despatches, ii. 73.
Welsh, study of, ii. 177.
Whately, Rev. Dr., i. 23, 42, 270, 318; Prediction at Oriel election, 24; Elevation to the see of Dublin, 268.
Wills, ii. 333.
Winchester, i. 2; ii. 39.
Wordsworth, i. 15, 275; Degree at Oxford, ii. 115, 137.

Young, Arthur, i. 250, 251.

CHARLES DICKENS AND EVANS, CRYSTAL PALACE PRESS.

BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS.

LIFE OF LORD CAMPBELL, Lord Chief Justice, and afterwards Lord Chancellor of England. Based on his Autobiography, Journals, and Correspondence. Edited by his Daughter, the HON. MRS. HARDCASTLE. Portrait. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

LIFE OF SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D.D., late Bishop of Oxford and Winchester, with extracts from his Diaries and Correspondence. By CANON ASHWELL and R. WILBERFORCE. Portraits. 3 vols. 8vo. 15s. each.

LIFE and LETTERS of SIR CHARLES LYELL. Author of "The Principles of Geology," &c. Edited by his Sister-in-Law, Mrs. Lyell. Portraits. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM GOMM, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief in India, and Constable of the Tower. From 1799 to Waterloo, 1815. Edited by F. C. CARR GOMM. Portraits. 8vo. 12s.

PERSONAL LIFE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., from his unpublished Journals and Correspondence. By W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D. Portrait and Map. 8vo. 15s.

MEMOIR OF THE PUBLIC LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. J. C. HERRIES, during the reigns of George III. and IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria. Edited by his Son, Edward Herries, C.B. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

LIFE OF JONATHAN SWIFT. By HENRY CRAIK, M.A. Portrait. 8vo.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND EVENTFUL CAREER OF THE DUKE DE SALDANHA. Soldier and Statesman. By the CONDE DE CARNOTA. Portrait and Maps. 2 vols. 8vo. 32s.

SKETCHES OF EMINENT STATESMEN AND WRITERS, with other Essays. By A. HAYWARD, Q.C. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

MRS. GROTE: A Sketch. By LADY EASTLAKE. Post 8vo. 6s.

ALBERT DURER: A History of his Life and Works. By MORIZ THAUSING. Edited by F. A. EATON, M.A., Secretary to the Royal Academy. Portrait and Illustrations. 2 vols. Medium 8vo. 42s.

LIFE, WORKS, AND TIMES OF TITIAN. With some Account of his Family. By CROWE and CAVALCASELLE. Portrait and Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

LIFE AND WORKS OF MICHAEL ANGELO. By C. HEATH WILSON. With an Index and Engravings. 8vo. 15s.

LIFE OF JOHN WILSON, D.D., of Bombay. Fifty years Philanthropist and Scholar in the East. By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D. Portrait and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 9s.

MEMOIR OF ROBERT MILMAN, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India. By his Sister, FRANCES MARIA MILMAN. Map. 8vo. 12s.

RHEINSBERG: Memorials of Frederick the Great and Prince Henry of Prussia. By ANDREW HAMILTON. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 21s.

LIFE OF ERASMUS DARWIN. By CHARLES DARWIN, F.R.S. With a Study of his Scientific Works, by ERNEST KRAUSE. Portraits and Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM: A Sketch of the Church and the Empire in the Fourth Century. By W. R. W. STEPHENS, M.A. Portrait. 8vo. 12s.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 885 896 1